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A Son at the Front

BY EDITH WHARTON

XIV

WHEN Campton took his sketch of George to Léonce Black, the dealer who specialized in "Camptons," he was surprised at the magnitude of the sum which the great picture-broker, lounging in a glossy War Office uniform among his Gauguins and Vuillards, immediately offered.

Léonce Black noted his surprise and smiled. "You think there's nothing doing nowadays? Don't you believe it, Mr. Campton. Now that the big men have stopped painting, the collectors are all the keener to snap up what's left in their portfolios." He placed the cheque in Campton's hand, and drew back to study the effect of the sketch, which he had slipped into a frame against a velvet curtain. "Ah—" he said, as if he were tasting an old wine.

As Campton turned to go the dealer's enthusiasm bubbled over. "Haven't you got anything more? Remember me if you have."

"I don't sell my sketches," said Campton. "This was exceptional—for a charity. . ."

"I know, I know. Well, you're likely to have a good many more calls of the same sort before we get *this* war over," the dealer remarked philosophically. "Anyhow, remember I can place anything you'll give me. When people want a Campton it's to me they come. I've got standing orders from two clients . . . both given before the war, and both good today."

Campton paused in the doorway, seized by his old fear of the painting's passing into Anderson Brant's possession.

"Look here: where is this one going?"

The dealer cocked his handsome grey head and glanced archly through plump eyelids. "Violation of professional secrecy? Well . . . Well . . . under constraint I'll confess it's to a young lady: great admirer, artist herself. Had her order by cable from New York a year ago. Been on the lookout ever since."

"Oh, all right," Campton answered, repocketing the money.

He set out at once for the "Friends of French Art," and Léonce Black, bound for the Ministry of War, walked by his side, regaling him alternately with the gossip of the Ministry and with racy anecdotes of the dealers' world. In M. Black's opinion the war was an inexcusable blunder, since Germany was getting to be the best market for the kind of freak painters out of whom dealers who "know how to make a man 'foam'" can make a big turn-over. "I don't know what on earth will become of all those poor devils now: Paris cared for them only because she knew Germany would give any money for their things. Personally, as you know, I've always preferred sounder goods: I'm a classic, my dear Campton, and I can feel only classic art," said the dealer, swelling out his uniformed breast and stroking his Assyrian nose as though its handsome curve followed the pure Delphic line. "But, as long as things go on as they are at present in *my* department of the administration, the war's not going to end in a hurry," he continued. "And now we're

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in for it, we've got to see the thing through."

Campton found Boylston, as usual, in his melancholy *cabinet particulier*. He was listening to the tale of a young woman with streaming eyes and an extravagant hat. She was so absorbed in her trouble that she did not notice Campton's entrance, and behind her back the painter made a sign to say that she was not to be interrupted.

He was as much interested in the suppliant's tale as in watching Boylston's way of listening. That modest and commonplace-looking young man was beginning to excite a lively curiosity in Campton. It was not only that he remembered George's commendation, for he knew that the generous enthusiasms of youth may be inspired by trifles imperceptible to the older. It was Boylston himself who interested the painter. He knew no more of the young man than the scant details Miss Anthony could give. Boylston, it appeared, was the oldest hope of a well-to-do Connecticut family. On his leaving college a place had been reserved for him in the paternal business; but he had announced good-humouredly that he did not mean to spend his life in an office, and one day, after a ten minutes' conversation with his father, as to which details were lacking, he had packed a suitcase and sailed for France. There he had lived ever since, in shabby rooms in the rue de Verneuil, on the scant allowance remitted by an irate parent: apparently never running into debt, yet always ready to help a friend.

All the American art-students in Paris knew Boylston; and though he was still in the early thirties, they all looked up to him. For Boylston had one quality which always impresses youth: Boylston knew everybody. Whether you went with him to a smart restaurant in the rue Royale, or to a wine-shop of the Left Bank, the *patron* welcomed him with the same cordiality, and sent the same emphatic instructions to the cook. The first fresh peas and the tenderest spring chicken were always for this quiet youth, who, when he was alone, dined cheerfully on veal and *vin ordinaire*. If you wanted to know where to get the best Burgundy, Boylston could tell you; he could also tell you where to buy an engagement ring for your girl, a Ford runabout going at half-price, or the *papier timbré* on which to address a summons to a recalcitrant laundress.

If you got into a row with your landlady you found that Boylston knew her, and that at sight of him she melted and withdrew her claim; or, failing this, he knew the solicitor in whose office her son was a clerk, or had other means of reducing her to reason. Boylston also knew a man who could make old clocks go, another who could clean flannels without their shrinking, and a third who could get you old picture-frames for a song; and, best of all, when any inexperienced American youth was caught in the dark Parisian cobweb (and the people at home were on no account to hear about it) Boylston was found to be the friend and familiar of certain occult authorities who, with a smile and a word of warning, could break the mesh and free the victim.

The mystery was, how and why all these people did what Boylston wanted; but the reason began to dawn on Campton as he watched the young woman in the foolish hat deliver herself of her grievance. Boylston was simply a perfect listener—and most of his life was spent in listening. Everything about him listened: his round forehead and peering screwed-up eyes, his lips twitching responsively under the close-clipped moustache, and every crease and dimple of his sagacious and humorous young countenance; even the attitude of his short fat body, with elbows comfortably bedded in heaped-up papers, and plump brown fingers plunged into his crinkled hair. There was never a hint of hurry or impatience about him: having once asserted his right to do what he liked with his life, he was apparently content to let all his friends prey on it as they pleased. You never caught his eye on the clock, or his lips shaping an answer before you had turned the last corner of your story. Yet when the story was told, and he had surveyed it in all its bearings, you could be sure he would do what he could for you, and do it before the day was over.

"Very well, Mademoiselle," he said, when the young woman had finished. "I

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promise you I'll see Mme. Beausite, and try to get her to recognize your claim."

"Mind you, I don't ask charity—I won't *take* charity from your committee!" the young lady hissed, gathering up a tawdry hand-bag.

"Oh, we're not forcing it on any one," smiled Boylston, opening the door for her.

When he turned back to Campton his face was flushed and frowning. "Poor thing! She's a nuisance, but I'll fight to the last ditch for her. The chap she lives with was Beausite's secretary and understudy, and devilled for him before the war. The poor fellow has come back from the front a complete wreck, and can't even collect the salary Beausite owes him for the last three months before the war. Beausite's plea is that he's too poor, and that the war lets him out of paying. Of course he counts on our doing it for him."

"And you're not going to?"

"Well," said Boylston humorously, "I shouldn't wonder if he beat us in the long run. But I'll have a try first; and anyhow the poor girl needn't know. She used to earn a little money doing fashion-articles, but of course there's no market for that now, and I don't see how the pair can live. They have a little boy, and there's an infirm mother, and they're waiting to get married till the girl can find a job."

"Good Lord!" Campton groaned, with a sudden vision of the countless little trades and traffics arrested by the war, and all the industrious thousands reduced to querulous pauperism or slow death.

"How *do* they live—all these people?"

"They don't—always. I could tell you——"

"Don't, for God's sake; I can't stand it." Campton drew out the cheque. "Here: this is what I've got for the Davrils."

"Good Lord!" said Boylston, staring with round eyes.

"It will pull them through, anyhow, won't it?" Campton triumphed.

"Well—" said Boylston: "It will if you'll endorse it," he added, smiling. Campton laughed and took up a pen.

A day or two later Campton, returning home one afternoon, overtook a small black-veiled figure with a limp like his own. He guessed at once that it was the lame Davril girl, come to thank him; and his dislike of such ceremonies caused him to glance about for a way of escape. But as he did so the girl turned with a smile that put him to shame. He remembered Adele Anthony's saying, one day when he had found her in her refugee office patiently undergoing a like ordeal: "We've no right to refuse the only coin they can repay us in."

The Davril girl was a plain likeness of her brother, with the same hungry flame in her eyes. She wore the nondescript black that Campton had remarked at the funeral; and knowing the importance which the French attach to every detail of conventional mourning, he wondered that mother and daughter had not laid out part of his gift in crape. But doubtless the equally strong instinct of thrift had caused Mme. Davril to put away the whole sum.

Mlle. Davril greeted Campton pleasantly, and assured him that she had not found the long way from Villejuif to Montmartre too difficult.

"I would have gone to you," the painter protested; but she answered that she wanted to see with her own eyes where her brother's friend lived.

In the studio she looked about her with a quick searching glance, said "Oh, a piano—" as if the fact were connected with the object of her errand—and then, settling herself in an armchair, unclasped her shabby hand-bag.

"Monsieur, there has been a misunderstanding; this money is not ours," she said, laying Campton's cheque on the table.

A flush of annoyance rose to the painter's face. What on earth had Boylston let him in for? If the Davrils were as proud as all that it was not worth while to have sold a sketch it had cost him such a pang to part with. He felt the exasperation of the would-be philanthropist when he first discovers that nothing complicates life as much as doing good.

"But, Mademoiselle——"

"This money is not ours. If René had lived he would never have sold your picture; and we would starve rather than betray his trust."

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When stout ladies in velvet declare that they would starve rather than sacrifice this or that principle, the statement has only the cold beauty of rhetoric; but on the drawn lips of a thinly-clad young woman evidently acquainted with the process, it becomes a fiery reality.

"Starve—nonsense! My dear young lady, you betray him when you talk like that," said Campton, moved by her passion.

She shook her head. "It depends, Monsieur, which things count most to one. We shall never—my mother and I—do anything that René would not have done. The picture was not ours: we brought it back to you——"

"But if the picture's not yours it's mine," Campton interrupted; "and I'd a right to sell it, and a right to do what I choose with the money."

His visitor smiled. "That's what we feel; it was what I was coming to." And clasping her threadbare glove-tips about the arms of the chair Mlle. Davril set forth with extreme precision the object of her visit.

It was to propose that Campton should hand over the cheque to the "Friends of French Art," devoting one-third to the aid of the families of combatant painters, the rest to young musicians and authors. "It doesn't seem right that only the painters' families should benefit by what your committee are doing. And René would have thought so too. He knew so many young men of letters and journalists who, before the war, just managed to keep their families alive; and in my profession I could tell you of poor music-teachers and accompanists whose work stopped the day war broke out, and who have been living ever since on the crusts their luckier comrades could spare them. René would have let us accept from you help that was shared with others: he would have been so glad, often, of a few francs to relieve the misery we see about us. And this great sum might be the beginning of a cooperative work for artists ruined by the war."

She went on to explain that in the families of almost all the young artists at the front there was at least one member at home who practised one of the arts, or who was capable of doing some kind of useful work. The value of Campton's gift, Mlle. Davril argued, would be tripled if it were so employed as to give the artists and their families occupation: producing at least the illusion that those who could were earning their living, or helping their less fortunate comrades. "It's not only a question of saving their dignity: I don't believe much in that. You have dignity or you haven't—and if you have, it doesn't need any saving," this clear-toned young woman remarked. "The real question, for all of us artists, is that of keeping our hands in, and our interest in our work alive; sometimes, too, of giving a new talent its first chance. At any rate, it would mean work and not stagnation; which is all that most charity produces."

She developed her plan: for the musicians, concerts in private houses, (hence her glance at the piano); for the painters, small exhibitions in the rooms of the committee, where their pictures would be sold with a deduction of twenty per cent, to be returned to the general fund; and for the writers—well, their lot was perhaps the hardest to deal with; but an employment agency might be opened, where those who chose could put their names down and take such work as was offered. Above all, Mlle. Davril again insisted, the fund created by Campton's gift was to be devoted only to giving employment, not to mere relief.

Campton listened with growing attention. Nothing hitherto had been less in the line of his interests than the large schemes of general amelioration which were coming to be classed under the transatlantic term of "Social Welfare." If questioned on the subject a few months earlier he would probably have concealed his fundamental indifference under the profession of an extreme individualism, and the assertion of every man's right to suffer and starve in his own way. Even since René Davril's death had brought home to him the boundless havoc of the war, he had felt no more than the impulse to ease his own pain by putting his hand in his pocket when a particular case was too poignant to be ignored.

Yet here were people who had already offered their dearest to France, and were now pleading to be allowed to give all the rest; and who had had the courage and

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wisdom to think out in advance the form in which their gift would do most good. Campton had the awe of the unpractical man for anyone who knows how to apply his ideas. He felt that there was no use in disputing Mlle. Davril's plan; he must either agree to it or repocket his cheque.

"I'll do as you want, of course; but I'm not much good about details. Hadn't you better consult some one else?" he suggested.

Oh, that was already done: she had outlined her project to Miss Anthony and Mr. Boylston, who approved. All she wanted was Campton's consent; and this he gave the more cordially when he learned that, for the present at least, nothing more was expected of him. First steps in beneficence, he felt, were unspeakably terrifying; yet he was already aware that, resist as he might, he would never be able to keep his footing on the brink of that abyss.

Into it, as the days went by, his gaze was oftener and oftener plunged. He had begun to feel that pity was his only remaining link with his kind, the one barrier between himself and the dreadful solitude which awaited him when he returned to his studio. What would there have been to think of there, alone among his unfinished pictures and his broken memories, if not the wants and woes of people more bereft than himself? His own future was not a thing to dwell on. George was safe: but what George and he were likely to make of each other after the ordeal was over was a question he preferred to put aside. He was more and more taking George and his safety for granted, as a solid standing-ground from which to reach out a hand to the thousands struggling in the depths. As long as the world's fate was in the balance it was every man's duty to throw into that balance his last ounce of brain and muscle. Campton wondered how he had ever thought that an accident of birth, a remoteness merely geographical, could justify, or even make possible, an attitude of moral aloofness. Harvey Mayhew's reasons for wishing to annihilate Germany began to seem less grotesque than his own for standing aside.

In the heat of his conversion he no longer grudged the hours given to Mr. Mayhew. He patiently led his truculent relative from one government office to another, everywhere laying stress on Mr. Mayhew's sympathy with France and his desire to advocate her cause in the United States, and trying to curtail his enumeration of his grievances by a glance at the clock, and the reminder that they had another Minister to see. Mr. Mayhew was not very manageable. His adventure had grown with repetition, and he was increasingly disposed to feel that the retaliation he called down on Germany could best be justified by telling every one what he had suffered from her. Intensely aware of the value of time in Utica, he was less sensible to it in Paris, and seemed to think that, since he had left a flourishing business to preach the Holy War, other people ought to leave their affairs to give him a hearing. But his zeal and persistence were irresistible, and doors which Campton had seen barred against the most reasonable appeals flew open at the sound of Mr. Mayhew's trumpet. His pink face and silvery hair gave him an apostolic air, and circles to which America had hitherto been a mere speck in space suddenly discovered that he represented that legendary character, the Typical American.

The keen Boylston, prompt to note and utilize the fact, urged Campton to interest Mr. Mayhew in the "Friends of French Art," and with considerable flourish the former Peace Delegate was produced at a committee meeting and given his head. But his interest flagged when he found that the "Friends" concerned themselves with Atrocities only in so far as any act of war is one, and that their immediate task was the humdrum one of feeding and clothing the families of the combatants, and sending "comforts" to the trenches. He served up, with a somewhat dog-eared eloquence, the usual account of his own experiences, and pressed a modest gift upon the treasurer; but when he departed, after wringing everybody's hands, and leaving the French members bedewed with emotion, Campton had the conviction that their quiet weekly meetings would not often be fluttered by his presence.

Campton was spending an increasing amount of time in the Palais Royal res-

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taurant, where he performed any drudgery for which no initiative was required. Once or twice, when Miss Anthony was submerged by a fresh influx of refugees, he lent her a hand too; and on most days he dropped in late at her office, waited for her to sift and dismiss the last applicants, and saw her home through the incessant rain. It interested him to note that the altruism she had so long wasted on pampered friends was developing into a wise and orderly beneficence. He had always thought of her as an eternal school girl; now she had grown into a woman. Sometimes he fancied the change dated from the moment when their eyes had met across the station, the day they had seen George off. He wondered whether it might not be interesting to paint her new face, if ever painting became again thinkable.

"Passion—I suppose the great thing is a capacity for passion," he mused.

In himself he imagined the capacity to be quite dead. He loved his son: yes—but he was beginning to see that he loved him for certain qualities he had read into him, and that perhaps after all—. Well, perhaps after all the sin for which he was now atoning in loneliness was that of having been too exclusively an artist, of having cherished George too egotistically and self-indulgently, too much as his own most beautiful creation. If he had loved him more humanly, more tenderly and recklessly, might he have not put into his son the tenderness and recklessness which were beginning to seem to him the qualities most supremely human?

XV

A WEEK or two later, coming home late from a long day's work at the office, Campton saw Mme. Lebel awaiting him.

He always stopped for a word now; fearing each time that there was bad news of Jules Lebel, but not wishing to seem to avoid her.

To-day, however, Mme. Lebel, though mysterious, was not anxious.

"Monsieur will find the studio open. There's a lady: she insisted on going up."

"A lady? Why did you let her in? What kind of a lady?"

"A lady—well, a lady with such magnificent furs that one couldn't keep her out in the cold," Mme. Lebel answered with simplicity.

Campton went up apprehensively. The idea of unknown persons in possession of his studio always made him nervous. Whoever they were, whatever errands they came on, they always—especially women—disturbed the tranquil course of things, faced him with unexpected problems, unsettled him in one way or another. Bouncing in on people suddenly was like dynamiting fish: it left him with his mind full of fragments of dismembered thoughts.

As he entered he perceived from the temperate atmosphere that Mme. Lebel had not only opened the studio but made up the fire. The lady's furs must indeed be magnificent.

She sat at the farther end of the room, in a high-backed chair near the stove, and when she rose he recognized his former wife. The long sable cloak, which had slipped back over the chair, justified Mme. Lebel's description, but the dress beneath it appeared to Campton simpler than Mrs. Brant's habitual raiment. The lamplight, striking up into her powdered face, puffed out her underlids and made harsh hollows in her cheeks. She looked frightened, ill and yet determined.

"John—" she began, laying her hand on his sleeve.

It was the first time she had ever set foot in his shabby quarters, and in his astonishment he could only stammer out: "Julia——"

But as he looked at her he saw that her face was wet with tears. "Not—bad news?" he broke out.

She shook her head and, drawing a handkerchief from a diamond-monogrammed bag, wiped away the tears and the powder. Then she pressed the handkerchief to her lips, gazing at him with eyes as helpless as a child's.

"Sit down," said Campton.

As they faced each other across the long table, with papers and paint-rags and writing materials pushed aside to make room for the threadbare napkin on which his plate and glass, and bottle of *vin ordinaire*, were set out, he wondered if the scene woke in her any memory of their first days of gaiety and poverty, or if she

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merely pitied him for still living in such squalor. And suddenly it occurred to him that when the war was over, and George came back, it would be pleasant to hunt out a little apartment in an old house in the Faubourg St. Germain, put some good furniture in it, and oppose the discreeter charm of such an interior to the heavy splendours of the Avenue Marigny. How could he expect to hold a luxury-loving youth if he had only this dingy studio to receive him in?

Mrs. Brant began to speak.

"I came here to see you because I didn't wish any one to know; not Adele, nor even Anderson." Leaning toward him she went on in short breathless sentences: "I've just left Madge Talkett: you know her, I think? She's at Mme. de Dolmetsch's hospital. Something dreadful has happened . . . too dreadful. It seems that Mme. de Dolmetsch was very much in love with Ladislas Isador; a writer, wasn't he? I don't know his books, but Madge tells me they're wonderful . . . and of course men like that ought not to be sent to the front. . ."

"Men like what?"

"Geniuses," said Mrs. Brant. "He was dreadfully delicate besides, and was doing wonderful work on some military commission in Paris; I believe he knew any number of languages. And poor Mme. de Dolmetsch—you know I've never approved of her; but things are so changed nowadays, and at any rate she was madly attached to him, and had done everything to keep him in Paris: medical certificates, people at Headquarters working for her, and all the rest. But it seems there are no end of officers always intriguing to get staff-jobs: strong able-bodied young men who ought to be in the trenches, and are fit for nothing else, but who are jealous of the others. And last week, in spite of all she could do, poor Isador was ordered to the front."

Campton made an impatient movement. It was even more distasteful to him to be appealed to by Mrs. Brant in Isador's name than by Mme. de Dolmetsch in George's. His gorge rose at the thought that people should associate in their minds cases as different as those of his son and Mme. de Dolmetsch's lover.

"I'm sorry," he said. "But if you've come to ask me to do something more about George—take any new steps—it's no use. I can't do the sort of thing to keep my son safe that Mme. de Dolmetsch would do for her lover."

Mrs. Brant stared. "Safe? He was killed the day after he got to the front."

"Good Lord—Isador?"

Ladislas Isador killed at the front! The words remained unmeaning; by no effort could Campton relate them to the fat middle-aged philanderer with his Jewish eyes, his Slav eloquence, his Levantine gift for getting on, and for getting out from under. Campton tried to picture the clever contriving devil drawn in his turn into that merciless red eddy, and gulped down the Monster's throat with the rest. What a mad world it was, in which the same horrible and magnificent doom awaited the coward and the hero!

"Poor Mme. de Dolmetsch!" he muttered, remembering with a sense of remorse her desperate appeal and his curt rebuff. Once again the poor creature's love had enlightened her, and she had foreseen what no one else in the world would have believed: that her lover was to die like a hero.

"Isador was nearly forty, and had a weak heart; and she'd left nothing, literally nothing, undone to save him." Campton read in his wife's eyes what was coming. "It's impossible *now* that George should not be taken," Mrs. Brant went on.

The same thought had tightened Campton's own heart-strings; but he had hoped she would not say it.

"It may be George's turn any day," she insisted.

They sat and looked at each other without speaking; then she began again imploringly: "I tell you there's not a moment to be lost!"

Campton picked up a palette-knife and began absently to rub it with an oily rag. Mrs. Brant's anguished voice still sounded on. "Unless something is done immediately. . . It appears there's a regular hunt for *embusqués*, as they're called. As if it was everybody's business to be killed! How's the staff-work to be carried on if they're all taken? But it's certain that if

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we don't act at once . . . act energetically . . ."

He fixed his eyes on hers. "Why do you come to *me?*" he asked.

Her lids opened wide. "But he's our child."

"Your husband knows more people—he has ways, you've often told me——"

She reddened faintly and seemed about to speak; but the reply died on her lips.

"Why did you say," Campton pursued, "that you had come here because you wanted to see me without Brant's knowing it?"

She lowered her eyes and fixed them on the knife he was still automatically rubbing.

"Because Anderson thinks . . . Anderson won't . . . He says he's done all he can."

"Ah—" cried Campton, drawing a deep breath.

"Well—?"

He threw back his shoulders, as if to shake off an oppressive weight. "I—feel exactly as Brant does."

"You—you feel as he does? You, George's father? But a father has never done all he can for his son! There's always something more that he can do!"

The words, breaking from her in a cry, seemed suddenly to change her from an ageing doll into a living and agonized woman. Campton had never before felt as near to her, as moved to the depths by her. For the length of a heart-beat he saw her again with a red-haired baby in her arms, the light of morning on her face.

"My dear—I'm sorry," he said, his hand on hers.

"Sorry—sorry? I don't want you to be sorry. I want you to do something—I want you to save him!"

He faced her with bent head, gazing absently down on their interwoven fingers: each hand had forgotten to release the other.

"I can't do anything more," he repeated.

She started up with a despairing exclamation. "What's happened to you? Who has influenced you? What has changed you?"

How could he answer her? He hardly knew himself: had hardly been conscious of the change till she suddenly flung it in his face. If blind animal passion be the profoundest as well as the fiercest form of attachment, his love for his boy was at that moment as nothing to hers. Yet his feeling for George, in spite of all the phrases he dressed it in, had formerly in its essence been no other. That his boy should survive—survive at any price—that had been all he cared for or sought to achieve. It had been convenient to justify himself by arguing that George was not bound to fight for France; but Campton now knew that he would have made the same effort to protect his son if the country engaged had been his own.

In the careless pre-war world, as George himself had once said, it had seemed unbelievable that people should ever again go off and die in a ditch to oblige anybody. Even now, the automatic obedience of the millions of the untaught and the unthinking, though it had its deep pathetic significance, did not move Campton like the clear-eyed sacrifice of the few who knew why they were dying. Jean Fortin, René Davril, and such lads as young Louis Dastrey, with his reasoned horror of butchery and waste in general, and his instant grasp of the necessity of this particular sacrifice: these were the victims who had first shed light on the dark problem.

Campton had never before, at least consciously, thought of himself and the few beings he cared for as part of a greater whole, component elements of the immense amazing spectacle. But the last four months had shown him man as a defenseless animal suddenly torn from his shell, stripped of all the interwoven tendrils of association, habit, background, daily ways and words, daily sights and sounds, and flung out of the human habitable world into naked ether, where nothing breathes or lives. That was what war did; that was why those who best understood it in all its farthest-reaching abomination willingly gave their lives to put an end to it.

He heard Mrs. Brant softly crying.

"Julia," he said, "Julia, I wish you'd try to see . . ."

She dashed away her tears. "See what? All I see is *you*, sitting here safe and saying you can do nothing to save him! But to have the right to say that

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you ought to be in the trenches yourself! What do you suppose those young men out there think of their fathers, safe at home, who are too high-minded and conscientious to protect them?"

He looked at her compassionately. "Yes," he said, "that's the bitterest part of it. But for that, there would hardly be anything in the worst war for us old people to lie awake about."

Mrs. Brant had stood up and was feverishly pulling on her gloves: he saw that she no longer heard him. He helped her to draw her furs about her, and stood waiting while she straightened her veil and tapped the waves of hair into place, her eyes blindly seeking for a mirror. There was nothing more that either could say.

He lifted the lamp, and went out of the door ahead of her.

"You needn't come down," she said in a sob; but leaning over the rail into the darkness he answered: "I'll give you a light: the concierge has forgotten the lamp on the stairs."

He went ahead of her down the long greasy flights, and as they reached the ground floor he heard a noise of feet coming and going, and frightened voices exclaiming in the porter's lodge. In the doorway Mrs. Brant's splendid chauffeur stood looking on compassionately at a group of women gathered about Mme. Lebel.

The old woman sat in her den, her arms stretched across the table, her sewing in a heap at her feet. On the table lay an open letter. The grocer's wife from the corner stood by, sobbing.

Mrs. Brant stopped involuntarily, and Campton, sure of what was coming, pushed his way through the neighbours about the door. Mme. Lebel's eyes met his with the mute reproach of a tortured animal. "Jules," she said, "last Wednesday . . . through the heart."

Campton took her old withered hand. The women ceased sobbing and a hush fell upon the stifling little room. When Campton looked up again he saw Julia Brant, pale and bewildered, hurrying toward her motor; and the vault of the porte-cochère sent back the chauffeur's answer to her startled question: "Poor old lady—yes, it's her only son who's been killed at the front."

XVI

CAMPTON sat with his friend Dastrey in the latter's pleasant little *entresol* crowded with Chinese lacquer and Venetian furniture.

Dastrey, in the last days of January, had been sent home from his ambulance with an attack of rheumatism; and when it became clear that he could no longer be of use in the mud and cold of the army zone he had reluctantly taken his place behind a desk at the Ministry of War. The friends had dined early, so that he might get back to his night-shift; and they sat over coffee and liqueurs, the mist of their cigars floating across lustrous cabinet-fronts and the worn gilding of slender consoles.

On the other side of the hearth young Boylston, sunk in an armchair, smoked and listened.

"It always comes back to the same thing," Campton was saying nervously. "What right have useless old men like me, sitting here with my cigar by this good fire, to preach blood and butchery to boys like George and your nephew?"

Again and again, during the days since Mrs. Brant's visit, he had turned over in his mind the same torturing question. How was he to answer that last taunt of hers?

Not long ago, Paul Dastrey would have seemed the last person to whom he could have submitted such a problem. Dastrey, in the black August days, starting for the front in such a frenzy of baffled blood-lust, had remained for Campton the type of man with whom it was impossible to discuss the war. But three months of hard and courageous service in *Postes de Secours* and along the awful battle-edge had sent him home with a mind no longer befogged by personal problems. He had done his utmost, and knew it; and the fact gave him the professional calm which keeps surgeons and nurses steady through all the horrors they live among. Those few months at the front had matured and mellowed him more than a lifetime of Paris.

He leaned back with half-closed lids, dispassionately considering his friend's difficulty.

"I see. Your idea is that, being unable

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to do even the humble kind of job that I've been assigned to, you've no right *not* to try to keep your boy out of it if you can?"

"Well—by any honourable means."

Dastrey laughed faintly, and Campton reddened. "The word's not happy, I admit."

"I wasn't thinking of that: I was considering how the meaning had evaporated out of lots of our old words, as if the general smash-up had broken their stoppers. So many of them, you see," said Dastrey smiling, "we'd taken good care not to uncork for centuries. Since I've been on the edge of what's going on fifty miles from here a good many of my own words have lost their meaning, and I'm not prepared to say where honour lies in a case like yours." He mused a moment, and then went on: "What would George's view be?"

Campton did not immediately reply. Not so many weeks ago he would have welcomed the chance of explaining that George's view, thank God, had remained perfectly detached and objective, and that the cheerful acceptance of duties forcibly imposed on him had not in the least obscured his sense of the fundamental injustice of his being mixed up in the thing at all.

But how could he say this now? If George's view were still what his father had been in the habit of saying it was, then he held that view alone: Campton himself no longer thought that any civilized man could afford to stand aside from such a conflict.

"As far as I know," he said, "George hasn't changed his mind."

Boylston stirred in his armchair, knocked the ash from his cigar, and looked up at the ceiling.

"Whereas *you*—" Dastrey suggested.

"Yes," said Campton. "I feel differently. You speak of the difference of having been in contact with what's going on out there. But how can anybody *not* be in contact, who has any imagination, any sense of right and wrong? Do these pictures and hangings ever shut it out from you—or those books over there, when you turn to them after your day's work? Perhaps they do, because you've got a real job, a job you've been ordered to do, and can't not do. But for a useless drifting devil like me—my God, the sights and the sounds of it are always with me!"

"There are a good many people who wouldn't call you useless, Mr. Campton," said Boylston.

Campton shook his head. "I wish there were any healing in the kind of thing I'm doing; perhaps there is to you, to whom it appears to come naturally to love your kind." (Boylston laughed.) "Service is of no use without conviction: that's one of the uncomfortable truths this stir-up has brought to the surface. I was meant to paint pictures in a world at peace, and I should have more respect for myself if I could go on unconcernedly doing it, instead of pining to be in all the places where I'm not wanted, and should be of no earthly use. That's why—" he paused, looked about him, and sought understanding in Dastrey's friendly gaze: "That's why I respect George's opinion, which really consists in not having any, and simply doing without comment the work assigned to him. The whole thing is so far beyond human measure that one's individual rage and revolt seem of no more use than a woman's scream at an accident she isn't in."

As he spoke, Campton knew that he was only arguing against himself. He did not in the least believe that any individual sentiment counted for nothing at such a time, and Dastrey really spoke for him in rejoining: "Every one can at least contribute an attitude: as you have, my dear fellow. Boylston's here to confirm it."

Boylston grunted his assent.

"An attitude—an attitude?" Campton retorted. "The word is revolting to me! Anything a man like me can do is too easy to be worth doing. And as for anything one can *say:* how dare one say anything, in the face of what is being done out there to keep this room and this fire and this ragged end of life safe for such survivals as you and me?" Campton crossed to the table to take another cigar. As he did so he laid an apologetic pressure on his host's shoulder. "Men of our age are the chorus of the tragedy, Dastrey: we can't help ourselves. As soon as I open my lips to

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blame or praise I see myself in white petticoats, with a long beard held on by an elastic, goading on the combatants in a cracked voice from a safe corner of the ramparts. On the whole I'd sooner be spinning among the women."

"Well," said Dastrey, getting up, "I've got to get back to my spinning: where, by the way, there are some very pretty young women at the distaff. It's extraordinary how much better pretty girls type than plain ones: I see now why they get all the jobs."

The three went out into the winter blackness. They were all used by this time to the new Paris: to extinguished lamps, shuttered windows, empty streets, the almost total cessation of wheeled traffic. All through the winter, life had seemed in suspense everywhere, as much on the battle-front as in the rear. Day after day, week after week, of rain and sleet and mud; day after day, week after week, of vague non-committal news from west and east; everywhere the enemy baffled but still menacing, everywhere death, suffering, destruction, without any perceptible oscillation of the scales, any compensating hope of good to come out of the long slow endless waste. The benumbed and darkened Paris of those February days seemed the visible image of a benumbed and darkened world.

Down the asphalt sheeted with fine rain the rare street lights stretched their interminable reflections. The three men crossed the bridge and stood watching the rush of the Seine. Below them gloomed the vague bulk of deserted bath-houses, unlit barges, river-steamers out of commission. The Seine too had ceased to live: only a single orange gleam, low on the water's edge, undulated on the jetty waves like a long streamer of sea-weed.

The two Americans left Dastrey at his Ministry, and the painter strolled on to Boylston's lodging before descending to the underground railway. He, whom his lameness had made so heavy and indolent, now limped about for hours at a time over wet pavements and under streaming skies: these midnight tramps had become a sort of expiatory need to him. "Out there—out there, if they had these wet stones under them they'd think it was the floor of heaven!" he used to muse, driving on obstinately through the mud and darkness.

The thought of "Out there" besieged him day and night, the phrase was always in his ears. Wherever he went he was pursued by visions of that land of doom: visions of fathomless mud, rat-haunted trenches, freezing nights under the sleety sky, men dying in the barbed wire between the lines, or crawling out to save a comrade and being shattered to death on the return. His collaboration with Boylston had brought Campton into close contact with these things. He knew by heart the history of scores and scores of young men of George's age who were doggedly suffering and dying a few hours away from the Palais Royal office where their records were kept. Some of these histories were so heroically simple that the sense of pain was lost in beauty, as though one were looking at suffering transmuted into poetry. But others were abominable, unendurable, in their long-drawn useless horror: stories of cold and filth and hunger, of ineffectual effort, of hideous mutilation, of men dying of thirst in a shell-hole, and half-dismembered bodies dragging themselves back to shelter only to perish as they reached it. Worst of all were the perpetually recurring reports of military blunders, medical neglect, carelessness in high places: the torturing knowledge of the lives that might have been saved if this or that officer's brain, this or that surgeon's hand, had acted more promptly. A disheartening impression of waste, confusion, ignorance, obstinacy, prejudice, and the indifference of selfishness or of mortal fatigue, emanated from these narratives written home from the front, or faltered out by white lips on hospital pillows.

The "Friends of French Art," especially since they had enlarged their range, had to do with young men accustomed to the freest play of thought and criticism. A nation in arms does not judge a war as simply as an army of professional soldiers. All these young intelligences were so many subtly-adjusted instruments for the testing of the machinery of which they formed a part; and not one accepted the results passively. Yet in one respect all were agreed: the "had to be" of the first

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days was still on every lip. The German menace must be met: chance willed that theirs should be the generation to meet it; and on that point speculation was vain, discussion useless. The question that stirred them all was how the country they were defending was helping them to carry on the struggle. There the evidence was cruelly clear, the comment often scathingly explicit; and Campton, bending still farther over the abyss, caught a shuddering glimpse of what might be—must be—if political blunders, inertia, tolerance, perhaps even evil ambitions and connivances, should at last outweigh the effort of the front. There was no logical argument against such a possibility. All civilizations had their orbit; all societies rose and fell. Some day, no doubt, by the action of that law, everything that made the world livable to Campton and his kind would crumble in new ruins above the old. Yes—but woe to them by whom such things came; woe to the generation that bowed to such a law. The Powers of Darkness were always watching and seeking their hour; but the past was a record of their failures as well as of their triumphs. Campton, brushing up his history, remembered the great turning-points of progress, saw how the liberties of England had been born of the ruthless discipline of the Norman conquest, and how even out of the hideous welter of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars had come more freedom and a wiser order. The point was to remember that the efficacy of the sacrifice was always in proportion to the worth of the victims; and there at least his faith was sure.

He could not, he felt, leave his former wife's appeal unnoticed; and after a day or two he wrote to George, telling him of Mrs. Brant's anxiety, and asking in vague terms if George himself thought any change in his situation probable. His letter ended abruptly: "I suppose it's hardly time yet to ask for leave——"

XVII

Not long after his midnight tramp with Boylston and Dastrey the post brought Campton two letters. One was postmarked Paris, the other bore the military frank and was addressed in his son's hand: he laid it aside while he glanced at the first. It contained an engraved card:

Mrs. Anderson Brant
At Home on February 20th at 4 o'clock
Mr. Harvey Mayhew will give an account of his captivity in Germany.
Mme. de Dolmetsch will sing.
For the benefit of the "Friends of French Art Committee."
Tickets 100 francs.

Enclosed was the circular of the subcommittee in aid of Musicians at the Front, with which Campton was not directly associated. It bore the names of Mrs. Talkett, Mme. Beausite, and a number of other French and American ladies of his wife's group.

Campton tossed the card away. He was not annoyed by the invitation: he knew that Miss Anthony and Mlle. Davril were getting up a series of drawing-room entertainments for that branch of the charity, and that the card had been sent to him as a member of the Honorary Committee. But any reminder of the sort always gave a sharp twitch to the Brant nerve in him. He turned to George's letter.

As usual it was not long; but in other respects it was unlike his son's usual communications. Campton read it over two or three times.

"Dear Dad, thanks for yours of the tenth, which must have come to me on skis, the snow here is so deep." (There had, in fact, been a heavy snow-fall in the Argonne). "Sorry mother is bothering about things again: as you've often reminded me, they always have a way of 'being as they will be,' and even war doesn't seem to change it. Nothing to worry her in my case—but you can't expect her to believe that, can you? Neither you nor I can help it, I suppose.

"There's one thing that might help, though; and that is, your letting her feel that you're a little nearer to her. War makes a lot of things look differently, especially this sedentary kind of war: it's rather like going over all the old odds-and-ends in one's cupboards. And some of them do look so foolish.

"I wish you'd see her now and then—just naturally, as if it had happened.

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You know you've got one Inexhaustible Topic between you. The said I. T. is doing well, and has nothing new to communicate up to now except a change of address. Hereafter please write to my Base instead of directing here, as there's some chance of a shift of H. Q. The precaution is probably just a new twist of the old red tape, signifying nothing; but Base will always reach me if we *are* shifted. Let mother know, and explain, please; otherwise she'll think the unthinkable.

"Interrupted by big drive—quill-drive, of course!

"As ever

"GEORGIUS SCRIBLERUS.

"P. S. Don't be too savage to Uncle Andy either.

"No. 2.—I *had* thought of leave; but perhaps you're right about that."

It was the first time George had written in that way of his mother. His smiling policy had always been to let things alone, and go on impartially dividing his devotion between his parents, since they refused to share even that common blessing. But war gave everything a new look; and he had evidently, as he put it, been turning over the old things in his cupboards. How was it possible, Campton wondered, that after such a turning-over he was still content to write "Nothing new to communicate," and to make jokes about another big quill-drive? Glancing at the date of the letter, Campton saw that it had been written on the day after the first ineffectual infantry assault on Vauquois. And George was sitting a few miles off, safe in headquarters at Sainte Menehould, with a stout roof over his head and a beautiful brown gloss on his boots, scribbling punning letters while his comrades fell back from that bloody summit. . .

Suddenly Campton's eyes filled. No; George had not written that letter for the sake of the joke: the joke was meant to cover what went before it. Ah, how young the boy was to imagine that his father would not see! Yes, as he said, war made so many of the old things look foolish. . .

Campton set out for the Palais Royal. He felt happier than for a long time past: the tone of his boy's letter seemed to correspond with his own secret change of spirit. He knew the futility of attempting to bring the Brants and himself together, but was glad that George had made the suggestion. He resolved to see Julia that afternoon.

At the Palais Royal he found the indefatigable Boylston busy with an exhibition of paintings sent home from the front, and Mlle. Davril helping to catalogue them. Lamentable pensioners came and went, bringing fresh tales of death, fresh details of savagery: the air was dark with poverty and sorrow. In the background, Mme. Beausite flitted about, tragic and ineffectual. Boylston had not been able to extract a penny from Beausite for his secretary and the latter's left-handed family; but Mme. Beausite had discovered a newly-organized charity which lent money to "temporarily embarrassed" war-victims; and with a perfectly artless self-satisfaction she had obtained a small loan for the victim of her own thrift. "For what other purpose are such charities founded?" she said, gently disclaiming in advance the praise which Miss Anthony and Boylston had no thought of offering her. Whenever Campton came in she effaced herself behind a desk, where she bent her beautiful white head over a card-catalogue without any perceptible results.

The telephone rang, and Boylston, after a moment, looked up from the receiver.

"Mr. Campton!"

The painter glanced apprehensively at the instrument, which still seemed to him charged with explosives.

"Take the message, do. The thing always snaps at me."

There was a listening pause: then Boylston said: "It's about Upsher——"

Campton started up. "Killed——?"

"Not sure. It's Mr. Brant. The news was wired to the bank; they want you to break it to Mr. Mayhew."

"Oh, Lord," the painter groaned, the boy's face suddenly rising before his blurred eyes. Miss Anthony was not at the office that morning, or he would have turned to her; at least she might have accompanied him on his quest. He could

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not ask Boylston to leave the office, and he felt that curious incapacity to deal with the raw fact of sorrow which had often given an elfin unreality to the most poignant moments of his life. It was as though experience had to enter into the very substance of his soul before he could even feel it.

"Other people," he thought, "would know what to say, and I shan't."

Some one, meanwhile, had fetched a cab, and he drove to the Nouveau Luxe, though with little hope of finding Mr. Mayhew. But Mr. Mayhew had grown two secretaries, and turned the shrimp-pink drawing-room into an office. One of the secretaries was there, hammering at a typewriter. She was a competent young woman, who instantly extracted from her pocket-diary the fact that her chief was at Mrs. Anderson Brant's, rehearsing.

"Rehearsing——?"

"Why, yes; he's to speak at Mrs. Brant's next week on Atrocities," she said, surprised at Campton's ignorance.

She suggested telephoning; but in the shrunken households of the rich, where but one or two servants remained, telephoning had become as difficult as in the under-staffed hotels; and after one or two vain attempts Campton decided to go to the Avenue Marigny. He felt that to get hold of Mayhew as soon as possible might still in some vague way help poor Benny—since it was not yet sure that he was dead. "Or else it's just the need to rush about," he thought, conscious that the only way he had yet found of dealing with calamity was a kind of ant-like agitation.

On the way the round pink face of Benny Upsher continued to float before him in its very substance, with the tangibility that only a painter's visions wear. "I want to be *in* this thing," he heard the boy repeating, as if impelled by some blind instinct flowing down through centuries and centuries of persistent childish minds.

"If he or his forebears had ever thought things out he probably would have been alive and safe to-day," Campton mused, "like George... The average person is always just obeying impulses stored up thousands of years ago, and never re-examined since." But this consideration, though it was drawn from George's own philosophy, did not greatly comfort him.

At the Brants' a bewildered concierge admitted him and rang a bell which no one answered. The vestibule and the stairs were piled with bales of sheeting, bulging jute-bags, stacked-up hospital supplies. A boy in scout's uniform swung his inadequate legs from the lofty porter's armchair which stood beside the table with its monumental inkstand. Finally, from above, a maid invited Campton to ascend.

In the drawing-room the pictures and tapestries, bronzes and *pâtes tendres* had vanished, and a plain moquette replaced the priceless Savonnerie across whose pompous wreaths Campton had walked on the day of his last visit.

The maid led him to the ballroom. Through its double doors of glass Mr. Mayhew's oratorical accents, accompanied by faint chords on the piano, reached Campton's ears: he paused and looked. At the farther end of the great gilded room, on a platform backed by velvet draperies, stood Mr. Mayhew, a perfect pearl in his tie and a perfect crease in his trousers. Beside him was a stage-property tripod surmounted by a perfume-burner; and on it Mme. de Dolmetsch, swathed in black, leaned in an attitude of grief.

At the piano beneath the platform a bushy-headed youth struck an occasional chord from Chopin's Dead March; and near the door three or four Red Cross nurses perched on bales of blankets and listened. Under one of their coifs Campton recognized Mrs. Talkett. She saw him and made a sign to the lady nearest her; and the latter, turning, revealed the astonished eyes of Julia Brant.

Campton's first impression, while they shook hands under cover of Mr. Mayhew's rolling periods, was of her extraordinary gift of adaptation. She had made herself a nurse's face, not a theatrical imitation of it like Mme. de Dolmetsch's, nor yet the face of a nurse on a war-poster, like Mrs. Talkett's. Her lovely hair smoothed away under her strict coif, her chin devoutly framed in linen, Mrs. Brant looked serious, tender and efficient.

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Was it possible that she had found her vocation?

She gave him a look of alarm, but his eyes must have told her that he had not come about George, for with a reassured glance she laid a finger on her lip and pointed to the platform; Campton noticed that her nails were as beautifully polished as ever.

Mr. Mayhew was saying: "All that I have to give, yes, all that is most precious to me, I am ready to surrender, to offer up, to lay down in the Great Struggle which is to save the world from barbarism. I, who was one of the first Victims of that barbarism. . ."

He paused and looked impressively at the bales of blankets. The piano filled in the pause, and Mme. de Dolmetsch, without changing her attitude, almost without moving her lips, sang a few muffled notes of lamentation.

"Of that hideous barbarism—" Mr. Mayhew began again. "I repeat that I stand here ready to give up everything I hold most dear——"

"Do stop him," Campton whispered to Mrs. Brant.

Little Mrs. Talkett, with the quick intuition he had noted in her, sprang up and threaded her way between the bales to the stage. Mme. de Dolmetsch flowed from one widowed attitude into another, and Mr. Mayhew, descending, majestically approached Mrs. Brant.

"You agree with me, I hope? You feel that anything more than Mme. de Dolmetsch's beautiful voice—anything in the way of a choral accompaniment—would only weaken my effect? Where the facts are so overwhelming it is enough to state them; that is," Mr. Mayhew added modestly, "if they are stated vigorously and tersely—as I hope they are."

Mme. de Dolmetsch, forsaking the tripod with the gesture of a marble mourner torn from her cenotaph, glided up and laid her hand in Campton's.

"Dear friend, you've heard? . . . You remember our talk? I am Cassandra, cursed with the hideous gift of divination." Tears rained down her cheeks, washing off the paint like mud swept by a shower. "My only comfort," she added, fixing her perfect eyes on Mr. Mayhew, "is to help our great good friend in this crusade against the assassins of my Ladislas."

Mrs. Talkett said a word to Mr. Mayhew, and Campton saw his complacent face go to pieces as if it had been vitrioled.

"Benny—Benny—" he screamed, "Benny hurt? My Benny? It's some mistake! What makes you think—?" His eyes met Campton's. "Oh, my God! Why, he's my sister's child!" he cried, plunging his face into his soft manicured hands.

In the cab to which Campton led him, he continued to sob with the full-throated sobs of a large invertebrate distress, beating his breast for an unfindable handkerchief, and, when he finally found it, immediately weeping it into pulp.

Campton had meant to leave him at the bank; but when the taxi stopped Mr. Mayhew was too collapsed for the painter to resist his pleading hand.

"It was you who saw Benny last—you can't leave me!" the poor man implored; and Campton followed him up the majestic stairway.

Their names were taken in to Mr. Brant, and with a motion of wonder at the unaccountable humours of fate, Campton found himself for the first time entering the banker's private office.

Mr. Brant was elsewhere in the great glazed labyrinth, and while the visitors waited, the painter's registering eye took in the details of the room, from the Barye *cire-perdue* on the peach-coloured marble mantel to the blue morocco armchairs about a giant writing-table. On the table was an electric lamp in a celadon vase, and just the right number of neatly folded papers lay under a paper-weight of Chinese crystal. The room was as tidy as an expensive stage-setting or the cage of a well-kept canary: the only object marring its order was a telegram lying open on the desk.

Mr. Brant, grey and glossy, slipped in on noiseless patent leather. He shook hands with Mr. Mayhew, bowed stiffly but deprecatingly to Campton, gave his usual cough, and said: "This is terrible."

And suddenly, as the three men sat there, so impressive and important and powerless, with the fatal telegram marring the tidiness of the banker's table, Campton murmured to himself: "If this

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thing were to happen to me I couldn't bear it. . . I simply couldn't bear it. . ."

Benny Upsher was not dead—at least his death was not certain. He had been seen to fall in a surprise attack near Neuve Chapelle; the telegram, from his commanding officer, reported him as "wounded and missing."

The words had taken on a hideous significance in the last months. Freezing to death between the lines, mutilation and torture, or weeks of slow agony in German hospitals: these were the alternative visions associated with the now familiar formula. Mr. Mayhew had spent a part of his time collecting details about the treatment of those who had fallen, alive but wounded, into German hands; and Campton guessed that as he sat there every one of these details, cruel, sanguinary, remorseless, had started to life, and that all their victims wore the face of Benny.

The wretched man sat speechless, so unhinged and swinging loose in his grief that Mr. Brant and Campton could only look on, following the thoughts he was thinking, seeing the sights he was seeing, and each avoiding the other's eye lest they should betray to one another the secret of their shared exultation at George's safety.

Finally, Mr. Mayhew was put in charge of a confidential clerk, who was to go with him to the English Military Mission in the hope of getting farther information. He went away, small and shrunken, with the deprecating smile of a man who seeks to ward off a blow; as he left Campton heard him say timidly to the clerk: "No doubt you speak French, sir? The words I want don't seem to come to me."

Campton had meant to leave at the same time; but some vague impulse held him back. He remembered George's postscript: "Don't be too savage to Uncle Andy," and wished he could think of some friendly phrase to ease off his leave-taking. Mr. Brant seemed to have the same wish. He stood, erect and tightly buttoned, one small hand resting on the arm of his desk-chair, as though he were posing for a cabinet size, with the photographer telling him to look natural. His lids twitched slightly behind his protective glasses, and his upper lip, which was as straight as a ruler, detached itself by a hair's breadth from the lower; but no word came.

Campton glanced up and down the white-panelled walls, and spoke abruptly.

"There was no reason on earth," he said, "why poor young Upsher should ever have been in this thing."

Mr. Brant bowed.

"This sort of crazy impulse to rush into things," Campton continued with rising vehemence, "is of no more use to a civilized state than any other unreasoned instinct. At bottom it's nothing but what George calls the baseball spirit: just an ignorant passion for fisticuffs."

Mr. Brant looked at him intently. "When did—George say that?" he asked, with his little cough before the name.

Campton coloured. "Oh—er—some time ago: in the very beginning, I think. It was the view of most thoughtful young fellows at that time."

"Quite so," said Mr. Brant, cautiously stroking his moustache.

Campton's eye again wandered about the room.

"*Now*, of course——"

"Ah—*now*. . ."

The two men looked at each other for a second, and then Campton held out his hand. Mr. Brant, growing pink about the forehead, extended his dry fingers, and they shook hands in silence.

(To be continued.)

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Chicago

Nine Sketches by Frederick Polley

Grand Central Station.

There are six general passenger-stations in the city, the terminals of some twenty-four or more steam-roads. These stations are located in a cluster around the "Loop" district.

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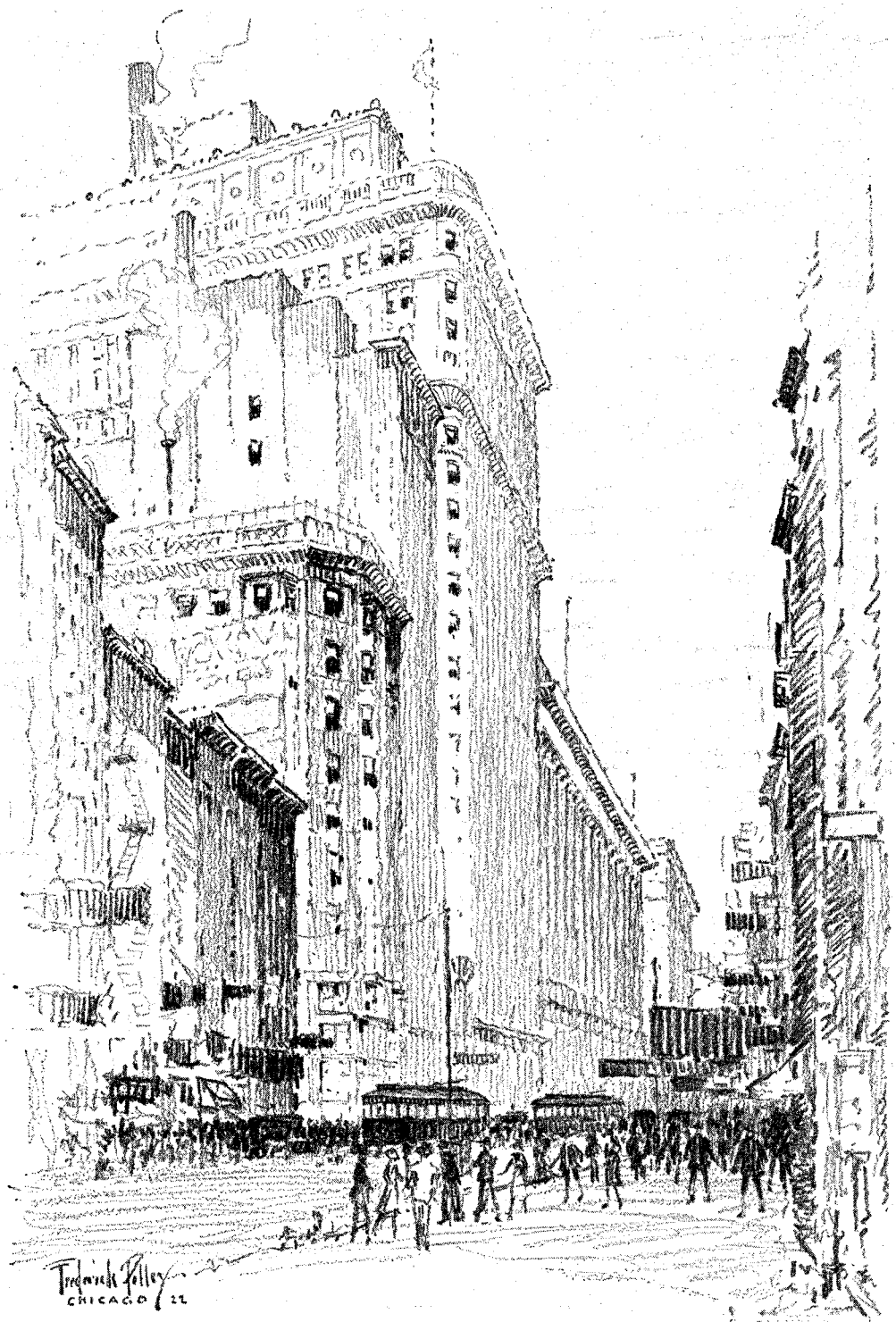

Clark Street.

This view north from Monroe Street shows the Conway, Putnam, and County Court buildings.

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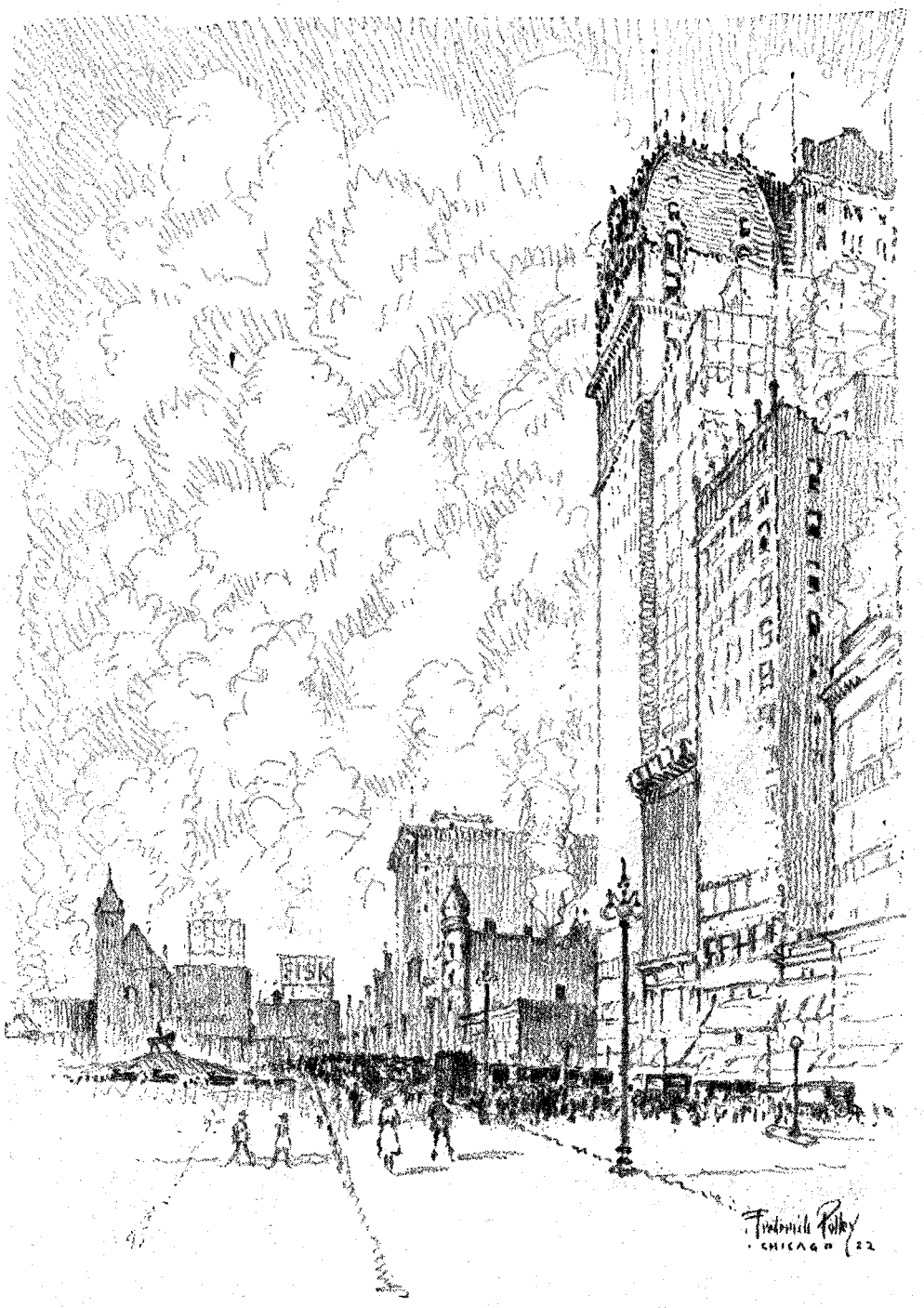

Michigan Avenue Boulevard, South.

The Boulevard is the pride of all Chicagoans. Less than a century ago this district was a swamp with canoes on its waters; barely a half century ago it was a heap of ruins. Now it is the site of the Art Institute, the Logan Monument, the Taft Fountain, the Field Museum, skyscraping hostelries, and fashion shops.

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Clark Street at the Bridge.

The Chicago River is always interesting—its sluggish waters colorful and the traffic upon it a combination of river, canal, and lake boats.

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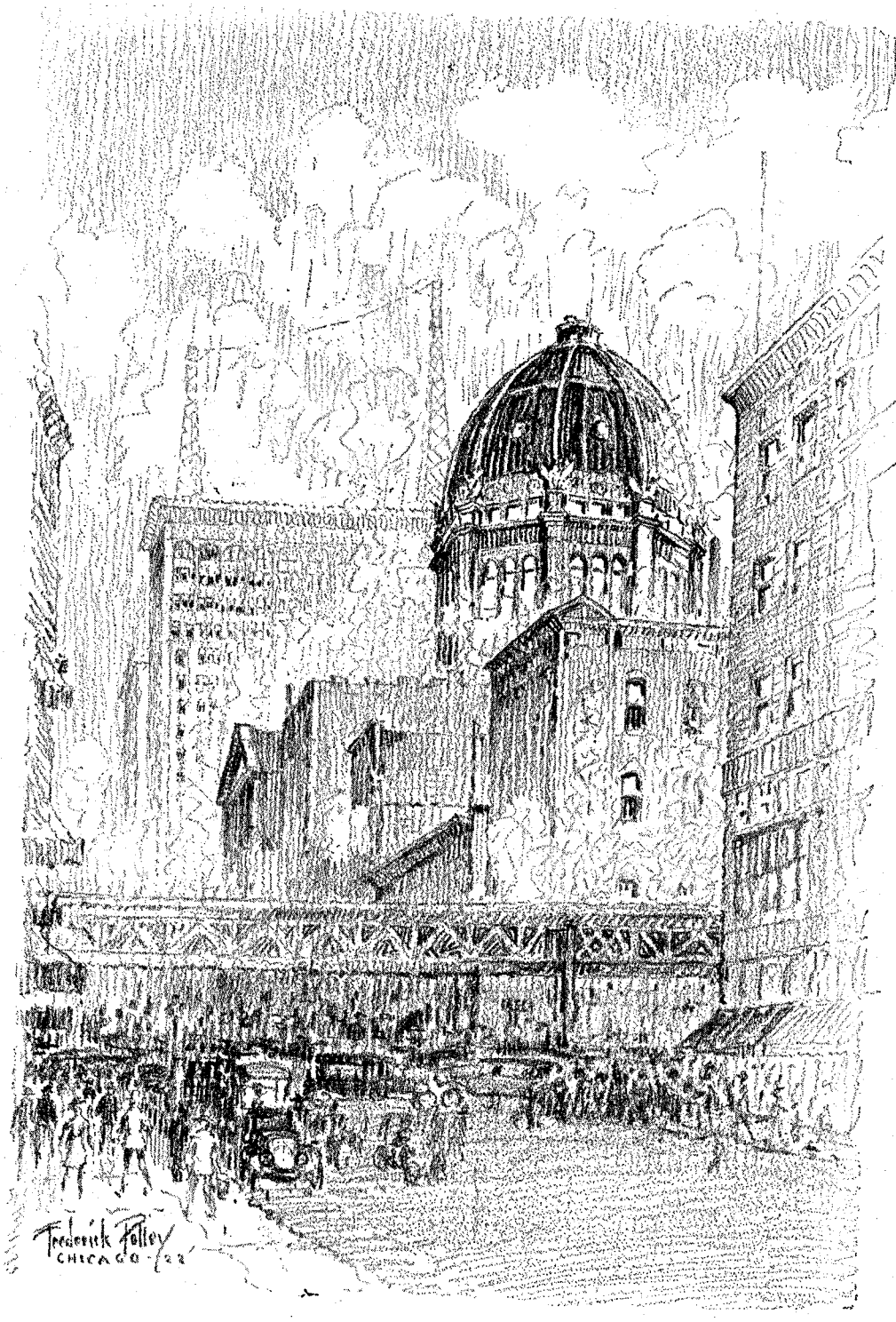

South Clark Street.

The elevated lines encircle the down-town section in a mighty band of steel called the "Loop." Within or near this district are located the principal hotels, office-buildings, financial institutions, and retail stores. Over the mass of street-cars, trucks, and shoppers towers the dome of the Federal Building.

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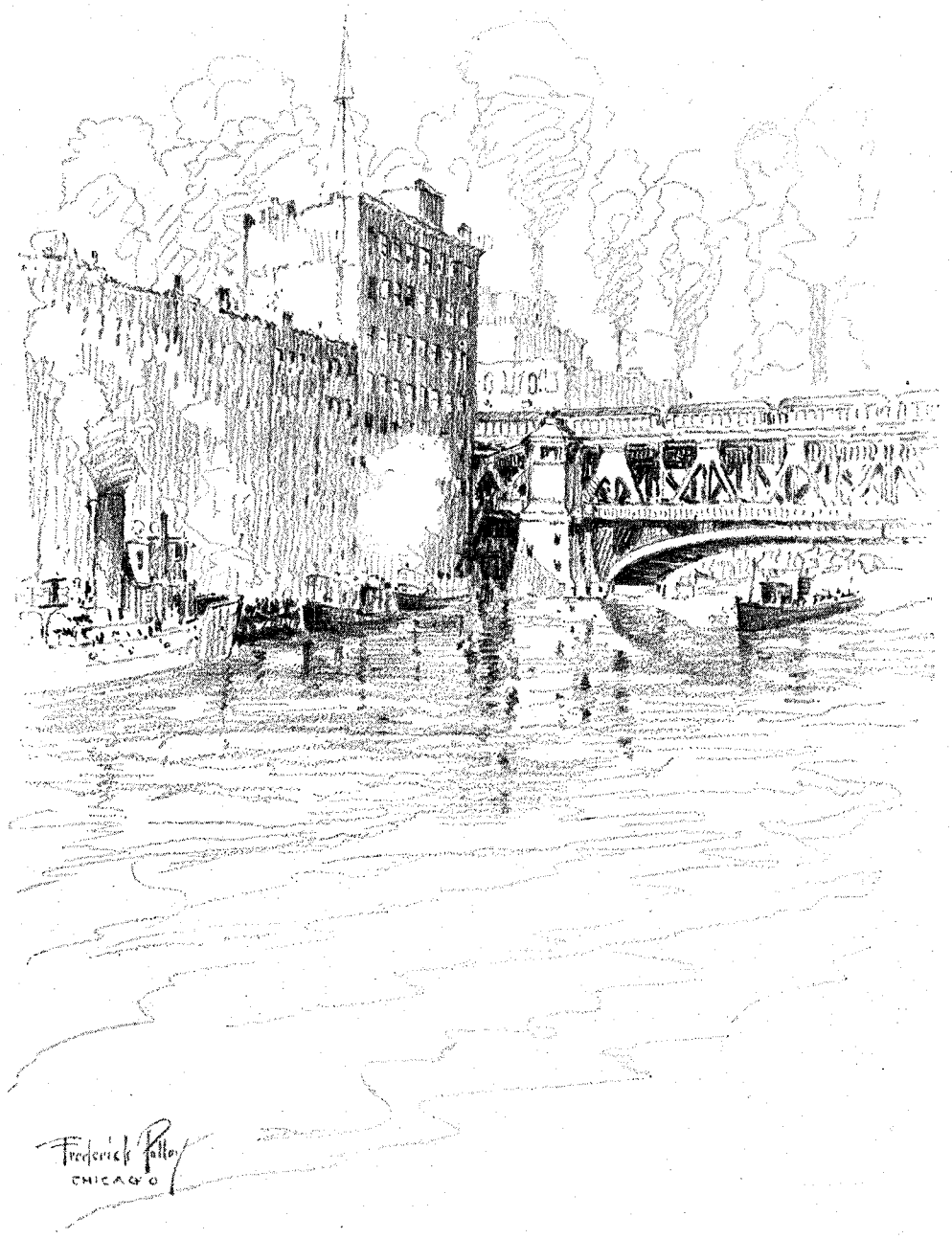

Wells Street Elevated Bridge.

The huge "jaws" and "lifts" and various kinds of drawbridges over the Chicago River give to the city a peculiar distinction. Many of the bridges are remarkable feats of engineering. All are interesting because of their location in the heart of the city.

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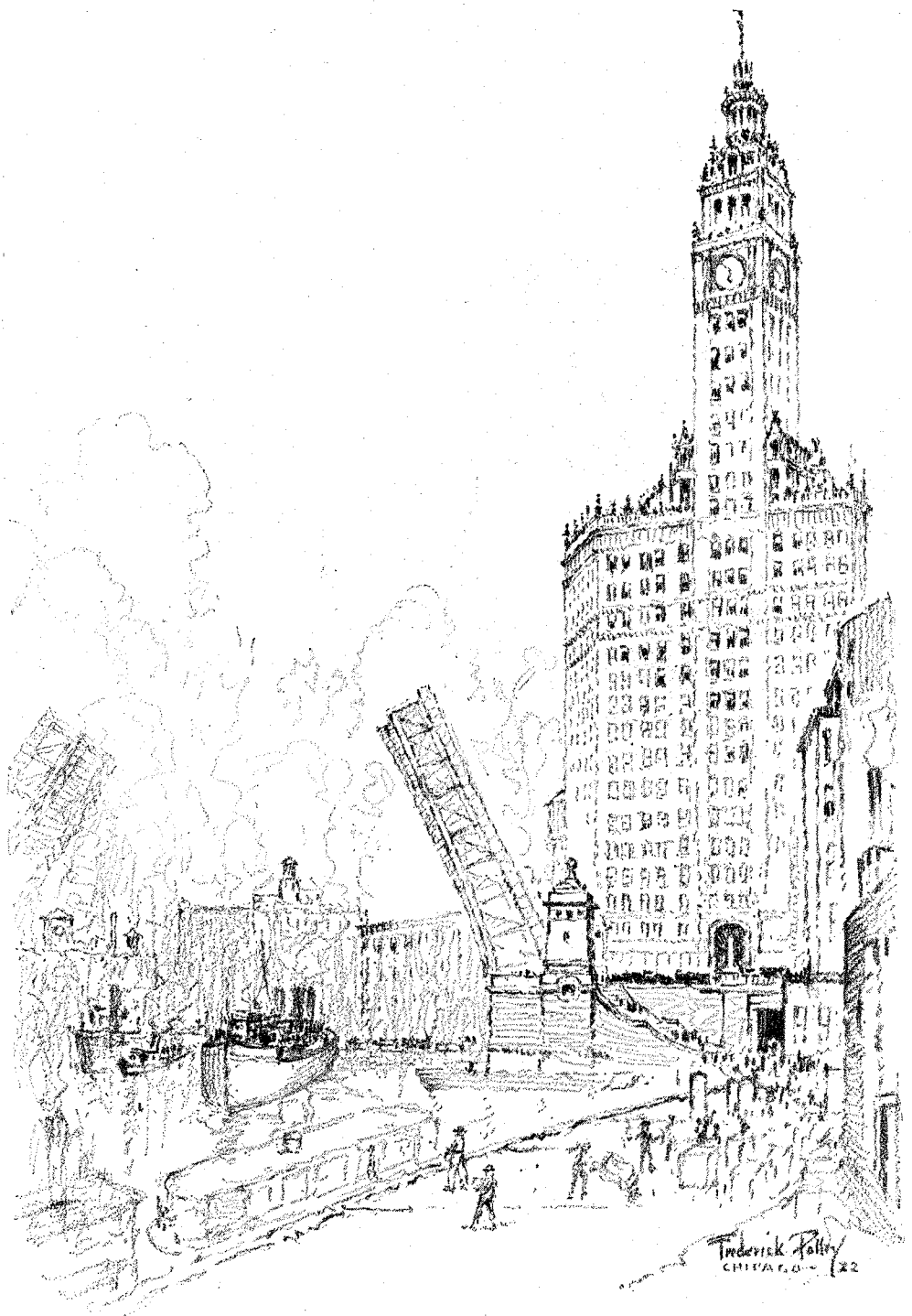

Michigan Avenue Link Bridge.

Michigan Avenue is the Fifth Avenue of Chicago. Its stream of traffic seems to be never-ending; yet street traffic comes to a standstill when the "jaws" open to allow some slow-moving lake freighter to put out to sea.

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Rush Street.

A few years ago this quiet little street was one of Chicago's important thoroughfares. The Rush Street bridge, near the towering Wrigley Building, was the connecting link of Michigan Avenue. The opening of the Boulevard link bridge diverted the traffic to the east, and the removal of the old Rush Street bridge completed the isolation, and left this old street—the home of many of Chicago's millionaires—in quiet obscurity.

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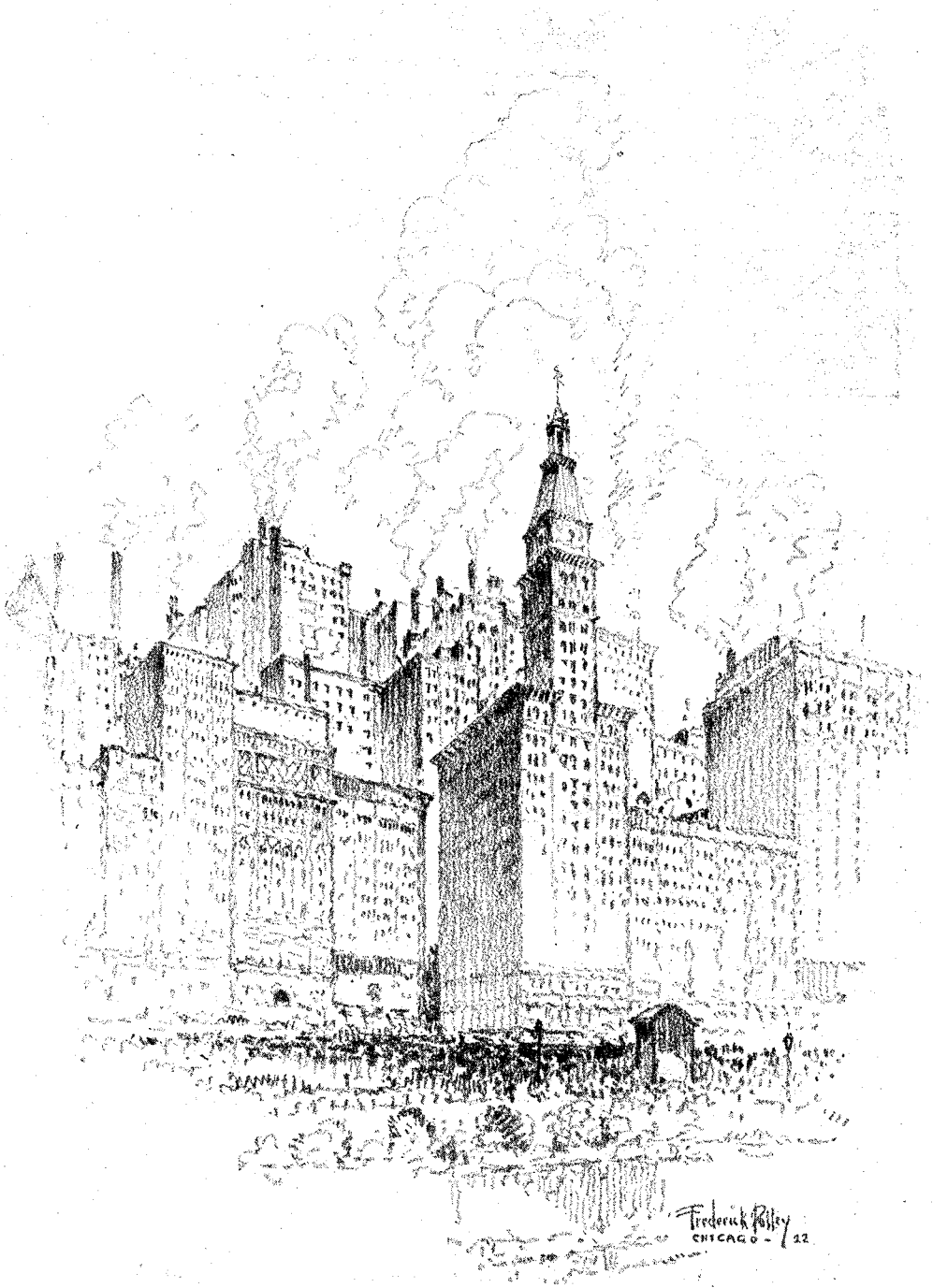

Skyscrapers from Grant Park.

The stately buildings along Michigan Avenue, buttressed by the skyscrapers in the background, are a vivid expression of the courage and determination of a people who have taken for their motto the words "I will."

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Men and Half-Men

BY SETH K. HUMPHREY
Author of "The Racial Prospect"

A MILD flood of literature on the state of the country's racial values has followed the revelations made by the army intelligence tests.*

The army tests disclosed little that was new to those familiar with racial conditions. Civilization's habit of almost defertilizing her best stocks, while encouraging the excessive fecundity of the ill-favored, has been made the subject of considerable study. Even the general public, within the last few years, has taken an academic interest in what might be happening to a species which draws the bulk of its increase from its lower elements. The English way of putting it has a compelling vividness—that more than one-half of all the children born are derived from the lowest one-sixth of the population. One hesitates at the figure—but it doesn't matter whether it should be one-sixth, or one-fifth, or one-fourth; it matters that we've got the high birth-rate at the wrong end of the racial scale.

So the impression has been slowly taking hold that under the circumstances the average quality of the race must be declining; but it needed the spectacular figures of the army's careful and very complete mental tests to show, in a way which would gain public notice, how far the decline has already proceeded.

As usual with a sudden outburst of popular interest, exaggeration has crept in. Seventy per cent of our adult population not above the mental age of fourteen years!—this seems to be the *pièce de résistance* of space writers who sell their output on its prospect of catching the popular eye. But this is a false alarm. One's mental age as determined by intelligence tests does not classify him in all respects with children of as many years; it merely indicates that his *inborn capacity for acquiring knowledge* corresponds to that particular age of normal youth. The adult has had years of worldly experience which the youth of the same mental caliber has not had—and by ignoring acquired knowledge the tests measure, not what a man knows, but how much he is likely ever to know if given a fair chance. From his reactions to matters of the commonest knowledge the examiners try to get a line on his ability to absorb knowledge which is not so common. They search his future instead of his present—which is a mighty significant advance in the business of examining.

The tests disclosed 30 per cent of the army draft—and it is fair to assume these army figures as approximately true for our adult population—to be of a highly satisfactory mental development, with a smattering of some 5 per cent who were superlatively endowed. This almost one-third of the total number represents the flower of the country's mental inheritances.

The next 25 per cent revealed mental ages of thirteen to fourteen years—minds fairly well equipped, if we remember what these mental ages stand for in the tests. These have the making of good, average citizens.

Next came 20 per cent whose mentalities stopped developing at twelve years. We may pass them, too—with some misgiving, since theirs is a lifelong condition of youthful immaturity of mind; yet civilization has a multitude of uses for such as these, in the simpler tasks of its complex life. It was only in the Stone Age of mankind that survival depended on a fair equality of wit and vigor. Civilization specializes on human inequalities, to suit its diverse requirements—something not quite to the liking of democratic idealists.

So we leave these grown-up twelve-year-olds to be struggled with by unhappy

*"Psychological Examining in the United States Army, Vol. 15, Memoirs, National Academy of Sciences." Supt. Doc., Washington, D. C.

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employers who sigh to heaven over their incompetency. This accounts offhand for three-quarters of our population.

The problem is in the remaining one-quarter. The army tests indicate, with an approach to accuracy which cannot seriously be questioned, that more than twenty-five millions of our people can never get beyond the mental age of eleven years—the age of unformed youth; while a good ten million of these are saddled for life with mentalities of ten years or under—the age of irresponsible childhood. From this lowest one-quarter we obviously derive most of our social disturbers, at least one-half of all the children born to inherit this land of ours, and one-quarter of the electorate. It's a fine prospect—for the political demagogue and the bolshevik agitator.

Up to the point of recognizing the gravity of this situation nearly all who have taken to writing on the subject of racial values are in agreement; but here they diverge, each with a commendable desire to get across his own particular remedy for stopping racial decline. By all sorts of expedients, ranging from lofty appeal to a cash bonus from the State, the best of the race are to be persuaded away from their too great caution and will forthwith take to having large families; while the poorly endowed are to be enjoined—somehow—from reproducing their kind with their usual careless freedom. Thus, and so, will the high birth-rate be shifted from the poorer to the better stocks, and our dwindling racial values be enriched.

May I be forgiven for saying so, but most of the proposals show a decidedly faint appreciation of the difficulties in the way of one who sets out to tinker with the fundamental instinct of the human race. These are ready answers to the question, What should we do about it? Now might one ask, What are we *likely* to do about it?

We can get a line on what we are likely to do toward reducing the fecundity of fifteen or twenty-five millions of the mentally inferior by observing what we have done, after years of strenuous effort, toward cutting off the self-reproduction of that very much smaller group of incompetents, the obviously feeble-minded.

The obviously feeble-minded constitute probably between 1 and 2 per cent of the population. The official estimate for Massachusetts is about forty thousand—just over 1 per cent. Of these forty thousand, Massachusetts has segregated in her two institutions *three* thousand—one out of thirteen. This is after years of the most intensive public agitation over the damage done to racial values through turning back into the stock the prolific increase of the mentally unfit.

The mountain's labor brought forth a mouse. A community well posted on what would happen to its fancy strains of dogs or flowers through the presence of one ill-favored specimen in the breeding area, still takes the miserable outpourings of its feeble-minded without batting an eyelash.

Massachusetts is no more impervious to the dictates of ordinary common sense in this respect than most of the States. A few States, perhaps, have done better; those which have segregated as many as one-fifth of their cases seem to derive a virtuous pride from the thought that only four out of five of their defectives are polluting the race. Our failure with the country's million feeble-minded would be ridiculous if it were not so tragic.

Then why waste words over discussing how to reduce the fecundity of a score of millions in the mental grades just above, who are not even candidates for segregation?

The likeliest prospect is that our civilization will continue to derive fully one-half of its racial inheritances from the least fit one-quarter of its stocks; and we might be more profitably engaged in preparing for the conditions which will develop from this likeliest prospect. The rest of this article will not indulge the conceit that we alone, of all the world's experimenters with civilization, are to escape racial decadence.

The prime requisite for an understanding of degenerates is to get away from the utterly false and equally stubborn popular idea that education and training can somehow develop people with stunted mentalities into normal, upstanding men and women. Nothing in human experience has been more clearly demonstrated than that this cannot be done. A vast deal of effort may make them less of a burden; but no amount of effort can turn

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a natural-born human liability into an asset. The only remedy for the half-man is to stop breeding him; if we will not do that, we've got to carry him.

But even with these admissions, lugubrious wailing is at least untimely. Every previous culture came to its most exquisite flowering with 70, 80, 90 per cent of its peoples as incapable and incoherent as our lowest 25 per cent. Then if we can manage to adapt our methods of control to those huge proportions of incompetency, it would seem that our time for returning to the classic dust is a long way ahead of us. The magnificent structures of Egypt, Babylon, Greece, and Rome which we so admire were built, not in spite of, but *because* of, their immense numbers who were fitted only for the simplest manual labor under close supervision. It is easy to conceive that we now are at the beginning of an era—a long era, if we manage rightly—of great public works, which will develop increasingly all over the land as the necessity for giving employment of this nature increases. Indeed, one might indulge in a wide variety of speculations about a future so loaded with possible contingencies; but the safest guess in every one of them would have to do with a steadily increasing proportion of low mediocrity.

But with our present load so disturbing to the social order, how are we to get on when it is double, or treble, its present ratio?

We might learn something about this from previous cultures. The course of their racial fortunes bears a striking resemblance to ours. They invited in, or compelled, foreign peoples in large numbers to do their menial work, who remained to multiply and plague them with their inferiority. Our negroes are now one-tenth of our population, and in the army tests 78 per cent of them fell into the mentally lowest one-quarter of the total draft. And so with our foreign-born in the draft —the Poles, 70 per cent of their number not above the mental age of eleven years; the Italians, 63 per cent; the Russians, 60 per cent; the Irish, 39.4 per cent. And these foreign-born sent correspondingly small numbers to the upper mental grades. We read of the ancients, too, that the original stocks which primarily developed their cultures failed to perpetuate their inheritances. This is the commonest of our own racial faults; to-day we have isolated communities of old American stocks so long drained of their best men and women that their mental average is hardly above that of our least desirable foreign elements.

We seem to be running true to the cycle mapped out by our predecessors; and so far no racial corrective has appeared which might indicate that we are not to go the full course, through a blaze of cultural glory, to the usual ending.

But are we to have this blaze of cultural glory? The old notion still prevails, even among those who should know better, that racial decline foreshadows an immediate cultural decline; as a matter of fact, the two are never coincident. A nation's cultural development depends solely on its geniuses—the merest fraction of its numbers; it is little impressed by the masses of its mediocrity. Racial damage begins with civilization's first protecting of its defective stocks; but culture goes on for hundreds of years after this damage has become as obvious as it has with us. Survival is largely a question of preserving the nation's integrity under an increasing load of the incapable. None but a rank pessimist would assert that we, with the world's accumulated knowledge in hand, are not to run at least the cycle's full course.

Then how did previous cultures manage? Certainly not by inviting their incompetents to take a hand in the choosing of leadership. Neither can we. Why mince words? It should be self-evident that a complex democracy like ours cannot go on with a large and increasing proportion of child-mentalities in its electorate. These are not electors,—somebody else does the electing with their votes. They follow the specious promises of the demagogue, and through him they are already near to holding the balance of power in our city elections. Their increasing numbers predict a still easier day for the political shyster.

We have reached the point of heterogeneity where some qualification for citizenship is needed beyond those got up for the old town meeting. We never asked ourselves a more inane question

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than we asked only a short time ago—Should or should not women vote? Some women should, and some should not—just as some men should vote, and some should not.

We want no electorate made up with distinctions as to property, position, creed, color, or sex,—or education, except that the voter should be able to read English; but we *do* have a right to know that every voter has in him at least the *innate makings* of a competent citizen.

A properly devised mental test would give us just this kind of an electorate. Not a single radical who has enough brains to think for himself would be barred; but enough of the sorry rabble that votes as the demagogue thinks would be put out to give us a chance at decent city government. Once freed from this collective vote of the unreasoning, the reasonable demands of all the people could be better expressed at the polls, and more fearlessly carried out by those whom they elect.

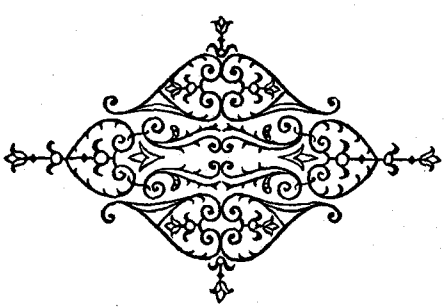
Does this proposal shock notions of equality? Civilization leads inevitably toward the differentiation of human beings. Look at our own recent advance in this direction. Heretofore, we have examined for mental attainments; now, by carefully devised psychological tests, we measure one's mental *equipment*. We get at his *capacity* for learning as something vastly more important to know about him than how much he happens to have learned. Industries, schools, colleges, and all sorts of institutions are developing mental tests adapted to their particular needs. The thing will be misused, abused, and finally perfected for an inestimable service to mankind.

We are at the threshold of an absolutely new evaluation of human worth. At the very time when some are proclaiming loudest the coming of a democracy of universal intelligence and practical equality, we are beginning the most searching investigation of human *inequalities* ever undertaken.

The next important application of this new method for grading human quality will doubtless be with our immigrants. It will come when we realize that upon their inborn mental capacity, wholly aside from their attainments, depends the capacity of their children to attain good citizenship. But its crowning usefulness will come with its application to the electorate.

Those engaged in the current discussion should take in at least the possibility that their various schemes for stopping racial decline might not work. As a precautionary measure, they could not serve the public in any better way than to educate it to the significance of the psychological test as a means for determining human values. We should soon be able to make individual adjustments offhand which heretofore have been made only through repeated trials and failures. Knowing one's limitations in advance saves floundering in a sea of discouragement.

From an appreciation of the psychological test in these more intimate relations there might come a popular sense of its need in adjusting the franchise to meet changed conditions.



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Hekanakht Writes to His Household

BY HERBERT E. WINLOCK

Associate Curator, Egyptian Department, Metropolitan Museum of Art; Author of "Digger's Luck," "Hadji Hamid and the Brigand," etc.

IT is not often that any of us may hear the actual words used in domestic squabbles and in business troubles by a man who lived in the days of Abraham. So much that has come out of ancient Egypt has been royal bombast and religious claptrap that the homely letters of a garrulous and unaffected old farmer are as manna in the wilderness. Let this be the excuse for laying before the reader the correspondence of Hekanakht.

Those who have made the Nile trip will remember a path climbing over the desert hills from the Valley of the Kings to the cemeteries and temples of ancient Thebes. Roman sightseers used it, and hundreds of modern tourists still puff up and down it every year, but, where every rock is honeycombed with tombs, no dragoman would point out the last resting-place of a certain Ipy, half buried beside the way, nor has any one suspected that directly under foot was hidden the little grave of one of Ipy's household. Yet there we found it just at the end of last winter's dig, exactly as it had been sealed up by the ancient priests.

After a find like the model boats and granaries of Mehenkwetre, we, who were digging for the Metropolitan Museum, had become a little blasé. Of course, it was a joke to find an untouched tomb right under everybody's feet—if not under their noses—but there the interest of this tomb seemed to end. The coffin and the pots in it were very ordinary and it was purely as a matter of habit that, once they were taken out, we told the man who had found the tomb to sift over what dust was left on the floor of the chamber.

Digging, however, is like a Sunday-school grab-bag—until you have entirely unwrapped your grab you never know what you have. There was a hole in the floor of that little tomb that had been filled up with rubbish, and from it Mohammed Awad's deft fingers gathered bits of string, a broken ink-well, a couple of seals, and a pile of torn and crumpled papyri. In fact, he was cleaning out an ancient scrap basket and, as it was within the sealed chamber, we knew that it must be a scrap basket of four thousand years ago.

If you wrap an ancient papyrus in a damp handkerchief and leave it overnight, in the morning you can smooth it out flat, and if you have a flair for jig-saw puzzles and an eye for the varying colors of papyrus fibres, you can gradually piece together the torn scraps. Most of us spent our days and nights at the game until we had mended up six complete inventories and private letters, one of them running to forty-seven closely written lines. As they unfolded we could see how extraordinary they were, but even then we had not come to the end of our luck. Those who can read, readily and accurately, the every-day handwriting of 2000 B. C. can be counted on the fingers of one hand; and one of the foremost of them, Mr. Battiscombe Gunn, was in Luxor at the time, enthusiastic to undertake the translating of our papyri. Rarely is it the digger's luck to get documents of this sort worked out on the spot.

At meals the one thing we talked about was this Hekanakht whose letters Gunn was reading. They were not dated. Did the one we called *A* come before *B*, or was *B* before *A*? There I could be of some help, because I had heard our workmen talk about their crops so often that once we had Hekanakht's directions for running his farm, we could guess pretty closely in which months he wrote his letters. Where was he writing from? Invocations of certain gods settled one letter as having been written in Memphis. Where was this town of Nebesyt his household lived in? Undoubtedly near

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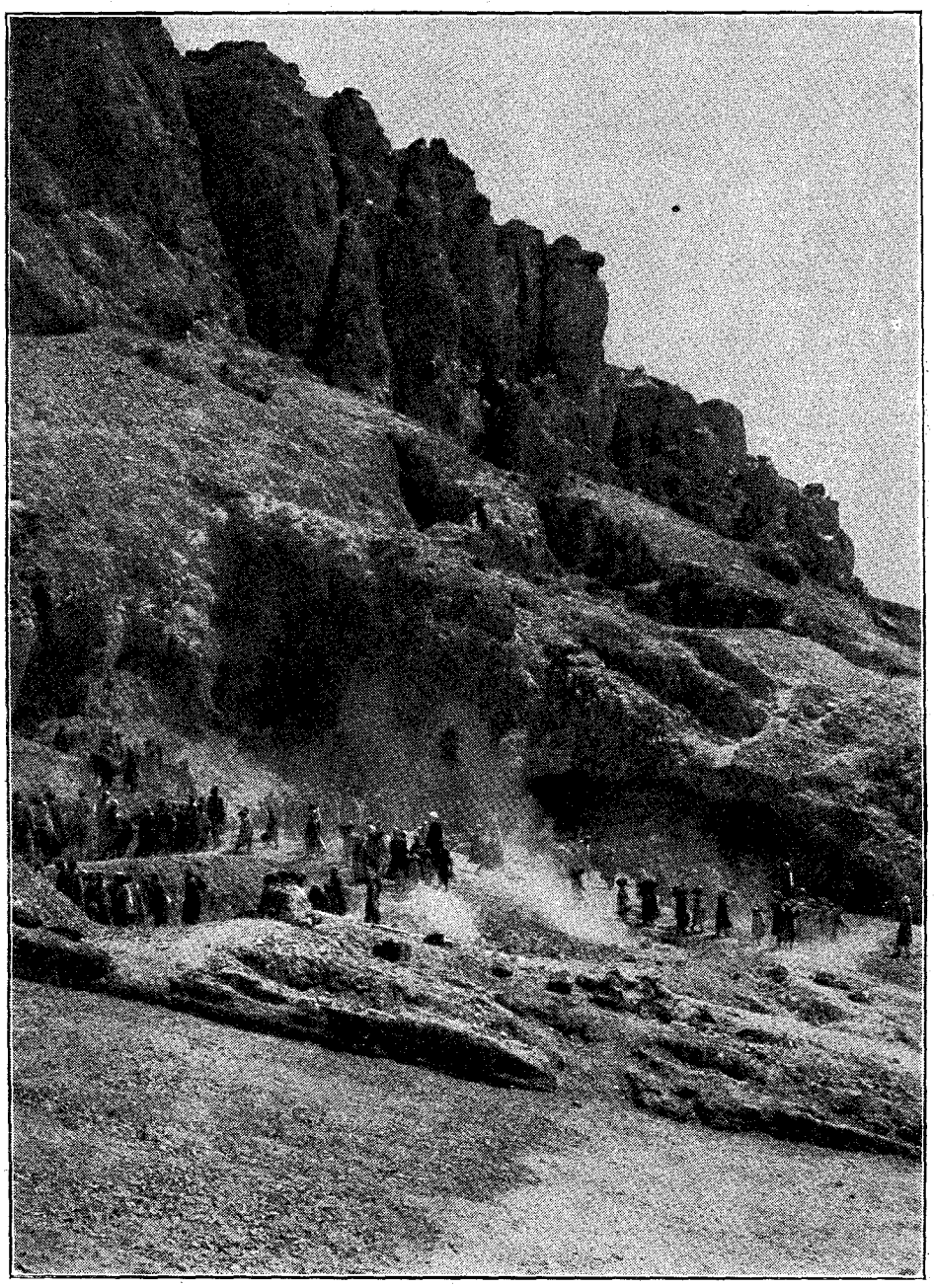

Digging out the tomb of the Noble Ipy.

The tourist path comes down the rocks just above the men, and the little tomb where the papyri were found is the black hole behind them.

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Thebes—and when we noticed how many of the people and villages that he wrote about were named after the crocodile god Sebek, we realized that Nebesyt must have been just about ten or fifteen miles south. In fact, from the very tourist path under which we found the papyri, you look right over Hekanakht's country.

In this fashion we puzzled out letters and ledgers. The translations are Gunn's, but should these pages fall under the eye of an archæologist, it is only fair to say that there are one or two minor points that should not be blamed on him. A share in the comments is all that the present writer claims, and the privilege of introducing Hekanakht to the reader. Some day when his papers have been learnedly edited, Hekanakht will be one of the leading authorities on ancient Egyptian agriculture, but on this, his first public appearance in modern times, let us regard him as one of the very few contemporaries of Abraham we can ever know personally.

Hekanakht was what the ancient Egyptians called a "ka-servant." The "ka" was the spirit of the dead and the "ka-servant" was the priest of the tomb—the dead man's agent, charged with the stewardship of his eternal house and with the performance of those services which were necessary for the existence and peace of his soul. A rich man endowed his tomb by making over property to his ka-servant in return for a perpetual performance of these services. If he were influential at court, as the Noble Ipy undoubtedly was, the king granted his tomb endowment from the crown lands. Now Hekanakht was undoubtedly Ipy's ka-servant, and the fact that he went to look after property as far afield as Dedisut, a suburb of Memphis four hundred and fifty miles from Thebes, gives us a bit of contemporary history. The Theban king had conquered Memphis just a few years before, and doubtless this Memphite property had fallen to Ipy's lot as being one of the victor's favorites.

To all intents and purposes Ipy's tomb estate was now Hekanakht's own, and he took far more interest in that mundane side of his position of ka-servant than in the performance of the mortuary ritual. From time to time he must go down river to visit his northern farms, and as the journey was too long to be lightly or frequently undertaken, and as Hekanakht was a cautious old soul, he always set his house in order, and made a full accounting of his complicated affairs before he left home. We found his account of the barley "made over to his son Mersu"; "the fodder for the bulls"; "the barley that Hekanakht has obtained for his dependents," and a "statement of the bulls that Hekanakht has made over to his son Sinebnut," on the occasion of his first visit to Memphis in the "5th Year of the reign, 2d Month of the Shômu, 9th day," which we should write "October 10, 2004 B. C." We also found, on the same scroll, the inventory made when he went again in the 8th year.

I have tried to audit this last and two other accounts which seem to have been drawn up by his son during his absence, but imagine making out income-tax returns for people who give you several undated memoranda; who, instead of calculating in money, use flax, barley, and spelt, part of which is to be converted into oil; who have credits in corn with thirty-odd fellow townsmen, and who keep a herd of bulls and sell lumber from a grove of trees. And add to all this, they pay their rent in cloth or in copper and don't tell you where it comes from. Even after days of more or less fruitless figuring one can manipulate the sums so as to double or halve the income almost at will, and yet the very multiplicity of Hekanakht's affairs gives one the impression that he is a person of considerable consequence in the little village of Nebesyt. He feeds thirty mouths at home, for which he provides yearly 600 bushels of barley; and as he has at least as much barley again, besides flax and cattle, he must farm from fifty to seventy-five acres at least, partly rented, partly from the tomb endowment, and some of it perhaps his own. On the rich black soil of Egypt seventy-five acres is a valuable property.

May the reader bear with me a few more minutes before Hekanakht speaks for himself. His family, with their confusingly strange names, should be introduced, and besides, it is only after getting acquainted with the household that one

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can know the querulous and hectoring old fellow who ruled it.

First there was his aged mother Ipy, an inoffensive old body so far as we can tell, except that, like so many old women, she maintained an ambiguous female hanger-on. This was a certain Hetepet, who had a little son Mey, and was probably a poor relation and doubtless a bore. Certainly the letters show she was no favorite with Hekanakht's grown-up married sons.

Of these last there were three. Mersu was the oldest and he tended the farm, tried to keep the peace in the household, and substituted as ka-servant in his father's absence. The old man's letters suggest that he was a poor correspondent, somewhat stupid as a farmer, and given to complaining; but then probably nothing would ever have satisfied him, and I believe we should be safe in writing down Mersu as a dependable soul. Sihathor, the second son, was probably at least a half black sheep, however, for whenever he came home from the farm he was renting, Mersu was warned to keep an eye on him; and once he was involved in a scandalous scheme for palming off some dried-up barley on the old man. Sinebnut was a more satisfactory character, who plods along in company with the family's confidential man, Heti son of Nakht, looking after the cattle, selling the timber, and going down to the village of Perhaa to lease some land.

Then there were two boys, Anûpu and Sneferu. When Hekanakht went away the first time they were too young to be put to work, but three years later they filled a large space in the family correspondence. In fact by this time Anûpu had arrived at the age when he was beginning to have his own ideas about being kept under the charge of older brother Mersu, and Sneferu had become a spoiled brat, the darling of his doting old father. Incidentally, no matter how fond his father was of him, young Sneferu sent word that he would rather stay and play around the cattle stable than join the fussy old man on his travels.

There were several others in the family —apparently a married daughter Renka'es; a little girl Nofret, to whom her father sends his love; and two other small children, Sinewet and Sitweret. Counting in the families of the married sons, of the daughter and of the confidential man, we have one of those overgrown Oriental households in which the peace can only be kept by a patriarchal tyrant. Yet Hekanakht, not content with the troubles he already had, must needs bring in another.

Evidently he was a widower—for he never mentions his wife, the mother of his children—and so in his old age he had taken unto himself a concubine named Iutenhab. As long as he stayed at home the family naturally had to show her due respect, but the moment he was gone the lid was off. I dare say she refused to do her share of that drawing of water which was the lot of Rebecca, of Jethro's daughter, and of all the other women of the East, and probably she put on the airs of a "Nebet-per" or "mistress of the household." In any case, by the time Mersu came to write his first letter to his father, Iutenhab had all five brothers against her, the maid servant Senen was openly impertinent, and later even one of the tenants, Ip, was pestering her.

Just after Gunn had translated the letters, I was telling our head man, Hamid Mohammed, about them, and when I got to the story of the concubine, Hamid said feelingly, as if from experience: "A young woman is a snare to a dotard and ever brings shame upon him. Such often happens to this day when an old man brings a young woman into a house where there are married sons. If he wanted to keep the peace why didn't he give each of his sons their patrimony and let them go?" However, poor old Hekanakht, with all his wise old saws, never seems to have heard that there is no fool like an old fool, and as for setting up his sons on their own—well, twice he threatened to put them out of the house, but he was far too fond of keeping them at home where he could always remind them that they were eating of his bread and dependent on his support.

Such were the principals in the cast. The chorus was made up of thirty or more neighbors who are merely names in the ledgers, like the Mayor Hetepkhnum, the Clerk Khtay, and the Dog-keeper Hay. Of the Overseer Ranefer and Hau the Younger, farmers in the village of Perhaa,

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we shall often hear in regard to renting good, well-watered land in the Khepeshyt district, and there was a certain Khentekh, father of the tenant Ip, who seems to be manager of some of the northern property.

It is June of the 8th Year of the reign of the King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Sankhkare'. The crops are in, the threshing is over at Nebesyt, and Hekanakht is preparing for a second trip to Memphis and his other northern estates. He calls the faithful Mersu, and perhaps Sinebnut, and gets out the scroll on which the account of the 5th Year had been written. The frugal old fellow sees that there is still plenty of blank space on it for another inventory, and so he writes:

Eighth Year of the Reign. Statement of Hekanakht's balances that Mersu has:
Barley 62½ bushels; spelt 65.
Complete total 127½ bushels.
Eighth Year of the Reign. Statement of outstanding barley and spelt, drawn up according to persons by their names:

The persons who follow are thirteen in number, holding various quantities of grain, with a grand total of 423¾ bushels. Some of them, possibly, were tenants, others may have owned granaries, and still others may have been like Ahmed the water-carrier who supplies our house at the dig. When harvest-time came around last year we found that our water-tank was always empty, and when we looked into the matter it turned out that Ahmed was getting a peck of grain from this person and another from that, which he was to work off by filling the village water-jars. Doubtless Hekanakht's outstanding barley represents just such credits with the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker. On the back of the scroll —because it was Sinebnut's and not Mersu's affair—was a list of trees, and the cattle were doubtless itemized on another sheet.

Picture the old man sitting cross-legged on the ground with the roll spread over his knee, writing down his lists and ejaculating all the time to the waiting Mersu: "Be very careful," "Mind this," "I shall hold thee responsible." These were the expressions which were always on the tip of his pen and were doubtless equally ready on the tip of his tongue.

Then Hekanakht takes ship for Memphis, and when in course of time his business in the suburb of Dedisut is finished, he returns up-stream to his other northern estates. He finds a letter awaiting him from Mersu, who is in the midst of cultivating his summer crops. It is about the first of August. The Nile is beginning to rise and the inundation waters should be diked off until the crop is reaped, but Mersu seems to fear that the banks won't hold and that the fields will get flooded. Nothing else counts for old Hekanakht. He seizes pen and paper, and without wasting ink on the usual fulsome greetings in which an Egyptian took such evident relish, he dashes off:

The Ka-servant Hekanakht addresses Mersu:
As to any flooding on our land—it is thou who art cultivating it! Woe to all my people with thee. Behold, I shall hold thee responsible for it. Be very active in cultivating, and be very careful. Guard the produce of my grain. Guard everything of mine. See, I shall hold thee responsible for it. Be very careful about everything of mine.

The old man's indignation at the thought of losing a summer crop being relieved for the moment by this outburst, in a somewhat calmer mood he gives Mersu directions for the winter's farming that begins in October:

Have Heti, son of Nakht, go down at once with Sinebnut to the village of Perhaa to cultivate two fields of land on lease. They will take its rental out of the cloth that has been woven here. If they should have sold the spelt which is in Perhaa and taken the payment for it, they must return it. "Excellent," thou wilt exclaim about the fabric which I have said has been woven. Let them get it, and when it has been sold in Nebesyt, let them rent the land with its proceeds, and if it pleases you to cultivate the land with it (besides paying the rent with it) do so. Find land, a field for spelt and a field for barley—good land of the Khepeshyt district. Do not rush onto just anybody's land. Enquire of Hau the Younger. If you do not find he has any, then you should follow the advice of Ranefer—it is he who can put you onto the good, well-watered land of Khepeshyt.

It seems Mersu has made a blunder on another leasing transaction, for his father goes on: "When I came hither southwards thou didst charge to me the rental of this other land entirely in barley. Now mind this: do not use the barley belonging to it, for thou hast made it difficult for

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me, renting it as well as sowing it, in barley alone." He makes his point at some length and ends up in his usual insistent manner: "See, this is not a year for a man to be negligent towards his master, or his father, or his brother." However, though we may be sure that Hekanakht would be far too canny to "rush onto just anybody's land," he can scarcely be called a consistent thinker. When his pen is in his hand his thoughts come tumbling one on top of another. Now he suddenly remembers that Heti is due an allowance; and after that he runs into a jumble of unrelated messages about his beloved farms and about his less satisfactory family, all of which would lose some of their naïve character if they were edited:

And with regard to whatever Heti son of Nakht may do in Perhaa, see I did not credit him with any victuals. The allowance for one month is 5 bushels of barley, and I will credit another extra 2½ bushels of barley to his family at the first of the month. See if thou disobeyest this I will make it up from thee by deduction. And as to what I have just told thee, "give him 5 bushels of barley per month," thou must give him only 4 bushels of barley per month. Mind this!

As to sending Sihathor to me with old, dried-up barley from Dedisut and not giving me the 50 bushels in new barley—by no means! But thou art happy eating the good barley! "When I am on land, the boat is well moored; when thou puttest ashore, thou doest everything wrong" [evidently a byword of the day. On the Nile, the boat supplied all the similes for the journey of life]. If thou shouldst have sent me old barley to do duty for new—but what am I saying? Much good it is!

And I have been told that Sneferu is discontented. Take great care of him and give him victuals. And salute him from Khentekh a thousand times, a million times. Mind and write to me. And if my land floods when he cultivates with thee and Anûpu, woe to thee and Sihathor. Take great care of him. Thou must send him off to me directly after thou hast cultivated. Have him bring me 5 bushels of wheat and what thou canst find in barley and also of the surplus of your victuals until you get to the Shômu [which begins September 2d, still a month or so ahead].

Do not fail to answer about everything I have written thee about—see, this is a year for a man to work for his master!

After directions to "transact all of my business in flax" on another farm, it occurs to him that at Perhaa, "if it turns out to be a good Nile, thou must sow spelt," and then he returns to the family.

Take great care of Anûpu and Sneferu, whether thou livest with them or diest with them; mind this! See, if Sneferu has no allowance in the house with thee, do not fail to write about it.

And have the housemaid Senen turned out of my house at once, and be very careful every day on which Sihathor visits thee. Behold, if Senen spends a single day in my house, beware! it will be thou who art to blame if she does harm to my concubine. What am I supporting thee for? and what can my concubine do to you, you five boys?

And salute my mother Ipy a thousand times, a million times, and salute Hetepet and the whole household, and Nofret [the salutations he was too indignant to head his letter with]. And as to doing any harm to my concubine, take warning! Thou art not associated with me as my partner [and may be turned out of house and home at any time]. If thou wouldst only keep quiet it would be a very good thing.

And send a statement about what has been withdrawn from Perhaa, and be sure not to fail to write to me.

His letter was finished. He had covered the sheet on both sides, all but a little, and now he folded it several times lengthwise with the blank part outside, then twice crosswise, and tied it with a piece of string which he sealed. Finally, he addressed it:

"The Ka-servant Hekanakht presents this to his household of Nebesyt."

There was no date, but after all it was to go by hand, and if the household in Nebesyt thought it worth while to ask, the bearer could tell them when and where Hekanakht had given him the letter.

However often Hekanakht may have had to insist that Mersu write to him, we may be sure that the garrulous old man would have plenty of instructions to send home during the year that he remained in the north. Sure enough, in the next letter of his that we have, he refers to several others, of which one was written at New Year's, in those days on January 5. Unfortunately, however, none of the letters contained any directions about the Perhaa business, and so Mersu did not take them with him to reread up at the tomb where they would have been preserved for us.

The next letter which we have was written just after another visit to Memphis. The season is after the threshing and before the old Nile, of famine lowness this past winter, had begun to rise again. The beginning of July is a very probable date and this can be checked rather neatly. In the first letter the allowance given Heti and his family is 6½ bushels of bar-

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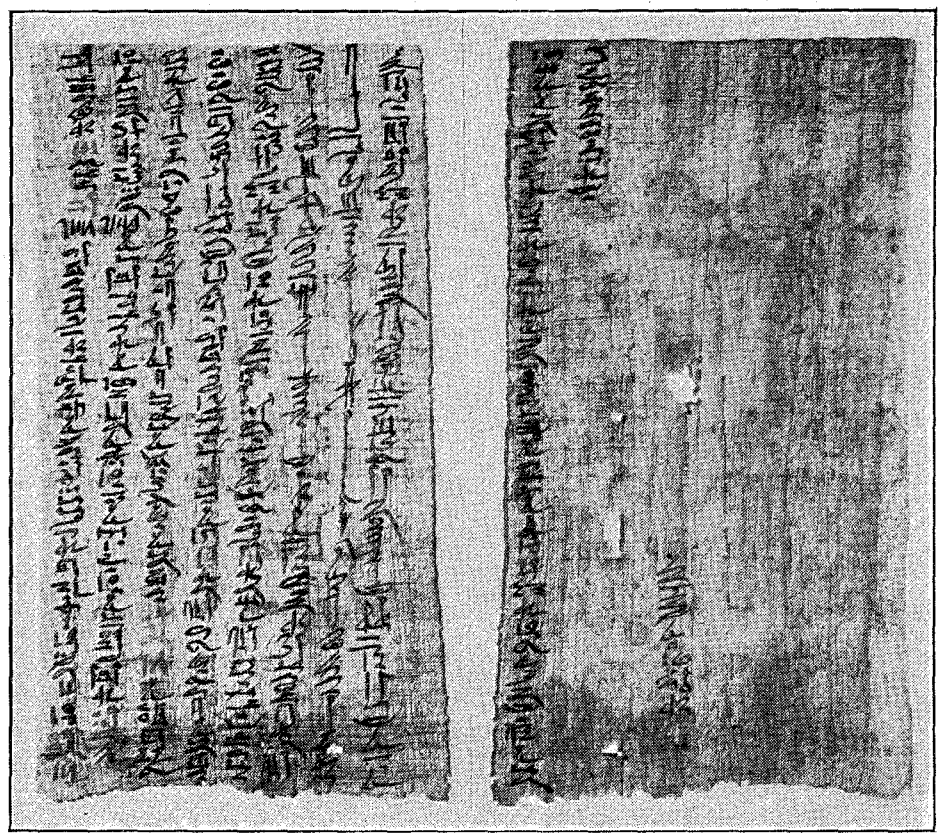

Hekanakht's letter to Ranefer opened.

ley a month, and in this letter we will find each married dependent receiving just six times as much. As this is a lean year, these must be the rations for at least six months, and as he says they must last until the end of the Shômu, on December 30, he cannot be writing later than July 1.

This time the opening is in quite a different vein. Evidently Hekanakht knew that the household had been looking forward to more liberal allowances than he was sending, and he felt that a few extra words to mollify would be worth while. The address on the outside of the letter is the same—"The Ka-servant Hekanakht presents this to his household of Nebesyt"—but the greetings are more in the style in which an Oriental delights.

The son speaks to his mother: the Ka-servant Hekanakht to his mother Ipy, and to Hetepet. How are you in your life, safety and health, by the blessing of the God Montu, Lord of Thebes?

To the whole household: How are you in your life, safety and health? Do not worry about me; I am alive and well.

Behold, you are as he who eats until he sates hunger, until he shuts his eyes, while the entire land is dead from famine. I have come hither southwards and I have obtained your victuals as well as possible. Is not the Nile very low? Well behold, we have obtained victuals in proportion to it. Be patient, you who are named; you see I have been able to support you up to today.

Statement of victuals for the houses

Ipy, her maid servant and Hetepet	40	bushels
Renka'es	40	"
Heti, son of Nakht, and his family	40	"
Mersu and his family	40	"
Sihathor	40	"
Sinebnut	35	"
Anûpu	30	"
Sneferu	20	"
Sinewet	20	"
Mey, son of Hetepet	2½	"
Nofret	1¾	"
Sitweret	1	"

In explanation of Sinebnut's smaller ration, Hekanakht afterward writes into a blank space just in front of the list, "Let the victuals be measured out to Sinebnut until he goes to Perhaa, from his barley which he has got from his timber," the list of which he had left among

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the papers that we found. Then he continues:

Now you must not be angry about this. See, the whole household as well as the children are dependent on me and everything is mine. "Half life is better than dying altogether," and they say "the hungry must hunger." Why, they have begun to eat men and women here. There are none to whom such victuals as these are given anywhere else. You must keep yourself going with a stout heart until I reach you. I shall spend the Shômu here.

I doubt not but that the last was welcome news. Surely the "eating men and women here," is only a fashion of speaking, like "half life is better than dying altogether," but it expresses the horrors of the low Nile when famine stalks through the land as in the seven lean years which Joseph foretold. So far his letter had been addressed to the household in general. Now he goes on with another of those rambling jumbles, jotted down in defiance of all order or logic, just as they popped into his head.

The Ka-servant Hekanakht addresses Mersu and Heti, son of Nakht, together:

You must give the victuals to my people only while they are doing work. Mind this! Make the most of all my land; strive to the uttermost; dig the ground with your noses in the work. See, if you are industrious, one will praise God for you. Lucky that I can support you. Be very active, for you are eating my bread.

They should begin to give out again those victuals about which I wrote you on New Year's Day, for a first-of-the-month feast to the God Khentekhtay of the Temple of the Double Portal.

Do not fail to write to me about the field of land in the estate, which has been given to Ip the Younger, son of Khentekh, for his use.

Any article of Anûpu's which thou hast, give it back to him, and whatever is missing, compensate him for it. Do not make me write to thee about it again. See, I have already written to thee twice about it. And if Sneferu should want to look after the bulls, then put him to looking after them, for he does not want to be cultivating with thee and running up and down, nor does he want to come hither with me. Indeed, whatever he wants, thou must let him enjoy [which is pathetic coming from the old fellow who had written in his first letter for his darling to join him].

If any one of the women or men should spurn the victuals, let him come to me here and stay with me and live as I live,—not that there is any one who will come hither to me!

I have told you, "Do not keep any woman friend of Hetepet's away from her, whether a relative of hers or an acquaintance of hers." Take great care of her and I trust you will prosper in all things accordingly—although (to be sure) thou dost not want her with thee.

Thou shalt send me Iutenhab. As this man lives—I speak of Ip—he who shall interfere in any way with the concubine, he is against me and I am against him. Behold, this is my concubine and it is well known that a man's concubine ought to be treated well. See, there is not any one who would do for her the like of what I have done. Even if none of you would be patient should his wife be denounced to him, let me be patient. But how can I ever live with you in one establishment if you will not respect a concubine for my sake?

These plaints suggest that the tempest in the domestic teapot had come to a boil.

The letter folded and sealed as we found it.

The old man gives way and sends for the trouble-making lady—but not without threats of turning his sons out of house and home. Mersu, surely, did not let Iutenhab tarry in her going, and if the brat Sneferu could only have been sent with her, the household in Nebesyt would have lived in peace and contentment "until the end of the Shômu."

And see, I have sent you 5 lbs. of copper for the renting of the land by Sihathor. And have that land on lease next to Hau the Younger's in Perhaa, worked and paid for in copper, in cloth, et cetera. When, however, you have collected the proceeds, take them in oil or in anything else and be very careful and very active. But you should do well on the good, well-watered land of Khepeshyt.

In the first letter Hekanakht had written Mersu that if Hau did not have any land to rent, Ranefer might, and here he is writing about land next to Hau's. As

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it had turned out Ranefer had been the one, and in addition to him there had been a dozen other people in Perhaa with whom Mersu had accounts to the extent of 67½ bushels of barley and 585 bushels of spelt. I take it, that while he had kept that copy of this inventory which we found, he had sent another to his father, because certain of its items appear in Hekanakht's third letter, addressed to "The Overseer Ranefer."

Even though it is short, this third letter is in some ways the most interesting of them all. When we found it, it was actually still folded and sealed, just as Hekanakht had sent it to Mersu four thousand years ago to be delivered to Ranefer by Sinebnut and Heti. The handwriting and the wording in it are far more polished than in the others. Instead of Hekanakht's own square, crabbed fist, the signs are flourished in a most ornate style and the gods invoked are those of Memphis and of the royal family just ousted by the Thebans. Now we found another letter at the tomb of Mehenkwetre', and there is still a third in the Cairo Museum with exactly the same kind of flowing hand and the same profuse greetings, almost word for word, and the conclusion that we came to was that these sweeping strokes and flowery phrases were the stock in trade of the professional letter-writers of the great city of Memphis, with their thousand years of civilization and urbane manners behind them. Clearly, therefore, the countrified Hekanakht, wanting to send the most polished and polite of missives, had sought out a public scribe when he was last in Memphis to indite a letter to Ranefer. The opening lines are the scribe's—they would hardly have come natural to the good old Theban himself. The phrase "servant of the estate" is nothing more than our own old-fashioned "I remain thy obedient servant."

The Servant of the Estate, the Ka-servant Hekanakht says:

May thy condition be like that of one who lives a million times! May the God Harishaf, Lord of Heracleopolis, and all the gods that are, aid thee! May the God Ptah south of his Memphite Wall, gladden thy heart as one who lives long! May thy rewards be excellent from Harishaf, Lord of Heracleopolis!

Thy servant says:

Let thy clerk—to whom be given life, safety, and health—know that I have sent Heti, son of Nakht, and Sinebnut about that barley and spelt at thy place. Also, what thy clerk—life, safety, and health—might do, is to have it withdrawn without allowing the least of it to go astray, if thou wilt be so good, please. And as to the price when it is collected, let it be placed in the house of thy clerk—life, safety, and health—until somebody comes for it. And see, I have had this grain put to the corn measure and measured. It is a neat 100 full sacks.

And see, 75 bushels of spelt are at Perhaa with Nenneksu; 67½ of barley with Ipy the Younger at Iusebeku; at Sepatmat with Nehri, son of Ipy, are 100 bushels of spelt, and with his brother Desher, 15. Total: 290 bushels of spelt, and 67½ of barley.

He only itemizes 190 bushels of spelt. Perhaps the 100 full sacks in Ranefer's granary make up the difference. Or perhaps the scribe missed an item in the dictation—below he surely makes the slip of writing simply "Nakht" for "Heti son of Nakht." Mersu's inventory shows more than enough to cover another 100 bushels from the credits in Perhaa and the neighborhood, if it was a slip in taking the dictation.

And he who would give me the equivalent in oil must give me a hebenet-measure for 10 bushels of barley or for 15 of spelt. However I prefer my property to be given me in barley.

And do not fail to write about Nakht and about everything for which he may come to thee. He looks after all my property.

So the correspondence ends. The curious, if they see these letters of four thousand years ago in their museum cases in New York, may stop a moment to wonder why Sinebnut and Heti never took this last one to Ranefer; what sort of a person Sneferu became when he grew up, and whether Iutenhab finally persuaded the old man that he really could live no longer in one establishment with his five sons. And then they may thank their stars that they can do their bills on the first of the month in dollars and cents instead of in barley and spelt, in cloth and copper and oil. Still, perhaps this is only a temporary blessing. They tell me that Henry Ford is soon going to have us being paid in horse-powers and settling up our rent in kilowatts. However that may be, here we leave old Hekanakht and his Iutenhab and little Sneferu (how Mersu would have envied us!), nor are we ever likely to meet them again. But then, who can tell what another dig may bring forth?

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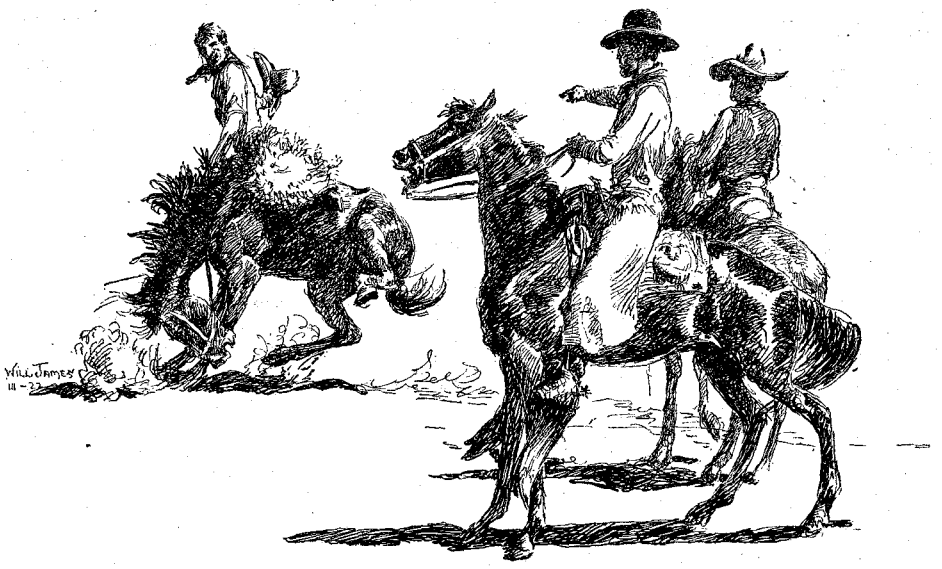

And scratch both ways from the cinch, as the judges may direct.—Page 299.

Bucking Horses and Bucking-Horse Riders

BY WILL JAMES

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

Will James, who drew the pictures in this article and wrote the accompanying text, says of them: "Yessir, as the cowboy speaks, by all means, is the way I intended the article to be published. Good English is fine, but it don't git there. I've records to show that I've lived the life further and deeper than very few cowboys have—I've won first in steer-roping and bronc riding and what I've wrote in the article I sent, is not put on, it's just a heap further into the life than most of 'em have lived it. I've worked at it for a living and it's all I know. I'm proud to say that I'm a cowpuncher, and not of the 1922 variety. You can mention that fact up in the heading as you suggest and I can back it. I'm known as the cowboy artist without my saying so—it's taken for granted, for how can one know without really having the experience? This life can't be learned by setting on top of the corral fence, you've got to mix in the dust, and I know you realize it."

IN most countries a mean horse is got rid of or broke of his meanness by either kind or rough handling. He may be given away to some enemy or shipped and sold at auction—that ornery devil, dragging all the bad names after him, will keep on drifting and changing of scenery till he's too old to be shipped or traded any more. He's a mighty expensive animal, figgering all the buggies he kicked to pieces, the harnesses he tore up, and the stalls he broke down, not counting injury to them what tried to handle him. But there's a place for such horses.

It's anywheres west of the Laramie Plains, if you've got a real ornery, man-

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eating, bucking, striking, can't-be-rode animal of that kind, he's sure worth a lot, and if he's worse than that he's worth more.

Fact is, there's people out looking for them kind of ponies, and they'll give from a hundred on up for 'em. They're the "hombres" who's responsible for these "Frontier Day celebrations," "Rodeos," "War-Bonnets," "Reunions," and "Round-ups," and they must have mean horses, the meaner the better. They must have horses that'll give the boys what's rode in for the events a chance to show what they can do, 'cause if the rider "up" gets a bronc that just crowhops, it don't matter how easy he rides, or how much he fans him, and how loud the crowd in the grand stand cheers and hollers, the judges of who's the best rider won't notice him, being he has nothing hard to stick. That's where a good hard mean bucking horse is wanted, he's

What the cowboy wants is a head-fighting, limber-back cross between greased lightning and where it hits.—Page 299.

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got to have enough wickedness in him for that cowboy to work on—I've seen mighty good riders left out of the prize money on account of the horse they drew, just because that pony wasn't mean enough; and that old boy a-setting up there with taped spurs and fighting mad, blood in his eye and a wishing something would blow up under his bronc so he could show the world and the judges what a wolverene he is on horse-flesh.

Nobody gets credit for riding easy in a rocking-chair. What the cowboy wants is a head-fighting, limber-back cross between greased lightning and where it hits —a horse that'll call for all the endurance, main strength, and equilibrium that cowboy's got—just so he can show his ability and scratch both ways from the cinch, as the judges may direct. There's when a mean devil of a horse is wanted; he gets a chance to show how mean he is with

If the cougar's aim was good, he'd break the mustang's neck most as quick as he lit.—Page 301.

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free rein, and the cowboy has something worth while to work at.

I've knowed some great horses in that game—there was Long Tom, Hammerhead, Old Steamboat; that last was a great old pony, eleven hundred pounds of solid steel and action and a square shooter. They say he never was rode, but I know he has been rode to a standstill. They was real riders that did it tho'. I figgered that horse was part human the way he'd feel out his rider. He'd sometimes try him out on a few easy jumps just to see how he was setting, and when he'd loosen up for the last, it's safe enough to say, when that last would come and the dust cleared, there'd most always be a tall lean lanky bow-legged cowboy picking himself up and wondering how many horses he'd seen in the last few seconds. I've seen Old Steamboat throw his man with his head up and four feet on the ground, but what happened before he got in that peaceful position was enough to jar a centiped loose—and a human's only got two legs.

The "lobo" wolf was another to help develop "nerves" under the mustang's hide. He worked from the ground up, and got the pony to use his front and hind feet mighty well. The teeth came in handy, too.—Page 301.

A horse is not trained to buck, as some folks think; out there on the open range he already knows how; sometimes the bronco-buster encourages him at it for either fun or practice for the next Rodeo, and the bronc, as a rule, is more than willing and might keep on bucking every time he's rode whether the rider wants him to or not. Close as I could figure it out, the blame for originating the bucking, striking, and biting in the Western horse goes a heap to the mountain-lion and wolf—them two terrors of the range, mixed with instinct and shook up well with wild, free blood, kinda allows for the range-horse's actions. The bucking was first interduced when that stallion "Comet" got away from the Spaniards with his few mares, years before Texas was fought for; he started a wild bunch that kept multiplying, till all of Old Mexico and the Southern States was a grazing country for his sons, grandsons, and daughters—they are the real mustang—more horses were brought in from Spain, and Comet's sons would increase the little bands by stealing mares from the pastures; some would get away, join whatever bunch they could, and in no time be as wild as the rest.

Them old ponies had a lot to deal with. The mountain-lion was always a-waiting for 'em from his perch, where he could easy spring down on his victim; he'd fall

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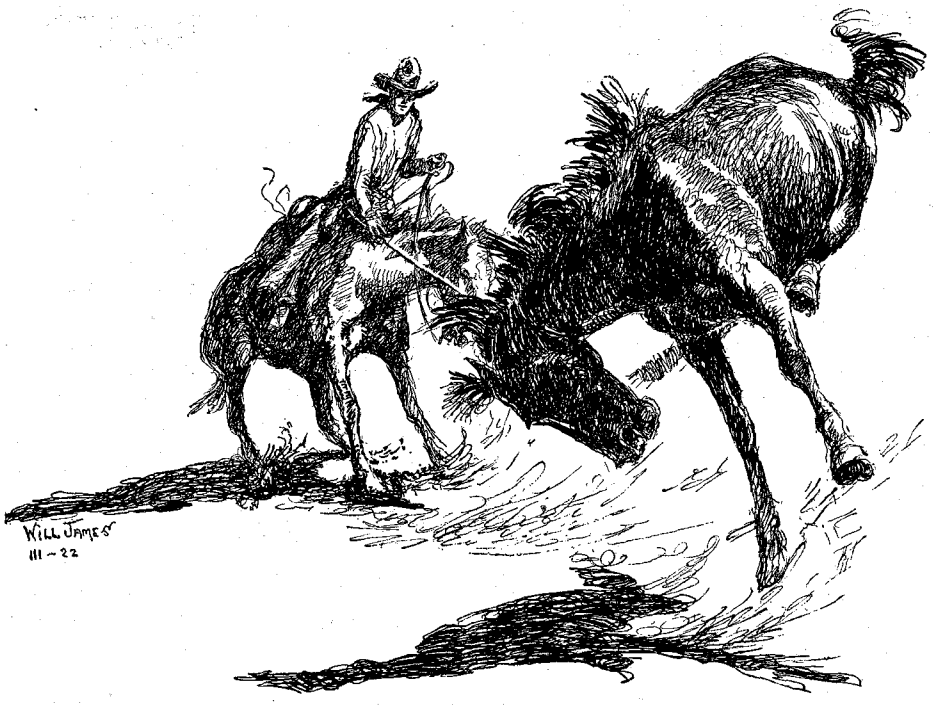
on their necks, grab holt with front claws and teeth, a foot or so from the ears, then swing his hind quarters down with all his strength and clamp his claws under the horse's jaw close to the chin, jerk the pony's head up, and, if the cougar's aim was good, he'd break the mustang's neck most as quick as he lit. Once in a while the pony would shake free, but there'd be a story plain to see as to how Mr. Lion worked. The chin was gone and there'd be gashes in the neck that 'd leave scars many inches long and plenty deep.

The "lobo" wolf was another to help develop "nerves" under the mustang's hide. He worked from the ground up, and got the pony to use his front and hind feet mighty well. The teeth came in handy, too, so all in all after his enemies got thru edicating him, there was a new nerve took growth and spread from the tip of his ears to the tip of his tail—that nerve (if such you would call it) commanded action whenever anything to the mustang's dislike appeared or let itself be known in any way. And when the cow-puncher's loop spreads over the mustang's head and draws up, he's fighting the same as he would with the cougar, he's a bucking, striking, kicking, and biting hunk of horse-flesh to anything that's close.

The mustang made a mighty fine cow horse and was good enough till, about forty years or so ago, the stockmen started buying blooded horses from the East and Europe to breed up bigger saddle stock. The stallions were mostly French coach and Hambletonians; some registered mares were bought, too—the cross between the hot-bloods and mustangs brought out fine big horses—but man, how they could buck!

The mustangs kept a-getting chased and caught; they were fence-broken, some "ham-strung," and turned into big pastures where they could range winter and summer, year in year out. In each bunch you could see a thoroughbred, and the herds were showing the blood more every year—but the bucking was still there and worse than ever, the colts never saw a human from the time they were branded



And when the cow-puncher's loop spreads over the mustang's head and draws up, he's fighting the same as he would with the cougar, he's a bucking, striking, kicking, and biting hunk of horse-flesh.

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till they were four-year-olds, and some never saw one till they were ten. If they did it wasn't for long, a snort, a cloud of dust, and the rider was left behind a ridge, unless that perticular rider had intentions of catching some, and he sure had to be mounted for that.

As a rule, when a bunch of broncs was wanted out of the "stock" horses—there'd be a "parada" (herd of about 100 broke horses) held together by a few riders—the wild ones would be hazed (not drove) toward the "parada," the riders holding the milling herd would hide on the side of their horses and let the wild ones get in,—then there'd be a grand entrée fast and furious into the big corrals, and before the broncs knew it they were surrounded by a good solid stockade of cottonwood poles, ten feet high.

The thoroughbred stallion which was so gentle a few years before was as wild as the herd with him, he'd never show any symptoms of ever having seen a human or ever wanting to see one, he'd forgot his warm box stalls and his feeds of grain, the freedom he'd experienced was worth more to him than what man could give him. He was proud of his band, his colts were big and slick even tho' not better or tougher than the mustang already was.

And to-day when the bronco-buster packs his saddle into the breaking pen, takes his rope and catches his bronc to break, he finds that the Comet strain is still there some—it's blended with the "blue dog" of Texas along with the Steeldust, Coach, Standard Bred, etc., and scatters all thru the Western States, the Canadian prairies, and Mexico. The imported thoroughbred can't kill that strain, fact is, they make it worse; for, even tho' the pure blood would never buck, the cross forms a kind of reaction with the result that the foals sure keep up the reputation of the mustang that was, and then some. The freedom of the open range and big pastures the Western horse gets is all he needs, and he'll always be ready to give his rider the shaking up he's expecting.

I wouldn't give "two bits" for a bronc what didn't buck when first rode, 'cause I figgers it's their mettle showing when they do. It's the right spirit at the right time—every horse what bucks is not a outlaw, not by a long shot. I've seen and rode many a good old well-broke cow horse what had to have his buck out in the cold mornings, just to kind of warm hisself up on the subject and settle down for the work ahead.

The outlaw (as some call him) he's the horse that won't quit bucking and fights harder every time he's saddled; it's his nature, and sometimes he's made one by too rough or not rough enough handling, and spoiled either by the bronc peeler what started to break him or else turned loose on the range before he's thoroughly broke, to run for months before he's caught up again. A colt can be spoiled in many ways, and reckless riders what are good riders have spoiled more horses than the poor ones have, 'cause the good rider knows he can ride his horse whatever he does or whichever way he goes, whereas the poorer rider is kinda careful and tries to teach his bronc to be a cow horse; he won't let him buck if he can help it.

There's a difference in horses' nature and very few can be handled alike. Some are kinda nervous and full of life, them kind's got to be handled careful and easy or they'd get to be mean fighters as a rule. Then there's what we call the "jughead," he's got to be pulled around a heap, and it takes a lot of elbow grease to get him lined out for anything; and there's another that as soon as a feller gets his rope on him makes him feel that either him or the bronc ain't got far to go. He's the kind of horse with a far-away look; some folks call 'em locoed. But whether he's that or not he'll sure take a man thru some awful places and sometimes only one comes out. Such doings would make a steeplechase as exciting as a fat man's race; that horse is out to get his man and he don't care if he goes himself while doing the getting. He's out to commit suicide and make a killing at the same time. I pulled the saddle off such a horse one time after a good stiff ride; of a sudden he flew past and kicked at me with his two free legs, snapping and biting at the "jakama" (hackamore rope), heading straight for the side of the corral, when he connected with it and fell back dead, with a broken neck. I felt kinda relieved 'cause I knew it was either him or me or

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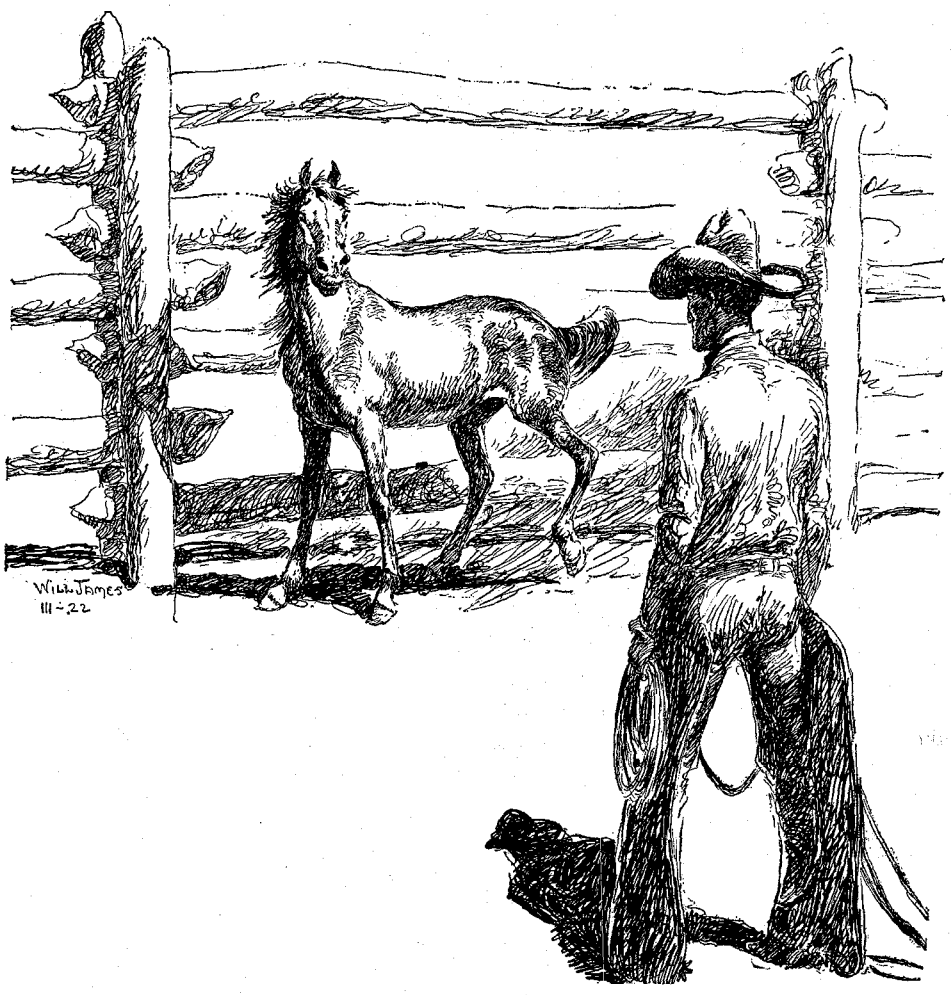
both of us had to go; he'd tried it before. There's a lot of them used at the round-ups and Rodeos being that they mean business that way—that kind most generally can sure buck and will give a rider a chance to show his skill; but they most always wind up a-straddle the grand stand's fence with a piece of broken timber thru 'em, and the rider is lucky if he comes out with just bumps.

And again there's the horse what keeps his brain a-working for some way to hang his rider's hide on the corral or anywhere it'll hang, and save his own hide doing it. He's crooked any way you take him, and will put so much energy in his bucking that when he's up in the air all twisted up, he don't figure or care about the coming down. He'll make his cowboy shake hands with Saint Peter, and won't worry whether the ground is under or on the side of him when he hits. When he falls, he falls hard, and the rider has little chance to get away. That pony seldom gets hurt, he's wise enough to look out for himself; what's on top of him is what he wants to get rid of, and he won't be on the square trying it.



And to-day when the bronco-buster takes his rope into the breaking pen, he finds the Comet strain is still there, some.—Page 302.

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He'll make his cowboy shake hands with Saint Peter, and won't worry whether the ground is under or on the side of him when he hits.—Page 303.

Out of every hundred buckers of the arena there's only about fifteen that are square and will give a man a fair battle. Old Steamboat was that kind, he was gentle to saddle and handle, but when he felt the rider's weight and the blind was pulled off, it was second nature and fun for him to buck, and he knew as well as the boys did that he could buck.

Horses have a heap more brains than some folks would like to give 'em credit for, and if they want to be mean they know how. The same if they want to be good; the kind of interduction they get with man has a lot to do with it.

Most any bronc is a ticklish proposition to handle when first caught; it's not always meanness, it's fear of the human. They only try to protect themselves. Sometimes by going easy and having patience according, a man can break one to ride without bucking, but even at that, the meanest bucking horse I ever saw was gentle to break, and never made a jump

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till one day he got away and run with the wild bunch for a couple of years. When caught again, an Indian with the outfit rode him out of camp, with the old pony going "high, wide, and handsome." The Indian stuck, but along about noon he comes back, afoot. It was during fall round-up when that horse was caught once more; his back had been scalded by the saddle and all white hair grew where it had been. He took a dislike for saddle and men with the result that the next year he was sold to a Rodeo association for the Cowboys Reunion.

To-day there's more buckers like that in the hills waiting to be brought in, buckers as good as Old Steamboat or any of 'em ever was. They're fat and sassy and full of fight, and in them same hills and range there's riders what keeps their eyes on 'em a-figgering to bring 'em in and "buck 'em" for first money when the Rodeo is pulled off. If the association's got harder buckers, them is what they want; for as long as there's fighting broncs, there's going to be challenging riders, and in all the cowboys I've met and buckers I've handled and seen on the open ranges or arenas of U. S., Canada, and Mexico, I've still got to see the rider what couldn't be throwed and the horse what couldn't be rode.

There'd be a grand entrée fast and furious into the big corrals, and before the broncs knew it they were surrounded by a good solid stockade of cottonwood poles, ten feet high.—Page 302.

Fact

BY AMY LOWELL

SEA-ROSES blowing on a high, white cliff,
Rayed out above their leaves, bent by a whiff
Of salty wind. White snowdrops over snow.
The color of a field where violets grow.
The tingling rings of honeysuckle bines.
Cloud shadows drawing over Apennines.
Young paper birches, with their lustred stems
Brightening old woods. . . . But similes like these
Are stock in trade with all poets. If you please,
Therefore, we'll put aside such brummagems
And merely state a proven certainty,
Which is that you are fine exceedingly
And all that matters in Heaven or Earth to me.

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The Conversion of Torowa

BY CHESTER L. SAXBY

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY O. F. SCHMIDT

THE heat was heavy and struck up from the shore in an incessant gust to belie the palm-shade of the club-house at Papeete. Harry Bartruff with his legs tilted up on the railing grumbled all day long over the tardiness of the pearlers. He had to stay until they came in, and he was not designed for that. He had the itch of the American to be busy; to have to sit on the rocking-chair portion of his spine in a tired spot at the end of the world was cheating the span of his life. But he had no proper ambition to fight the sun; that was too rapid cheating. And waiting, he maintained irritably, was the chief occupation of these heathen islands.

He had no fit company either. The missionary, John Kern, played no cards and drank no whiskey and told no stories. Furthermore, Kern was leaving presently on a little nine-ton ketch for his "jaunt around the diocese," as Bartruff put it. Looking out from the shade that kept a man alive, the eternal wonder was how a vessel held the pitch in her seams. The sea wrinkled away as if shrinking in the glare, and sprawled panting on the shingle with a weary sigh, flattened and exhausted. Kern was going out into that to save souls. Bartruff thought it would be a good line for Kern to state that there were no stomachs in heaven. At least, such assurance would make *him* sign on the dotted line, the way he felt just now.

Bartruff made no bones about his lack of faith in anything. He rather admired Kern—as one admires the man who hoists a one hundred-pound sack of cement onto each shoulder; that is to say, without the slightest wish to try it oneself. The after-life didn't scare him, he confided to Kern, because after this experience he never intended to look ahead; it didn't pay. A man couldn't live like a Christian out here, and he made too little out here to live like a Christian at home. Take it as it came, and (he waved an impatient hand) let the dream-blue isles of the lordly Pacific slide down greased stays to the place they really represented.

The missionary was too peaceable to argue. He knew his limitations, too. He merely smiled his quiet smile, draped one lanky leg over the other, and listened.

"How the—how can you stick it out?" Bartruff blurted, rubbing the dried sweat from his fat cheeks and increasing the rash. "Everything's dead around here; and it's the same wherever you go. Poison in the air, ulcers in the intestines, ignorance—oh, my Lord! And what do you get out of it? The Oriental religion's the only thing for this desolation. It teaches that nothing matters and, by George, I'm about convinced nothing does! We're just a lot of bugs skimming about and getting pinched off. If you gobble more than the rest you get to be a big bug and have a lot more satisfaction out of it." He had the habit of snapping his squat globe of a head at every assertion. "Ain't that right, dominie?"

Kern nodded. "As a man thinketh, so is he," he quoted thoughtfully.

"But not 'so is *it*,' you mean." Bartruff laughed. "Well, I'm a materialist, and I don't try to reason what I can't see. I'm more so since I was sloughed off into this hole. You can't make clover out of shavings, and you can't worry up any sort of life and inspiration out of the ragtags and bob-tails you preach to in these sea-pimples. They'll drag along like the mountain trash in the Southern States and eat their bread-fruit and nuts and fish, with once in a while a missionary thrown in; and, except for their moon dances, they'll never be detected from the scenery. You go in there and try to stir 'em up, but they're dead—or else you're dead and they're skinning you and falling asleep

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again. I tell you, you're working with dum-dums."

The missionary made a sign of protest and pointed to Torowa seated on the step, seated and yet crouching, motionless and yet watching; a sepia study, the whole length of him, the missionary's body-guard.

"He understands some English," Kern explained. "And he has feelings."

"He's a good servant—as they run," was Bartruff's admission. "I was asking him the other day to join up with me. I need somebody to fetch and carry—that's all they're good for. You could pick up another anywhere."

"What did he say to that?"

Bartruff shrugged. "You've got him buffaloed. He grinned and turned me down, didn't you, Torowa?" With surprising suddenness he shot the query at its mark.

The black twisted about—at the sound of his name, Bartruff thought. But Torowa had heard and understood other things beside. He gazed at the speaker.

Many of the words he missed altogether, but none of the tone—which was sufficient when Torowa knew the subject of the discussion. Bartruff, he could comprehend, had little use for men who were not white-skinned like himself. Torowa was thinking about that—in the way a savage thinks, loosely. He thought that Bartruff would be a brave man to make such talk on the coast of Malaita, where a white head had great value all by itself. Maybe he would not travel to the coast of Malaita.

Nevertheless, Bartruff interested him in being so different from his master. Go fast but stop long. Eyes jump but legs go sleep. Legs jump and eyes go sleep. No pray sky-god. No care what god think. Easy god to have. Money sitting down. In his childish curiosity Torowa admired Bartruff. Next after the master he admired him most and sometimes wished the master served the god of Bartruff instead of his own.

But he had no idea of giving up the master. John Kern was the biggest thing in his life, and to be near him was all he asked. He loved John Kern; he could not very well love two beings. He grinned and shook his head at Bartruff.

"Um," Bartruff grunted. "He's yours, you see, dominie. I couldn't pry him loose with a can-opener. One reason I like him. The beggar don't believe a one of your commandments, but you're everything to him, just the same."

"He will believe," said Kern. "I don't bother about Torowa. The slow conversion is the one that counts. He'll be a confessing Christian before you will."

"He'll have to be. But it's doubtful. He's wide-awake, that fellow. If you wear the legs off him before that time, he may give you up and come to me. I see no chance of getting away from this polluted layout. From the looks of things I'll be in these damned islands till h—till Gabriel gets cornet-blower's lip. Tell you what, Torowa, I'll give you a gold sovereign a month if you'll tie up with me." The dusky face showed its teeth in a grin of refusal. "Well, then, I'll hand you a blooming, blasted, bloody shilling every day, hanged if I won't!'

But Torowa, turning his eyes, only looked adoration at Kern.

"That's that. All right. Any time you want to take me up, you know where you can find me. I'm where the music is—when there's any music." Then to Kern: "Something's got to happen, or I'll dry up. Any kind of a one-ring circus would do. Nothing to take your mind. I'm getting so nothing matters."

"I find enough to do," Kern rebuked him, as the ketch appeared. Torowa sprang for the hand-bag and the kit. "You'd better let the whiskey alone."

Bartruff waved an indolent good-by and flung out a word of reminder to Torowa. When they were gone, he settled himself to sleep.

The ketch headed for the open sea. Torowa hunched down beside a barrel and stared back at the swaying palms. He disliked the sea, and he heard the laconic Scotch skipper say that the barometer was falling, with nasty weather ahead. More than anything else he feared a storm; could never get used to the sensation of rolling and tossing and plunging. He wanted to be back at Papeete or, better yet, in Guadalcanar. He could grow very homesick for Guadalcanar.

For Torowa was a Solomon Islander, and only John Kern had the power to pull

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him away from that high, shaded home shore where life ran easily—quite as easily as Bartruff said it did—and the sun-god gave fine ivory nuts for the trading. Torowa trusted his gods utterly and found great satisfaction in them. They gave him what he needed and spared his home from furious winds. He had been happy at home—though not more happy than in serving John Kern. And, wherever he was, he could make worship to his gods so that they would understand.

Kern tried in his gentle way to reason with Torowa about religion, but accomplished nothing. With a gaze of utter affection, wholly at peace, Torowa sat basking in the light of Kern's countenance. He loved Kern; he did not reason about that. As for reasoning about the gods one worshipped, that was impossible. Of course, the white god must be a great god, because Kern was white and believed in it. But blackbirders were white, too; therefore, you couldn't generalize too much.

Soon the wind died, and the ketch was stripped of canvas and made snug. Then after a while came a light puff—and Kern's voice calling. Torowa went to crouch at the master's feet to fight his fear without emotion. But Kern knew. And while the storm roared and flung them from the sky to the bottom of a canyon, the quiet hand rested on Torowa's shoulder, and Kern assured him once more that the white's man's god took away fear. But it was Kern's voice and smile that took away fear.

When they were driven to the deck by the flooding water, and a great sea burst over the ketch and flung her scuppers under, Kern's hand saved Torowa from being washed overboard. He hauled the boy back, and, lifting his long arm, ascribed this piece of good fortune to a higher power than his and hoped that Torowa's gratitude would draw him to conversion then and there. But with dog-eyes Torowa gazed into that mild face and, dropping down, kissed Kern's foot. That was his answer.

In the Tonga Islands and again in Samoa Kern wrestled with this seeming stubbornness. He preached and exhorted to a broad circle of nakedness, but his words and his hope were all for Torowa. He would have left the ninety and nine in the wilderness in order to fetch Torowa into the fold. Torowa had struck a chord of response in him, and the saving of that savage heart became an absorbing task.

At last they came to the Malaita coast. Like hornets' nests the man-eating Solomons stood high in the water, hostile wooded ranges dead ahead. Guadalcanar! The heart of Torowa was glad, glad. He had learned much English and other things and yearned to show his people. And John Kern he thought of as his guest. He wanted his people to be kind. Perhaps then the master would be convinced and worship the sun-god. A great missionary spirit was born in Torowa.

The home-coming was not all Torowa had hoped, however. The men of the coast were glad enough to welcome Torowa, but disliked white interference that just recently had robbed them of forty-three boys for the plantations of the Germans on Samoa. They were not willing to make distinctions; had even lost faith in making them. They lowered and were sullen. They gave warning.

But John Kern smiled at Torowa's doubts. "They are my friends," he said. And something in the way he said it made a glow in Torowa's heart. He told them what Kern called them. They spat epithets in return. And then they danced.

Torowa received inspiration from that dance. He danced, too, and howled his prayer: that the sun-god he had never for a moment forgotten would spare the life of a good and honest man who was not afraid and who was a friend of the islands.

And later Kern rose up to preach. With a glory in his face he preached. Torowa sat close, and under his dancing-robe he clutched the revolver that Kern's spinster aunt had smuggled into the missionary's trunk, and he had smuggled out. Notwithstanding that he trusted his gods in the matter of supplies of food and general utilities, under the circumstances he wished to provide against accidents.

It was just as well. Apart from the concourse an ambitious brave of the tribe lurked in the bush and crept up behind Kern for the fatal spine blow. The others might wait for the spoils; he could not afford to. Kern's head was an attractive piece, even when the voice was gone out of it.

Those in the uneasy circle who could see this warrior stealing up appreciated

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Drawn by O. F. Schmidt.

Those in the uneasy circle who could see this warrior . . . appreciated the joke and grinned.—Page 308.

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the joke and grinned—whereat Kern was encouraged. He fancied himself succeeding and redoubled his efforts. They grinned the more.

Torowa fingered the revolver. The lurking hunter was Oru, the brother of the girl yonder whose sleek, fat beauty was like wine to the senses. She had thick, joyous lips, and looked often at him. It was time for the choice, time he took a wife; his blood told him so; she told him so. And Oru wriggled nearer.

Kern's zealous gaze came at intervals to Torowa's face, as if, when all was said, Torowa he most preached to, Torowa he looked to. Torowa had to make a decision. He hurt inside. His mind was at war with itself, full of confusion. Inaudibly he mumbled once more to the sun-god to halt Oru's hand. Oru's hand rose.

A pang of regret seized Torowa. The revolver spoke—once, twice, three times. Oru fell from his knees onto his back. The preaching stopped. The congregation sprang up with yells of anger. The hornet's nest was all abuzz.

Kern did nothing, having nothing to do. But Torowa waved the revolver and in an unhappy voice finished the sermon, preaching hell-fire rather than salvation to any who came forward. With Kern at his back he retired shoreward in no undue haste. The ketch's dinghy lay at hand at the orders of the practical Scotchman who had spent fifteen years in these seas. The two were taken aboard. Wistfully Torowa stood at the rail and watched the wooded range become purple, then gray, then a mere bank of mist. It was quite a moment in his life.

When John Kern drew him about to admonish him, he felt a wave of happiness drown the sourness in his stomach. His bosom swelled. He was content.

His speech was modest: "The white sky-god save you, master. I am glad." That was the tragedy of it: that the sun-god had done nothing, had refused him, had scourged him from his home. He could never go back; he was an exile henceforth.

Kern, failing to perceive what this choosing meant, only protested the act of murder. More to the point, he said, to have let him die if God willed. To kill was against the commandments at all times and under all provocations. Yet his gentleness persisted in the midst of his bitter disappointment, and he struggled to make Torowa realize the law of love. He haled forth harsh contrasts.

"Your gods cried for my blood. My God pleaded for their lives. You and the true God have saved me"—although he detested to put it so—"so that He and you might work together all your days. If you go with me, you believe, Torowa."

The boy's liquid eyes devoured Kern's face. "I believe," he said. Not that he understood, but that in his deep content he would try. He and the sky-god would sail with the master and keep him from harm.

This was the beginning of Torowa's magnificence. The ceremony of civilizing him worked magic in all the boy's being. The putting on of the regal blue work-shirt and a pair of Kern's old trousers—this was the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace. He stalked about the deck in proud dignity and turned over in his groping mind the immensity of the gulf that had come between him and his people. In their nakedness and his full dress the distinction was tremendous. The grandeur of the white man's medicine smote him all at once. By John Kern's help he went so far as to recognize the meanness, the primitiveness, the animalism of Guadalcanar. This was an immense benefit: it dulled the pain of longing.

He expressed no vain boast of Christianity; he was far from being a Christian yet. When they encountered Harry Bartruff in Marovo Lagoon, New Georgia, and Bartruff sang out his surprise at the change in the boy, Torowa stated:

"I go walk by sky-god. He show Torowa how be Christian."

Bartruff thought that a finer confession than he had ever heard. Very gravely he extended his hand and responded: "Come along with me and show me how." Until the pearling season closed, he had accepted a commission to assist in setting certain island governments more securely in their places, and was in better frame.

"Not much action, dominie," he wagged at Kern, "but the eternal hope of some. That's what keeps us alive. A revolution-breaker; that's me." He stepped up close and lowered his voice.

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"Just between us, it's the blackbirders I'm really gum-shoeing. Had a h—, a great old scrap at Cape Little with Taukey's schooner. Poor money in it, but a chance for digestion." He slapped Torowa on the back. "When you're done missionarying with him, you throw in with me, boy. I'm a missionary, too. The Book for the dominie; the gun for mine. We'll rastle up kingdom-come somehow."

Torowa was impressed. He went about on the schooner that Bartruff had fitted up as a floating arsenal, and examined with infinite delight the contrivances that the white man's medicine had conjured up for dealing out justice to the mischief-makers. He handled the rifles in awe; he patted the smooth steel of the machine-gun in the forepeak. Indeed, he appeared to gain enormous satisfaction in the thought that he was now in a manner related to this supreme greatness that ruled in so many ways of might. His savagery lay behind him as contemptible as the abandoned skin of a newly moulted snake. He walked in the light and absorbed more and more of it.

By deliberate, methodical steps he accepted the faith of the sky-god. In nothing was he hasty. In the use of his reason he was like a child learning to walk, taking a few tentative steps and dropping down again upon all fours to be sure. He had plenty of time to grow to this new stature, plenty of time and ample inspiration. To walk in the master's steps and imbibe some of his glory—like a dead moon that has yielded up all that it was and depends upon the warmth from the mother planet—kept Torowa close day and night. He had no wish to reason; only to remain close; but when Kern, with patient persistence, made reasoning the prime factor, he set himself to that too. Kern contended that all creation was the result of reasoning and all goodness sprang from it. To be like the master, then, one must reason. It was enough: Torowa schooled his mind to peer into things, to seek an explanation everywhere, to inquire, to figure, to think out his actions.

But he treasured the revolver through it all. He did not let Kern see it, for (and here his reason operated) the master fought against death in every form, and the revolver spat death as neatly as the old women of Ugi spat tobacco-juice. Yet he treasured it (reasoning again) because it served the sky-god and served it well. It had saved the master's life and might do it again—in which conclusion his love was greater than his obedience. Nevertheless, he would shoot to hurt next time, and not to kill. Then the hurt ones might be converted and go to heaven.

Of his inspiration to Kern he was not the slightest bit aware, nor would it have made any difference if he had discovered it. Yet it was only Torowa's stanch loyalty that held Kern to the sea-roads when the fever entered his body and bloated his veins. Torowa hesitated over no service he knew how to perform, or could manage to learn. If it was for Kern he was happy. He debased his regal dignity to every menial task of the sick-room and grinned continually.

Kern's ascetic countenance was beaming on him. Kern's wondering voice (for Kern never could quite believe this devotion personal; he was too removed from himself for that), the voice of calm quiet, pronounced in assured simplicity: "What a jewel you are, Torowa! What a Christian!" And Torowa's soul knew bliss.

Incidentally, he saved Kern's life once more.

After that for months and months they sailed through Melanesia from the Bismarck archipelago to the Fiji Islands, through heat and tempest and pestilence and famine, through shipwreck and uprising. Torowa sang hymns lustily and in a new and better-fitting suit of clothes struck envy into many a native heart and fetched his own converts. Every one he led to Kern with an eager grin, as a trained hunting dog lays his offering at the feet of his man-god.

That was why it stung him so when in Espiritu Santo of the New Hebrides he wounded a thief in the act of running away with the Bible, only to have Kern denounce the act as a crime and, taking the revolver from him, fling it high and far into the sea. He stood amazed, speechless, reasonless. He almost doubted the master.

"Let him steal the Word of God and welcome," said Kern sternly.

Torowa cried out at last that stealing was against the commandments, and that

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Drawn by O. F. Schmidt.

"Stop!" he shouted. "The vengeance of God falls on the man who kills!"—Page 315.

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the sacred book—the *sacred book* was in heathen hands.

"They need it more than we," was the answer. "Fighting is wrong. There is no good to come of it." He did his best to make Torowa see.

And Torowa managed. To him who loves all doubts are nothing. If Kern was not cast down and despairing over the loss of the Bible, it made no difference to him. When Kern smiled again, the world was well and the hurt healed.

Simply, the reasoning was difficult, inasmuch as the talk of the sky-god lived in the sacred book, the silent voice, the instrument of conversion. Torowa bothered his muddled head about that for a long time. But his heart was easy.

Bartruff went much farther in clearing up the enigma. Bartruff was cruising in fine fettle from group to group on large assignments such as he revelled in. The yellowness had gone from his skin; his breath was sweet again; his rotund body shook often with laughter. He had given up the pearl-buying altogether. As long as this work held out, he said—and that seemed forever—be hanged to the matter of money! He called himself Sir Francis Drake and strutted like a cock.

"I've got my faith back, dominie," he crowed. "I'm a militant Christian. I scourge with fire and sword. I preach the gospel of 'watch your step.'" He was fond of placing himself in the missionary class. It was his commonest joke.

He heard from Kern the incident of the stealing of the Bible. Kern was still bothered by his inability to satisfy Torowa's question, although Torowa had ceased to care as soon as he saw the master was content.

"Well, you see, son," Bartruff declaimed with a jovial wink at Kern, who frowned, "it's like this: these guns here"—he touched them fondly—"are my Bibles, and I fight the unbelievers with 'em. But if they were lifted by some sneak-hound, what would I care? I've still got my fists, haven't I? The Lord made 'em first."

And Torowa understood perfectly without the need of another word.

"What is your god?" he asked in perfect English. "What is he called?"

"Um," grunted Bartruff. "That's a hard one." He rubbed his chin reflectively. "I put a lot of sentiment into a bottle of good whiskey—but you can't get it; out of the question. I trust in the dollar that trusts in God, and I like a Winchester better than a Snyder. That's the long and short of it, I guess."

"Winchester?" Torowa repeated. "Winchester."

Ungrudging respect he granted to the whims of this white man, the respect of one faith for another. A broad tolerance he showed, and that was all. With Kern he strove mightily that day, outdoing himself, singing the penitential hymns in lusty abandon, going among the blacks like a true soldier of light. With Bartruff to see, he threw his heart into the work and led the march to salvation. Clear-eyed and strong-voiced he recited the creed. A bronze shaft of power he was, the living witness. Kern called him his pillar of fire.

Bartruff conceded: "You're right, dominie. The boy's a full-fledged trooper. It's a triumph. I never would have thought it in Papeete."

Kern, smelling of the natives, his arm about the shoulders of a woolly youth he had just baptized, withheld none of his pleasure. Kern knew and bore testimony. He was waiting for the mail from Sydney to crown Torowa's service.

In eight days it came. Kern read the letter slowly, making a proud ceremony of the occasion, while Torowa listened. The board officially recognized one Torowa as a lay worker in the field of missions and voted him a salary not of a gold sovereign nor of a blooming, blasted, bloody shilling a day, but of three pounds sterling each month—and that was two shillings a day.

Torowa stood drinking in the melody of Kern's voice and the melting gentleness of Kern's eyes. When Kern had finished reading, he asked merely:

"They do not make me go away from you?"

"There's no need of that," said Kern. "We can go on together."

"I am content." Torowa bobbed his head. He could have kicked his heels. "You are very good to me, master. I try to earn the money."

"Torowa, you must not call me master. I am your friend and brother."

Torowa heaved a deep sigh. "My friend," he echoed caressingly.

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They travelled that sea-road again, that rolling green prairie that was tufted with islands like oases in the sun, oases with necklaces of coral. And the wind rose dreadfully and screamed in the rigging and tore with vicious hate and buffeted and knocked them down into deep gulleys and squeezed men's hearts. But like a tranquil statue Torowa poised beside the mizzen, unshaken, untouched. He did not bother to go below. He barred the door to Kern's cabin, and the storm stayed out.

By slow stages they worked westward and garnered a harvest of earlier planting at the same time that they sowed. Had they been blackbirders, their fortunes would have been made. Kern had regained his lost strength; his magnetism was tremendous; his force of will, his world of energy swept away suspicion and set his banner high. Like Paul, he fought with beasts and made them lambs.

So they came to the Fiji Islands. And here Kern felt almost at home; here he had a mission-hut and a regular congregation. No matter what his reception might be elsewhere, in Rewa village of the cannibal Fijis there was comfort. The people welcomed him as a great lord. They wore shirts and, some of them, even trousers. Women flapped about in knee-length skirts. Torowa was duly impressed.

But he was not one to be sustained long by impressions. Resting after the severe strain might do for Kern, but contributed to Torowa's restlessness. He must be doing and, in the act, hold the master's friendship closer. He heard with interest the rumor that came of Rarani, the cannibal hill chief.

Rarani, a confirmed idolater, was in a bad temper, the whisper said, over the change in Rewa village. Rarani was a force in the life of the island and objected to the violations of time-honored customs that Fijians ought to hold dear. Kern was distressed by the news, the rumble of possible civil war. Torowa, on the other hand, with the impressions of the village fresh in his mind and his savage instincts to guide him, shrewdly guessed a thing or two. He said to Kern:

"Send me to Rarani to make him a Christian. He has a soul to save."

Kern smiled and tried to dissuade him. When he saw that he was set on the enterprise, he was frank about the risk. "Rarani is a man-eater," he said.

But in the end Torowa was given the commission. Kern took his hand and looked into his face. "I must not lose you, Torowa. You're all I've got."

Happy at heart, the boy trudged off for the highland. In his pack he carried a suit of clothes and a hat. He had little fear; he pursued an idea.

Somehow he won through without losing his head. And on Rarani's most prized mat they squatted in grave consultation. Rarani was a fierce specimen of the bush, but Torowa was a Solomon Islander. And Torowa carried power.

How much the matter of the clothes entered into his success, neither was willing to admit. Yet the Rarani that marched down to Rewa village at the head of his household was garbed in as fine a suit as South Sea traders carried in their slop-chests, and around his neck a brilliant green four-in-hand slapped against his hairy chest at every strutting stride. The customs of Fiji had been swept away.

Kern met the procession before the mission-hut just as he was about to start a service. The groups of worshippers scattered in awe.

Kern greeted Rarani in his own language. "If you come in faith to be one of us, I welcome you, Rarani. The lotu (worship) is about to begin."

Rarani made guttural response and stalked for the hut. After him filed his retinue, gaudy in gingham. Kern held up his hand, annoyed by a thought.

"Who are these others who come with you?"

Grandly Rarani waved to them. "They are my wives," he said.

"A man may not have more than one wife and be a Christian. To be baptized, you must give up all but one. I cannot let you enter till you do this."

Rarani stared, and looked black with anger. Torowa, too, stared. This wholesale conversion had given him great joy. But he did not question or plead. To Rarani, however, the ultimatum was maddening. He looked at Kern, then down at his clothes. His hand went to the green scarf. He was angry, insulted, defensive. In a wide glance his eyes fell on Torowa. His dignity crumbled. He scolded and

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fretted and shook his terrible head. From out his belt he pulled a short club and, worked up to a passion, attacked Torowa suddenly, rushing and roaring.

Quick as he, Torowa gathered to meet him. In his hands were no weapons, but in his being was the heritage of insatiable fighters. Skilfully he avoided the club and, charging in, grappled with Rarani. They sprawled in the dust.

The congregation fluttered in a wedge of craning necks, Kern at their head. Rarani was a famed warrior. He lived up to his fame and was more than a match for Torowa. The boy called upon every wile to defend himself; the punishing hands of Rarani obeyed no rules of sportsmanship; they reached and tore.

"Master," cried Torowa, "I must have help. He is too big." Rarani choked off further words in Torowa's throat. There issued only a gurgle. The boy's eyes roved to Kern. The missionary's protests soared; he bent to Rarani's ear.

"Stop!" he shouted. "The vengeance of God falls on the man who kills! Let him loose, Rarani! Stop! We are friends! Do you fight your friends?"

"A! Woi—woi—woi—woi!" chanted Rarani.

Torowa by a supreme effort wrenched the hand from his throat. It darted for his eyes, the eyes that besought Kern mutely and in growing wonder. The light in them was wholly of non-understanding; they were the eyes of a wounded deer.

"Master!" he croaked. His face was bleeding with raw scratches, but he felt no physical pain; it was elsewhere that the hurt lay. "Master!"

Kern was utterly distraught. His hand fell on Rarani's shoulder, and the strength of his sublime faith trembled in his voice. He prayed and exhorted alternately. The club was in Rarani's grip once more for a horrible blow.

Then with the stricken sorrow in Torowa's face to goad him, a sorrow that made Torowa doubly a victim, a sorrow that took from the boy all will to struggle, Kern had recourse to a shrewdness that Torowa had showed before.

"I will take back the gift!" he threatened. "The gift is not yours! The clothes are for a Christian! Stop, or give them up!"

The charm worked. With a shrill squeal Rarani pitched from Torowa and sprang up. Straight at Kern he charged. Kern flung up an elbow and gave back, but the movement and the elbow would have done him no good had not Torowa, panting and spitting blood, reeled up and flung himself to grasp Rarani's heel and trip him.

The delay was for a moment only. Rarani gained his feet and scrambled to the attack. It was enough, though; for, weak and bedraggled, Torowa had risen to bar the way. He took the blow on his shoulder; yet he lashed out with his other hand, and as he fought he cried to those about:

"Will you see the master killed? What are you? Are Christians cowards?"

Not one there grasped the pathetic meaning in his shout. They roused to the need and buzzed around Rarani as soon as their stupid minds realized the need, and drove him off. There followed a terrific pow-wow out of which Kern, shaken and dismayed, tried to make some sort of order.

Torowa was not concerned with that. Limp and blood-streaked, he stumbled off, he hardly knew where. In the direction of a mangrove swamp where it was cool and dark he headed, into the quiet where one could drop down to nurse one's torture; where one, if he liked, could reason.

But in the mangrove swamp reasoning was no easier than beside the mission-hut, no easier and no more healing. The agony in his shoulder he treated with stoical contempt, notwithstanding that it made his eyes roll. But there was another agony, a gaping wound. No medicine of white or black could heal that.

He sat all day propped against a tree. Then he got up and, paying no attention to a voice that drifted on the night air and called his name over and over, "Torowa! Torowa!" he took his misery down to the shore and waited for the trading-brig to make in.

Harry Bartruff dropped the butt of his rifle to the deck of the schooner and peered through the haze of smoke that lifted from the steady firing. The figure that came over the side from the dinghy walked to him through the spat and *hrrr!* of bullets as if he heard and saw nothing of the menace.

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"You maybe want me now?" the figure spoke calmly. "I am ready. I have journeyed a long way to serve the god Winchester. He makes great noise and converts many people. I believe. I go with you."

Bartruff wiped the sweat out of his eyes with one motion of his sleeve. He grinned. He was fighting blackbirders, and that always made him happy.

"I'm a son-of-a-gun if it ain't Torowa!" he bawled. "Grab a gun, boy! We've got 'em nailed to the mast! Grab a gun and preach the gospel!"

And Torowa, very calm and quiet, grabbed a gun.

Advertising's Ingratiating Smile

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS
Author of "The Advertising Man"

THE earliest advertisement I remember was a humorous one—or at least its maker so intended it, but by a perversity which still sometimes attends such efforts, it proved a verbal boomerang. It was not the humor, intentional or otherwise, that made me for life a critic of advertising, but because of the astounding conclusion which the literal acceptance of its message forced upon me.

A popular advertising medium in those days was the flat rail fences which surrounded the farms and bordered the roads leading to my native village. On those six-inch boards, extending from post to post with spaces between, local merchants were accustomed to paint brief advertisements. The boards were weathered to a charming gray, the paint was nearly always red or yellow, so the color scheme, while strong, was not unpleasing. When I went to ride in the family phaeton, sitting on the bodkin seat between my father and mother, whose conversation seldom interested me, I exercised upon these fence advertisements my newly acquired ability to read. I have been reading advertisements ever since. If that is psychoanalysis, let Mr. Freud make the most of it.

The phrase that sticks in my mind is this:

"JOB HAD BOILS BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE A CLOCK OF ARMSTRONG."

Many times I considered this advertisement and pondered it in my heart. Did it mean what it said, and if so, what was wrong with Armstrong's clocks? Had Satan overlooked a bet when he omitted Armstrong's clocks from the list of tortures with which he tested that patient man Job? I knew all about Job, but very little about Armstrong or advertising.

Since then I have watched the progress of advertising and frequently detected the Armstrong complex. That advertisement is a type. It is the result of considering humor as a mind-catcher, regardless of logic. Columnists have for years amused themselves with the unintentional humor of would-be funny advertisers. *Punch* nearly every week impales at least one under its stereotyped heading, "Commercial Candor." The classic and much quoted instance is:

"*Don't go elsewhere to be cheated. Come in here.*"

Other examples of the crude but determined advertising humor of the time stick out in my memory. In the country newspaper-office where I learned my trade I discovered two stock cuts on the standing galley, where one kept also the I. O. G. T. emblem, the prancing stallion, the clasped hands, and other cuts that embellished business announcements in the weekly paper or in folders or dodgers.

One was a Mutt-and-Jeff group, the big man with upraised hand laying down the law to his small companion, who listened with breathless interest. The legend that was visibly emerging from the

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big man's mouth in a large scroll or balloon, by a technique derived from "Ars Moriendi," the earliest illustrated book known, was: "And don't you forget it," in those days a popular slang phrase. The other stock cut was a head with a wide-open mouth into which a hand was just about to drop a huge oyster (like the one that made Thackeray feel as if he had swallowed a baby). The legend read: "Drop in." These cuts were supposed to give a needed light touch to otherwise sober advertisements of local hardware stores or carriage repositories. And well do I remember seeing in Chicago newspapers that picture of two hideous human feet, each foot with a mouth and each mouth wearing a broad grin. This advertiser was a shoe manufacturer and his slogan was to the effect that his shoes "make your feet glad."

By these and many other efforts did advertising reveal its inclination to use humor as a means of selling goods. If the humor was at first crude, why, so was advertising.

Later on there came a period when advertising humor assumed a more conscious literary form, and that form was a rhyming one; in other words, the jingle. The jingle also ran its course like a disease.

To any one who looks back over advertising for twenty-five years, there appears a succession of phases, of what might be called *styles* in advertising. There was the Silhouette period, the Imaginary-Character period, the Jingle period, the Reason-Why period, the Double-page-spread period, the Research-and-Data period, and meanwhile advertising survived them all and managed to progress. To the Jingle period belong "See that Hump," "Sunny Jim," and "Spotless Town."

"See that Hump" was the work of Charles M. Snyder. Old advertising fans will recall verses that ran something like this:

> Dear girls, don't blush,
> But have you tried
> Those hooks and eyes
> With humps inside?
> —See that Hump.

And thus the new hook and eye humped itself into the public mind. There was a time when "See that Hump" was as irresistible as "I'd walk a mile for a Camel." But along came the snap fastener and displaced the old hook and eye, and people no longer humped. They snapped.

Sunny Jim was the result of a literary partnership, like Beaumont and Fletcher or Besant and Rice. Two schoolgirls collaborated. One wrote a six-line jingle; the other drew a grotesque cartoon. They took their joint work to the advertising manager of a well-known breakfast food. The advertising manager gave the girls five dollars for their offering, and flung it into a drawer where he kept raw ideas. Later, needing a series of street-car cards, he dug it out, sent for the girls, and had them prepare a series of thirteen, which was displayed before the eyes of the passengers in forty-five thousand street-cars. Here is the first Sunny Jim verse ever written:

> Jim Dumps was a most unfriendly man
> Who lived his life on a hermit plan.
> He'd never stop for a friendly smile,
> But trudged along in his moody style
> Till "Force" one day was served to him—
> Since then they call him "Sunny Jim."

Note that Sunny Jim is based on an ancient and honorable idea, the "before-and-after-taking" idea, so dear to the patent-medicine man of an earlier age.

The foolish stuff caught on somehow, so much so that it was given a run in twelve thousand five hundred newspapers, and later the campaign was extended to include England. Posters, painted signs, and cut-outs were posted, set up, or distributed. Sunny Jim became an international character, with life and identity apart from Force, like Mr. Pickwick or Falstaff. He soon outgrew his youthful originators. His pictures were drawn by well-known artists, his jingles written by famous writers of light verse. Over five thousand original jingles were sent in voluntarily by contributors everywhere. Numerous marches, waltzes, and songs were composed in his honor, and two musical comedies constructed around his personality. A noted divine preached a sermon about him, and an eminent chief justice used him as an illustration in summing up a case. Two huge scrap-books were filled with clippings about him. He had his advertising day, but the product

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he was supposed to advertise did not keep pace with him. Like the humble wife of a rapidly rising man, it lagged behind until at length one of the most successful advertising campaigns ever run turned out to be a failure, and now who of the rising generation ever heard of Sunny Jim?

Spotless Town, too, is forgotten, but it was a neater bit of work, and it was only an incident rather than the main drive in a campaign. Both the jingles and the pictures were the work of Kenneth Fraser, who has since become one of the noted and successful advertising experts of the profession, his youthful follies forgotten. But before that happened his happy pen produced another delightful series for Rohr McHenry's Rye, of which I shall give you a sample (the ads not the rye) later on. Spotless Town, you will remember, went like this:

> This is the butcher of Spotless Town
> His tools are bright as his renown,
> To leave them stained were indiscreet
> For folks would then abstain from meat.
> And so he brightens his trade, you know,
> By polishing with Sapolio.

Then there was Phœbe Snow. The verses that recorded her progress from New York to Buffalo on the Road of Anthracite lacked the wit that gave sparkle to Spotless Town, due to a cramping form of metre intended to suggest the song of the car-wheels. Some of us can still remember "The Humorous Speaker" which contains, among other things now forgotten, the onomatopoetic poem, "Riding on the Rail," whose jigging metre suggested the short quick repeat of the voice of the rushing train. This old doggerel, while not in the same metre, suggested the idea. The name "Phœbe Snow" was chosen merely to fill out the first line, and the initial verse of this series ran:

> Said Phœbe Snow
> About to go
> Upon a trip to Buffalo:
> "My gown keeps white
> Both day and night
> Upon the Road of Anthracite."

An amusing story could be made of the way in which the higher criticism has been applied to the apotheosis of Phoebe Snow. It has been learnedly explained (after the fact) that Phœbe is the one particular woman's name that had the proper psychological appeal, that the right name was not hit upon at first and experiments with other names, of which Mary was one, were tried, and that, when Phœbe was finally sprung on the public, the name clicked home with 100 per cent efficiency. All of which is vastly entertaining to the man who created Phœbe, who named her and wrote the first verses about her, without giving a moment's thought to the laws of mental science, the mnemonics or the subtle influence of association of ideas. And he realized that thus are legends made.

Phœbe Snow has also had her day, though occasionally revived by the railroad for which she once stood, and she has also been a proverb, a symbol, or a simile in her time, and has had her meed of burlesque, cartooning, and allusion that is proof at least of the world's familiarity with her name. But change in advertising styles has made the jingle as obsolete as skirt-binding, while the advertising personally has not the vogue nor the potency it once had.

These are merely some of the more distinguished attempts to give advertising the light touch by means of rhythm and and rhyme. But the versified form was too cramping for the exact effects advertising now demands. Besides, the deluge of inept, pointless stuff that followed the few successes wrought its own homœopathic cure. So the jingle was gathered into the storage-warehouse along with other curiosities of advertising, and writers who believed that humor was a road to the public pocketbook began to experiment with other ways of saying things that would impart liveliness to their messages and make them welcome and remembered. What was aimed at was continuous reader interest. It was attempted to take advantage of that trait which makes so many people turn to columns headed: "Aut scissors aut nullus" or "The Spice of Life."

In theatre programmes there is sometimes a tie-up between the name of the play and a firm's advertisement facing the playbill. A punning allusion takes advantage of the reader's interest in the evening's entertainment. Not uproariously funny, but pleasant and ingratiating. Frequently it helps an advertiser not to take himself too seriously, not to

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appear to assume that what he has to sell is a life-and-death matter to the reader.

Humor in advertising should be a light, bubbling, joyous way of saying things, trippingly on the tongue, using new and unexpected phrases, slang, coined words, like "sleep-meter" for "alarm-clock," that puts the reader in a pleasant mood and insures the reading of future advertisements. Humor, the editors say, is the most precious thing they buy, which must mean that the public, the same public that reads the advertisements, is fond of it. If so, it is wise to try and use it in the advertising.

Even wit has its opportunity, and in the form of the epigram has been used for certain goods, as lamp chimneys:

I make bad chimneys, too, but I don't put my name on them.

or rubber tires:

Some people have luck, and some have Kellys. The trouble with luck is that you can't count on it.

or a whiskey:

Father Time ages our whiskey. Some people use a printing-press.

or a paracentric lock:

A big key is no more a sign of safety than a big book is a sign of wisdom.

The late John E. Powers was one of the first writers to put real individuality into advertising copy. The lamp-chimney epigram just quoted is one of his, and the series was long held in high esteem as an example of vigorous and unhackneyed selling talk.

The author of Spotless Town has shown a fine vein of originality in his early work, especially in his copy for street-car cards. One of his good-natured whiskey cards has just been quoted. I can recall two others:

Most every whiskey nowadays is "ten years old." Wonder where it got that "recent" taste.

Dear me! I see that a number of new whiskeys claim to be the best in the world. How these young folks do talk!

The power of a jest to advertise adversely has demonstrated itself to the extreme discomfort of at least two industries. Several years ago at one of its national meetings the plumbers' organization decided they had a grievance. That grievance was the stock joke of the newspaper paragrapher about the little the plumber does and the large amount he charges for it. They even discussed a press-agency campaign to change the state of mind about plumbers and their alleged forgetfulness of necessary tools, and for all I know they carried it out. But like all advertising which is done for nothing, no results are evident. They might better have inaugurated a campaign of paid advertising which could and would have removed the stigma upon them by a popular joke, and at the same time put their work on a higher plane, as has been done, but not by the plumbers, through the advertising and merchandising of the manufacturers of plumbing materials.

The Ford car joke is even more interesting. Not only is it probable that these stories, obviously invented to cast aspersion on the car, have on the contrary increased its sales, but Henry Ford and his assistants have been accused of coining them and putting them in circulation. The charge, however, has been indignantly and believably denied.

Instances of this could be multiplied. The moral is that any idea cast in the form of an easily remembered anecdote gains wide circulation and moulds public opinion. If this is true of the work of the jokesmith, having no other purpose than to raise a laugh, however cheaply, why cannot the same powerful weapon be used to drive home facts about goods?

The typical American business man is something of a humorist. You see it in the type given to Uncle Sam. Lincoln owes something of his greatness with us to his liking for humor. The man from home in the Tarkington-Wilson play was typical. So also was David Harum. And in Old Gorgon Graham there is a full-length portrait of a man who does not let his fondness for an amusing way of expressing himself interfere with the hard-headed business sense of what he is saying. It is no secret that Old Gorgon was drawn from an original who was one of the country's successful manufacturers and advertisers.

In the advertising that is being done today, humor is used in two different ways. One is the obvious method of getting the attention by means of a story and utilizing it to talk about one's goods. This is

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the technique of the wizard oil man with the flaring torch who draws his crowd with a few sleight-of-hand tricks. But it has a higher and more honorable ancestor than that. It is the method of the fabulist, the story and moral formula, employed by teachers of ideas from the earliest times. The advertisement writer who hangs his argument on an anecdote is but following the model of Æsop, Bidpai, Bewick, Northcote, and George Ade. His psychology is sound, his precedents distinguished. We can go clear back to Nathan, who had a most disagreeable message to get over with King David concerning the latter's infatuation with the beautiful wife of Uriah the Hittite, which he diplomatically accomplished by focussing the king's attention on his parable of the little ewe lamb. This has been the method of teachers of all ages, and advertising is largely a form of education, and can profitably employ this and other methods of imparting ideas, as it has done and is doing. It is by no means necessary for success that a humorous turn to the anecdote or fable should be given, but that, too, may be and is done, as some of the following instances will show:

A farm paper used newspaper advertising to persuade manufacturers that farmers are now ready to buy city goods; that the old concept of the farmer as a hayseed is no longer true, and never was. The advertisements were a series of anecdotes with more or less point, and on each one was hung a little advertising story, thus:

"Three oranges from five oranges, how many?" says teacher.

A painful pause.

Little Willie raises his hand and explains:

"Please 'm. We allus does our sums in apples."

That's what's the matter with you, Mr. Manufacturer. You have been doing your sums in apples—so much so that you cannot work them out in oranges. You have been selling your mattress, motor-car, kitchen cabinet or porcelain-lined bathtub to the dweller in the city apartment and ignored the man who lives in the centre of a quarter-section. Because you cannot do your sums in oranges as well as in apples, you are overlooking a field of business which has not been overlooked by every one, because the kind of Farmer who reads *Farm and Fireside* has open plumbing in his bathroom, the telephone at his elbow, and forty horse-power at his front gate.

In still another instance the allusion to the anecdote that furnished the basis of the advertisement was casual and passing:

Solomon was unable to distinguish between the real and the imitation flowers brought him by the Queen of Sheba to test his wisdom.

He had to call in a bee to help him out.

Solomon's wisdom has never been equalled, but imitations have become cleverer with the years.

What wonder then that the public blunders in accepting an imitation for a genuine ——

whatever it is that is advertised.

While humorous advertising smiles from the pages of newspapers and magazines from time to time, the real field for its playfulness continues to be the folder and the circular. Space which costs so much is too serious a matter in itself to be treated frivolously. Only the advertiser with a strong sense of humor, and an equally strong belief in the possession of such a sense by his fellow citizens makes $7,000 jokes. The president of a Portland cement company once looked over a folder planned to break the news that the United States Government had bought millions of bags of his cement to complete the Panama Canal. The cartoon showed President Taft in a red flannel shirt astride the Western hemisphere about to chop North and South America asunder with a huge mattock.

"Why not use that for our page in the *Post?*" he asked.

"Why not?" replied the advertising man. But the fact remains they never did.

There is a certain lithographer who has devoted his advertising to urging better art for posters. His text is that a good design is not only a pleasant thing to look at, but is a better advertisement as well. So earnest and so persistent has he been in his advocacy that one of his customers came back at him with:

"You must be a nut on this subject of art in advertising."

"Yes, I am a nut," was his reply in the next piece of literature mailed to his list of prospects, "but I am in pretty good company."

The record of the nuts up to date runs high.

Archimedes was a nut, but you can't hoist a derrick today without Archie's help. He was the fellow who said: "Just give me standing room for my lever, and I'll pry up the universe."

Columbus was a nut. He went from capital to capital trying to find a king sporty enough to back his plan for making the geography twice as big, and they joshed him.

Galileo was a nut, but they didn't josh him. When he said the world went round the sun, they

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tied him to a rack and tortured him until they made him take it back.

Newton was a nut. But we might not know yet what makes the apple fall if it wasn't for Ike the Nut.

Watt was a nut and we have the steam-engine.

Singer was a nut and we have the sewing-machine.

Morse was a nut and we have the telegraph.

Fulton was a nut and we have the steamboat.

When the English people heard Stephenson's idea of a wagon on rails pushed by steam they laughed their heads off. But Stephenson kept on and now no one knows what McAdoo'll do next.

Everybody takes a Kodak with them because Eastman was a nut.

Duryea was a nut, and now the automobile industry is the third largest in the country.

Ford was a nut—and is yet.

So, if I am a nut, I am rather proud of it.

Don't think that I put myself in line with these names. They are all big nuts—cocoanuts, at least—while I am only a pea-nut.

But I am just as much in earnest about my own particular nuttiness as they were.

And then follows with jewel-like consistency a restatement of his aims and beliefs.

But a higher, more difficult and accordingly more effective form of humor in advertising copy is that which is the style of the writer, which is a form of expression and which varies as writers vary. It is that which gives character to the literary humorists, and it is good only in proportion as it is good. We are going to have more of it as men find they can write it and advertisers learn its value. It cannot be used for all products, it is safer on goods sold to men than those sold to women, and requires an unusual sense of fitness before it can be used at all. There is one particularly illuminating instance of this kind of advertising, in which all the elements are present, and success crowned the work.

Somewhere in France there is a soldier's grave with the name Gaston Andre Le Roy. Le Roy was working in this country as an advertising man when the war broke out, but he was still a French citizen and was among the first to respond when the call came from France for her citizen-soldiers to return and join the colors. He had come to this country at an early age, learned our language, and soon began to use it in a way that showed he had learned it to some purpose.

Le Roy worked for a firm of clock-makers which was about to put an alarm-clock on the market by advertising. In those days an alarm-clock was a commonplace piece of household furniture, usually sold for a dollar.

This firm took the alarm-clock of commerce, made it taller and slimmer, gave it a frank open countenance, and a deep mellow voice, and christened it Big Ben. The name was the keynote of the advertising copy that followed. The same feeling for the suggestful power of words that hit upon that delightful name produced copy for which the one right word is "engaging." "For that tired early-morning feeling," says one, "and that tendency to oversleep, for that turn-over nap habit and that last-down-to-breakfast failing—Big Ben.

For a sound unworried night and a punctual good-morning, for a watchful sleepmeter and a truthful timekeeper—Big Ben.

For that furnace-firing hour and that 7:00 A. M. time-clock punch, for early round-the-house work and an always-on-time downtown score—Big Ben.

For particular housekeepers and exacting business men, for all who've got to get up in time and live on time—Big Ben.

Such advertisements as these—there was a long series of them, all bubbling over with a kind of cheerful good humor—were not only good examples of good humor in advertising; they were a remarkable instance of how fully the young Frenchman had grasped the spirit of the tongue he had so newly acquired. They surrounded an old and time-worn subject with a new atmosphere. They created a lot of pleasant thoughts about the alarm-clock. They took it out of the class of unnecessary evils and put it in the category of luxuries and delights. The advertisements created their own readers. The readers who came to be amused remained to buy. And in four years this advertising had sold three millions of the new alarm-clock at two and one-half times the old standard price.

A new shaving-stick was presented in the following language: "Gentlemen—the Big Stick," says the display type, and then:

Here is the mightiest and yet the gentlest weapon that ever beat a stubborn beard into submission and left a smile of contentment in its wake.

It is built for men of action—ready to the hand,

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gentle to the skin and a steam roller to beard resistance.

A pull and the top becomes a holder lying firm in the fingers in just the right position for use. Dropping it back in the box after use is as natural as dropping it anywhere and there it stays till tomorrow, holding its natural moistness and free from dust and germs.

Such, fellow shavers, is the ——

and then follows the name:

a soap that comes down to you through three quarters of a century without an impure strain; a lather that feels like cream and carries moisture like a sponge, and a box that's as handy as a valet.

There has been running for some time a series of advertisements on behalf of a shaving cream which are written as if by one of the travelling salesmen, who signs himself Jim Henry. Jim Henry is really an advertising man, but he lives up to his disguise with considerable adroitness, even going so far as to poke a little mild fun at the professional advertising man. His space is headed "Jim Henry's Column," and the title to a recent talk was "Do you believe me?"

An advertising expert told me the other day, he observes, that if every man who reads my stuff should believe it and act upon it, the avalanche of orders would probably put Mennen out of business. I guess he's right. Imagine my whole audience of ten million men all deciding overnight that they wanted Mennen's!

I'm puzzled. I'm wondering how many of you fellows do believe me—how many of you I can get to confess a genuine interest in Mennen's Shaving Cream.

I wonder how many of you I can get to gamble a dime to prove to your everlasting satisfaction one of two things. Either I am the possessor of a high speed imagination—or Mennen's is the greatest preparation ever produced for reducing a growth of he-bristles to a state of pitiable nonresistance.

Either you believe me or you don't. If you do, you probably belong to the select class of men who are enjoying a blithesome Mennen shave every morning of their lives.

Now if you are in doubt, why not at least put it up to me to prove my case? Forget reason, prejudice or habit and act on your regular-fellow instinct. Obey that impulse and send me a dime for my big demonstrator tube and dare Mennen's to give you the kind of shave you've always wanted. Dare it to flower into the most gorgeous bank of lather that's ever decorated your facial landscape. Settle once for all this question of my veracity by using three times as much water as usual—and try cold water if you like it. Let your razor sink into the snow drift and dare it to give you the best shave you ever had in your life. That's all I want.

I'll go you one step further. When I get your dare-devil dime, I'll send you along a sample can of Mennen Talcum for Men—a real man's talcum for after shaving or bathing. It's fine for the skin—and it doesn't show.

If you're a sport, come through. Jim Henry (Mennen Salesman).

Plainly, advertising is entitled to make use of every lure known to the art of writing. The writer of advertising copy has in many respects a harder task than the writer of a short story or an essay. He must turn around in a much smaller space. To attract attention, create an atmosphere, and put over a selling message all within the compass of an average long paragraph is a difficult thing for the most accomplished writer. Limitations press him from all sides. The writer of a short story has only to amuse or entertain. The successful writer of a certain kind of advertising copy must amuse and entertain merely as a preliminary to delivering a certain message with the utmost possible force. He may, of course, blurt out his message without any preliminaries. A great deal of advertising is just that. But if he decides to use some one of the legitimate literary appeals, he must use his material with great economy.

The audience cannot be taken for granted, as it is by the writers of the more literary part of the magazine. The public is not predisposed to read advertising. Like Ulysses and his companions, no matter how alluring the song of the advertising sirens, part have ears stuffed with the wax of indifference, and the other part are lashed to the mast of financial incapacity —willing but unable.

You may say, Where is the advertising that can compare favorably with literature? Of course, it does not exist yet. I am showing that the advertising writer in using literature's attractive arts has a more difficult task than the writer pure and simple, but I do not say that he has performed it. Men have been writing literature three thousand years—advertising copy only about ten years. In the larger pieces of copy, folders, and booklets the terms are easier. Not merely in the humorous class, but as examples of earnestness, description, demonstration, inspiration, some of them have been very well done indeed.

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From Immigrant to Inventor

BY MICHAEL PUPIN
Professor of Electro-Mechanics, Columbia University, New York

VII.—END OF STUDIES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

WHEN I returned to Cambridge from little Idvor I often thought of my mother's words saying that I was living among the saints of Cambridge. These words sounded like the language which the minstrel of the old Serbian ballads would have used, in order to convey the meaning which she wished to convey. Whenever I saw one of the great dons of Cambridge, like the famous mathematician Cayley, or the still more famous mathematical physicist George Gabriel Stokes, the discoverer of fluorescence, I asked myself: "Are they the saints of Cambridge?" The answer was in the negative; most of these men were too mobile to pass for saints. One of them, for instance, although quite old and blind, was the stroke of a boat which was very prominent on the river Cam. Its crew consisted of Cambridge dons. When this aged stroke was not rowing he was riding a spirited horse, usually galloping briskly, with his young daughter chasing alongside of him, her long golden hair, like that of a valkyrie, lashing the air as she was making strenuous efforts to keep up with her speedy father. It was impossible to associate one's idea of saints with men of that type. But, nevertheless, my mother was right: Cambridge had its saints; their memory was the great glory of Cambridge.

Nature, published in London, was then as it is to-day the most popular scientific weekly in the United Kingdom. Many scientists of Cambridge used it as a medium for discussing in a popular way the current scientific events of the day. Among the files of *Nature*, which I consulted often, I found once a beautiful steel engraving of Faraday, together with a brief account of Faraday's work. It was written by Maxwell, as I found out later. Speaking of the activity of teachers of science, the writer said that they are expected "to bring the student into contact with two main sources of mental growth, *the fathers of sciences*, for whose personal influence over the opening mind there is no substitute, and the material things to which their labors first gave meaning." In the light of this thought I saw that in his two little classics, "Matter and Motion" and "Theory of Heat," Maxwell had brought me into contact with the fathers of dynamical sciences, and that La Grange, in his "Mechanique Analytique," had showed me the men who were the fathers of the science of dynamics, and that for this service I owed them everlasting gratitude.

Jim, the humble fireman in the Cortlandt Street factory, told me once: "This country, my lad, is a monument to the lives of men of brains and character and action who made it." From that day on the name "United States of America" recalled to my mind Washington, Hamilton, Franklin, Lincoln, and the other great men who are universally regarded as the fathers of this country; and when I learned to know and to appreciate them I felt that I was qualified to consider myself a part of this country. Maxwell and La Grange had taught me that Archimedes, Galileo, Newton, Carnot, Helmholtz, and other great investigators had made the dynamical sciences, and from that time on these sciences like monuments recalled to my mind the names of the men who made them. I never saw a man handling a crowbar without remembering that it was the historical lever which in the philosophy of Archimedes

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served as the earliest foundation for the science of statics. The word *force* always recalled the picture of Galileo dropping heavy bodies from the leaning tower of Pisa, and watching their uniformly accelerated motions, produced by the force which was impelling the falling body to the earth. The picture reminded me that by these ideally simple experiments Galileo had banished forever the mediæval superstition that bodies fall because they are afraid of the vacuum above, and substituted in its place the simple law of accelerating force, which prepared the foundation for the science of dynamics. I never saw a moving train being brought to a standstill by the frictional reactions of the brakes without seeing in my imagination the image of Newton formulating his great law of equality between physical actions and physical reactions, the crowning point of modern dynamics. These pictures illustrated what Maxwell meant when he spoke of the material things to which the labors of Archimedes, Galileo, and Newton gave a meaning, and when I caught that meaning I felt that I was no longer a stranger in the land of science. Their highest meaning, I knew, was the recognition that the truth which they conveyed was a part only of what my mother called the "Eternal Truth."

My work in Cambridge, guided principally by Maxwell and La Grange, reminded me, therefore, continually of the fathers of the sciences which I was studying and of the material things to which their labors gave a meaning. These thoughts gave me a satisfactory interpretation of my mother's words: "Cambridge is a great temple consecrated to the eternal truth; it is filled with icons of the great saints of science. The contemplation of their saintly work will enable you to communicate with the spirit of eternal truth." My description of the scientific activity of Cambridge produced this image in her mind, which was dominated by a spirit of piety and of reverence. This spirit, I always thought, is needed in science just as much as it is in religion. It was the spirit of Maxwell and of La Grange.

The atmosphere of Cambridge was most favorable to the cultivation of a spirit of reverence in scientific thought. At that time, just as to-day, Newton's name was the glory of Trinity College, and the name of Darwin was regarded with the same feeling of reverence at Christ College. Every college at Cambridge had at least one great name which was the glory of that college. These, one may say, were the names of the patron saints of Cambridge; their spirit was present everywhere, and its influence was certainly wonderful. It reminded me of my mother's words: "May God be praised forever for the blessings which you have enjoyed and will continue to enjoy in your life among the saints of Cambridge."

It may seem strange that a Cambridge student of science should have worried so much about interpreting his pious mother's words in terms of his expanding scientific knowledge. But that student was once a Serb peasant in whose early childhood the old Serbian ballads were his principal spiritual food. The central figure of these ballads was Prince Marko, the national hero, who at critical moments of his tempestuous life never appealed for aid to any man. When he needed counsel he asked it from his aged mother Yevrosima, and when he needed help in combat he appealed to Vila Raviyola, Marko's adopted sister, the greatest of all the fairies of the clouds. A mother can have a wonderful influence over her boy whose early mental attitude was moulded by impressions of that kind. When she has that influence, then she is her boy's oracle, and no amount of subsequent scientific training will disturb that relationship.

I often think of an old idea which I first conceived while a student at Cambridge. It is this: Our American colleges and universities should have days consecrated to the memories of what Maxwell called the fathers of the sciences, like Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Faraday, Maxwell, Darwin, Helmholtz. I mention these names, having physical sciences in mind, but similar names can be mentioned in other departments of human knowledge. Why should not science follow the beautiful example of religion, which has its saints' days? On these memorial days, say Newton's birthday, an address on Newton and his work should tell the young student why Newton is the father of the science

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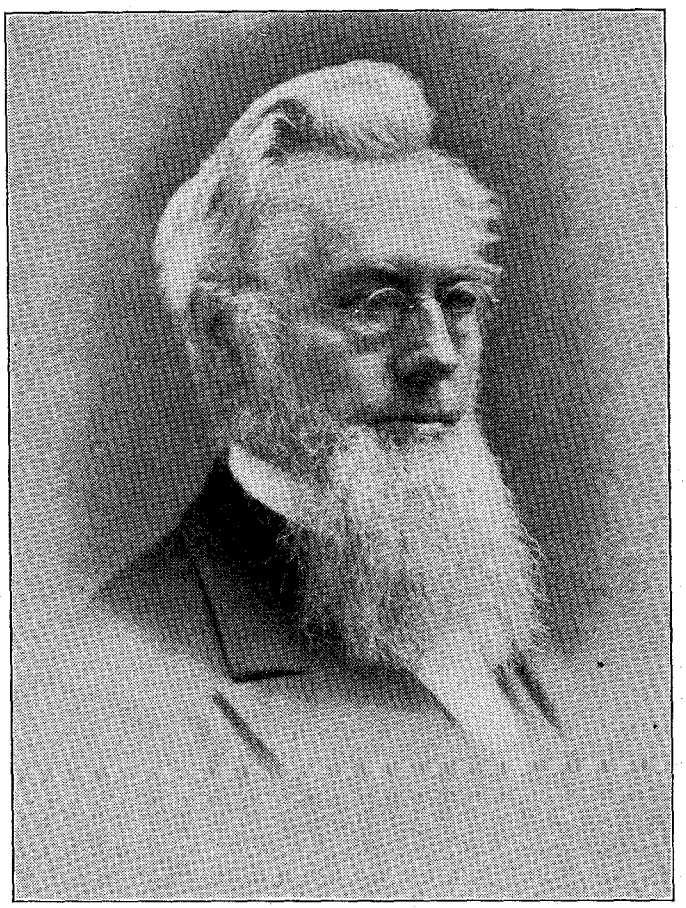
of dynamics. Dynamics is not a mere collection of inexorable physical laws which to a young student often sound like dry scientific facts and mute formulæ. Many text-books, unfortunately, represent it that way. It is a record of the sage conveyed to them by these celestial motions.

The Greeks of old sacrificed to their gods a hecatomb of oxen whenever one of their philosophers discovered a new theorem in geometry, and the philosopher's



President Frederick A. P. Barnard, of Columbia College, 1809-1889.

life-work of men who lived human lives and became what my mother called "saints of science," because they devoted their life-efforts to the deciphering of divine messages which, through physical phenomena, God addresses to man. The young mind should know as early as possible that dynamics had its origin in the heavens, in the motions of heavenly bodies, and that it was brought to earth by Galileo and Newton when they had deciphered the meaning of the divine message conveyed to them by these celestial motions.

The Greeks of old sacrificed to their gods a hecatomb of oxen whenever one of their philosophers discovered a new theorem in geometry, and the philosopher's memory was praised forever. The modern nations should not remain indifferent to the memory of the "saints of science" whose discoveries have advanced so much the physical and the spiritual welfare of man. My life among the saints of Cambridge suggested this idea, and my students, past and present, know that I have always been loyal to it, because I always believed that in this manner every American college and university could raise an invisible "temple consecrated to the

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eternal truth and fill it with icons of the great saints of science." A spirit of reverence for the science which the student is studying should be cultivated from the very start. I observed that spirit among my friends, the mathematical tripos men, at Cambridge; it was there as a part of local traditions. I certainly felt its influence, and the longer I stayed at Cambridge the more I felt convinced that "Cambridge is a great temple consecrated to the eternal truth." This enabled me to recognize while still at Cambridge that nothing was more characteristic of the mental attitude of many scientific men in America and in England at that time than their reverence for the "saints of science" and their strong desire to build "great temples consecrated to the eternal truth." Maxwell was one of their leaders, and the best illustration of that mental attitude. I have already referred to this in my short allusion to the Cambridge craving for scientific research, and I will now attempt to describe a much wider intellectual movement of which this craving was a local manifestation only. I felt the force of its current during my Cambridge days, and I recognize to-day that at that time I moved along following more or less unconsciously the stream-lines of this current.

The completion of the mathematical training under Routh recommended by Niven was approaching its end and I was satisfied with its results. I could follow without much effort the lectures of Stokes and Lord Rayleigh, and I could handle the mathematics of Maxwell's theory of electricity with considerable ease; but I did not understand his physics.

President Barnard, of Columbia College, said once in an address of fifty years ago that a young student in America at that time lacked a "knowledge of visible things and not information about them—knowledge acquired by the learner's own conscious efforts, not crammed into his mind in set forms of words out of books." His statement fitted admirably my own case; I lacked that knowledge of visible things which one gets from his own conscious efforts; I had no knowledge of physics acquired from my own conscious efforts in a physical laboratory. Neither Columbia College nor any other college in the United States, with very few exceptions, offered at that time this opportunity to the student. I suspected that this was the real secret of my inability to understand Maxwell's physics; I longed for work in a real physical laboratory and made preparations to enter the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge. But I learned, in the beginning of 1885, that Lord Rayleigh had given up the directorship of this laboratory, and that a Mr. J. J. Thomson of Trinity College was appointed as his successor, the same Thomson who is to-day Sir Joseph John Thomson, Master of Trinity College, and the leading physicist in the world. The new director was only twenty-eight years of age in the year of his appointment—at the end of 1884. Although a second wrangler in the mathematical tripos test of 1880, he was four years later already a sufficiently famous experimental physicist to be appointed director of the Cavendish Laboratory. The new director was only two years older than myself, but he was already a famous experimental physicist, whereas I had never had a physical apparatus in my hand. What will he think of me, thought I, when I present myself to him and ask for permission to work as a mere beginner in the Cavendish Laboratory! I blushed when I thought of it, and I was afraid that I should blush even more when he compared me to his younger students who had already acquired much skill in physical manipulations. The failure of my competition with boys and girls in the speed tests of punching biscuits in the Cortlandt Street cracker factory came back to my memory and I bemoaned, just as I did in Cortlandt Street nine years before, my hard luck of having had no earlier training. Many an American college student of physics bemoaned in those days his lack of early laboratory training. When I say this I am touching the principal point of my narrative; it is the point at which my narrative begins to sail on the back of a wave which started actually when Johns Hopkins University was organized, in 1876, but the motive power of which was gathering long before that, perhaps at the same time when the motive power of the Cambridge movement in favor of scientific research was gathering,

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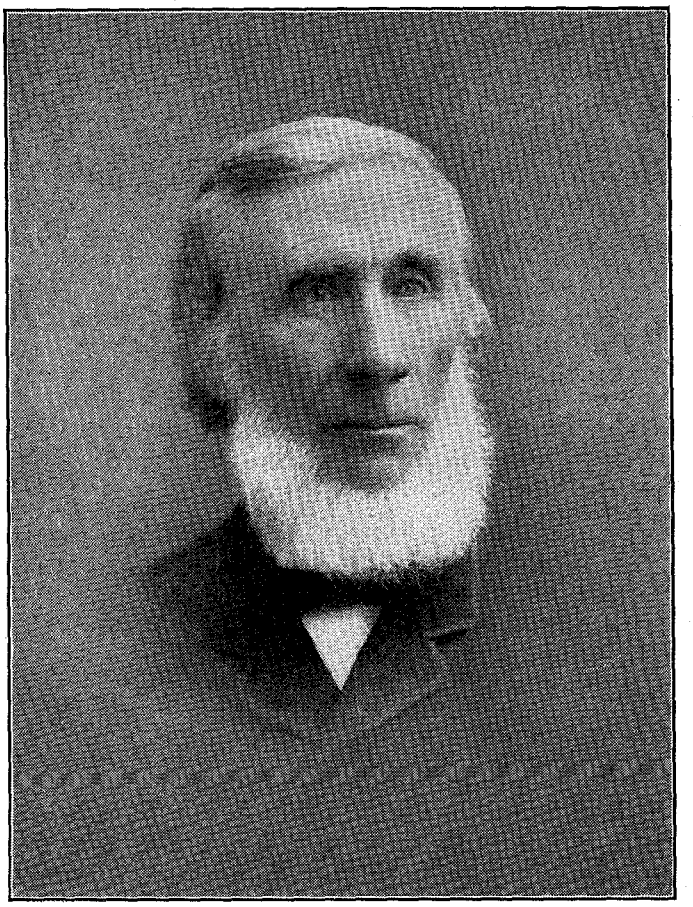
resulting, as it did, in the establishment of the Cavendish Laboratory. But I must resume the thread of my story and return later to the point just mentioned.

My lack of what Barnard called "knowledge of visible things . . . acquired by the learner's own conscious efforts . . ." gave me much anxiety and I often thought that it would, perhaps, be better to go to some other university where the director of the physical laboratory was an older man, who would not notice my age as much as would the new and extremely young director of the Cavendish Laboratory. That thought, however, did not console me much, because I was very much attached to Cambridge and did not wish to give up what my mother called "life among the saints of Cambridge."

Just then, as if by an act of kind providence, a letter from President Barnard, of Columbia College, reached me, enclosing a letter of introduction to John Tyndall, the famous physicist, colleague and successor of Faraday in the direction of the Royal Institution. Barnard informed me that Columbia had received a generous sum of money from Tyndall, representing a part of the net proceeds from his famous course of public lectures on light, which he had delivered in the United States in 1872–1873; that the income of this sum would be given as a fellowship to a Columbia graduate to assist him in his study of experimental physics; that the fellowship would be called a John Tyndall Fellowship, netting over five hundred dollars annually; and that he and



John Tyndall, from a photograph taken about 1885.
1820–1893.

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Rood, professor of physics at Columbia, considered me a suitable candidate. Unexpected things of this kind happen every now and then, and when they do they certainly encourage the belief that there is such a thing as luck.

I called on Tyndall without much delay and delivered Barnard's letter of introduction. One may imagine how I felt when I saw and spoke to the very man whose descriptions of physical phenomena had been the first to disclose to me on the top loft of the Cortlandt Street factory the poetical side of the physical sciences. I expected to find a scientist looking like a poet and a dreamer, but I did not. He looked exactly what he was: a plain and benevolent-looking Irishman. I had seen many an old Irishman among my New York friends and acquaintances who looked exactly as Tyndall looked, and when he spoke there was also the fire, the vigor, and the humor of the agile Irish mind. In less than the time it takes to tell this he made me feel that I had always known him, and that he was my old and generous friend. His questions were wonderfully direct, just as direct, I thought, as the questions which he addressed to physical phenomena when in his famous lectures he was deciphering their hidden meaning. He deciphered me very quickly, I thought, as if I were the simplest physical phenomenon which he had ever observed. The fact, however, that I held his attention encouraged me. He apparently attached no very great importance to my lack of early training in experimental physics, but advised me to avoid further delay. He informed me, by way of encouraging me, that he was over thirty when he took his doctor's degree at the University of Marburg, in Germany. A lack of early advantages, he thought, could always be overcome by redoubling one's efforts in later years. His own career proved that. He also called my attention to a short account of the work of the famous Helmholtz written for *Nature* by no lesser a man, he said, than great Maxwell. This story, he thought, would show me that the great professor at the University of Berlin did not have early advantages in experimental physics, and that he became a professor of physics when he was already fifty years of age. He encouraged me to apply for the new fellowship at Columbia as soon as it became operative, and to make up my mind quickly to migrate to the best physical laboratory that I could find. I asked him what laboratory he would recommend and he directed my attention again to Maxwell's account of the work of Helmholtz, mentioned above. When I was about to leave, promising, at his request, to call again, he gave me a copy of his lectures on light, which he had delivered in the United States thirteen years before. "Read them," he said, "and when you come again I shall be glad to discuss with you some of the points of this little book; they will explain to you the full meaning of President Barnard's letter, and of its historical background. Read also volume VIII of *Nature*."

I had read Tyndall's lectures on light before I entered Columbia College, but upon reading them again I found there very many things which I had missed before. They did not, of course, describe satisfactorily the physical properties of the luminiferous ether—no lectures ever did—but they did describe, I thought, a bit of the history of physical sciences in the United States which was a revelation to me. It is, as I know now, a most important contribution to the history of the development of scientific thought in the United States and deserves a prominent place in this narrative, because I was a witness of this development during the last forty years.

Joseph Henry, the most distinguished American physicist, together with other distinguished American scientists, among them President Barnard, of Columbia College, invited Tyndall, in 1872, to deliver a course of lectures in some of the principal cities in the United States. The object of these lectures was, quoting Tyndall's words, "to show the uses of experiment in the cultivation of natural knowledge," hoping that this "would materially promote scientific education in this country." Tyndall delivered his famous course of six lectures on light in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. Joseph Henry, as secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and president of the National Academy of Sciences,

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took them under his personal direction. The success of these lectures surpassed even the most sanguine expectations. At the farewell dinner to Tyndall some of the wisest scientific intellects of the land were heard, and their words indicated clearly what was the uppermost thought in the minds of the scientific men of the United States when they invited Tyndall. I quote here some of the words spoken by these men.

President Barnard of Columbia, the first American expounder of the undulatory theory of light, said:

> I say, then, that our long-established and time-honored system of liberal education . . . does not tend to form original investigators of nature's truths. . . .
>
> Among the great promoters of scientific progress . . . how large is the number who may, in strict propriety, be said to have educated themselves? Take, for illustration, such familiar names as those of William Herschel and Franklin, and Rumford, and Rittenhouse, and Davy, and Faraday, and Henry. Is it not evident that nature herself, to those who will follow her teachings, is a better guide to the study of her own phenomena than all the training of our schools? And is not this because nature invariably begins with the training of the observing faculties?
>
> The moral of this experience is, that mental culture is not secured by pouring information into passive recipients; it comes from stimulating the mind to gather knowledge for itself. . . . If we would fit man properly to cultivate nature . . . our earliest teachings must be things and not words.

Joseph Henry.
1799–1878.

Doctor John William Draper, the world-renowned American investigator of the laws of radiation from hot bodies, said:

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Nowhere in the world are to be found more imposing political problems than those to be settled here; nowhere a greater need of scientific knowledge. I am not speaking of ourselves alone, but also of our Canadian friends on the other side of the St. Lawrence. We must join together in generous emulation of the best that is done in Europe. . . . Together we must try to refute what De Toqueville has said about us, that communities such as ours can never have a love of pure science.

Andrew White, President of Cornell, said:

I will confine myself to the value, in our political progress, of the spirit and example of some of the scientific workers of our day and generation. What is the example which reveals that spirit? It is an example of *zeal*, zeal in search for the truth . . . of *thoroughness*—of the truth sought in its wholeness . . . of *bravery*, to brave all outcry and menace . . . of *devotion* to duty without which no scientific work can be accomplished . . . *of faith* that truth and goodness are inseparable.

The reverence for scientific achievement, the revelation of the high honors which are in store for those who seek for truth in science—the inevitable comparison between a life devoted to the great pure search, on the one hand, and a life devoted to place-hunting or self-grasping on the other—all these shall come to the minds of thoughtful men in lonely garrets of our cities, in remote cabins of our prairies, and thereby shall come strength and hope for higher endeavor.

Tyndall responded in part as follows:

It would be a great thing for this land of incalculable destinies to supplement its achievements in the industrial arts by those higher investigations from which our mastery over nature and over industrial art itself has been derived. . . . To no other country is the cultivation of science, in its highest form, of more importance than to yours. In no other country would it exert a more benign and elevating influence. . . . Let chairs be founded, sufficiently but not luxuriously endowed, which shall have original research for their main object and ambition. . . . The willingness of American citizens to throw their fortunes into the cause of public education is, as I have already stated, without parallel in my experience. Hitherto their efforts have been directed to the practical side of science. . . . But assuredly among your men of wealth there are those willing to listen to an appeal on higher grounds. . . . It is with the view of giving others the chance that I enjoyed, among my noble and disinterested German teachers, that I propose, after deducting, with strict accuracy, the sums which have been actually expended on my lectures, *to devote every cent of the money which you have so generously poured in upon me, to the education of young American philosophers in Germany.*

What a splendid example to the men of wealth to whom Tyndall was appealing! We shall see later that the appeal was not made in vain.

But the sentiments expressed at this dinner were echoes, only, of Tyndall's thundering voice, to which America listened spellbound when he delivered the last of his course of six lectures on light. In the last part of this lecture, called "Summary and Conclusions," he first erected what my mother would have called "a temple consecrated to the eternal truth" which we call light, and in that temple he placed what she would have called "the icons of the saints of the science" of light. The names of Alhazan, Vitellio, Roger Bacon, Kepler, Snellius, Newton, Thomas Young, Fresnel, Stokes, and Kirchhoff stood there like so many icons of saints which one sees on the altars of orthodox churches. In this he surpassed, I thought, even Maxwell and La Grange, and that was saying a great deal. He stood in the middle of that temple and challenged the statement once made by De Toqueville that "the man of the North has not only experience but knowledge. He, however, does not care for science as a pleasure, and only embraces it with avidity when it leads to useful applications." Tyndall proceeded to draw a clear distinction between science and its applications, pointing out that technical education without original investigations will "lose all force and growth, all power of reproduction," just "as surely as a stream dwindles when the spring dies out." "The original investigator," said Tyndall, "constitutes the fountainhead of knowledge. It belongs to the teacher to give this knowledge the requisite form; an honorable and often difficult task. But it is a task which receives its final sanctification when the teacher himself honestly tries to add a rill to the great stream of scientific discovery. Indeed, it may be doubted whether the real life of science can be fully felt and communicated by the man who has not himself been taught by direct communion with nature. We may, it is true, have good and instructive lectures from men of ability, the whole of whose knowledge is second-hand, just as we may have good and instructive sermons from intellectually able and unregenerate men. But for that power of science which corresponds

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to what the Puritan fathers would call experimental religion in the heart, you must ascend to the original investigator."

Many more passages could be quoted from Tyndall's "Summary and Conclusions" of his American lectures. Suffice it to say here that the cause of scientific research in this country never had a more eloquent advocate than Tyndall. The message which he delivered in his American lecture tour in 1872–1873 was heard and heeded in every part of the United States and of the British Empire. It is no exaggeration to say that the response to this call was the movement for scientific research in American colleges and universities which dates from those memorable years. It was in its earliest days under the leadership of the famous Joseph Henry, President Barnard, and other American scientists who had associated themselves in the National Academy of Sciences which was chartered by an act of Congress in 1865.

I shall try to show in the course of this narrative that it was the greatest intellectual movement in the United States, producing results of which nobody could have dreamed even fifty years ago; and the end is not yet in sight.

Tyndall had called my attention to volume VIII of *Nature*. The article on Faraday I had read before, but there were a large number of other communications advocating strongly the stimulation of scientific research in colleges and universities. Tyndall's "Summary and Conclusions" had aroused a deep interest in my mind for these things and, besides, they furnished a most welcome sidelight upon the Cambridge movement, which, as described above, I had felt before I met Tyndall. The University of Cambridge was severely criticised in these communications by some Cambridge dons themselves on account of the alleged entire absence of the scientific-research stimulus. One of these criticisms is so characteristic of the feeling of Cambridge in 1873 that it deserves a special reference. It is in volume VIII of *Nature* and is entitled: "A Voice from Cambridge." A very brief abstract follows:

> It is known all over the world that science is all but dead in England. By science, of course, we mean that searching for new knowledge which is its own reward. . . . It is also known that science is perhaps deadest of all at our universities. Let any one compare Cambridge, for instance, with any German university; nay, with even some provincial offshoots of the University of France. . . . What, then, do the universities do? They perform the functions, for too many of their students, of first-grade schools merely, and that in a manner about which opinions are divided; and superadded to these is an enormous examining engine, on the most approved Chinese model, always at work. . . .

Not even President Barnard could have uttered a more severe criticism! The most forcible appeal was made by the president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at its meeting in Bradford, in September, 1873. This I also found in volume VIII of *Nature*. These stirring appeals were published several months after Tyndall's lecture tour in the United States, and they all sounded to me like so many echoes of the thundering voice with which he delivered the "Summary and Conclusions" of his American lectures.

These studies, recommended by Tyndall, gave me a view of science which I did not have before. I caught a glimpse of it from the books of Maxwell and La Grange, to which I referred above. The realms of science are a strange land to a youth who enters them, just as the United States was a strange land to me when I landed at Castle Garden. Maxwell, La Grange, and Tyndall were the first to teach me how to catch the spirit of the strange land of science, and when I caught it I felt as confident as I did in Cortlandt Street after I had read and understood the early historical documents of the United States. I knew that soon I should be able to apply for citizenship in that great state called science. These were the thoughts which I carried with me when I started out for my second visit to Tyndall.

When I called on Tyndall again, a month or so after my first visit, I took along a definite plan for my future work. This pleased him, because he had advised me that every youth must think through his own head, the same advice which was given me some years later by Professor Willard Gibbs, of Yale. I assured Tyndall that my second reading of the "Summary and Conclusions" of his sixth American lecture had cleared my vision, and

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that I knew perfectly what my next step should be. He was much amused when I told him how, eighteen months before, I had wandered into Cambridge like a goose into a fog, and asked me where I got that expression. I told him that it was a Serbian saying, and he looked perfectly surprised when I told him that I was a Serb by birth.

"Well, I did not decipher you as quickly as you said I did. I thought," said he, referring to my habit of emphasizing the sound of the letter *r* in my pronunciation, "that you were a native American of Scotch ancestry." "Why not of Irish?" asked I, entering into his jocose mood. "Ah, my young friend," said he, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "you are too deliberate and too cautious to suggest the Irish type. I do not know what I would have thought had I seen you when you wandered into Cambridge 'like a goose into a fog.'"

He was evidently much impressed by my careful analysis of his "Summary and Conclusions" and of its effect upon the minds of American and English scientists. Seeing that he enjoyed informal conversation and encouraged it, I told him of my Alpine experiences in Switzerland and of the anxiety I caused to my English acquaintance because I was far from being "too deliberate and too cautious." "Well," said he, "I might have suspected an Irish ancestry if I had met you in Switzerland twenty months ago. But you have changed wonderfully since that time, and if you keep it up the goose that came to Cambridge may be quite a swan when it departs from Cambridge."

I informed Tyndall that Maxwell's glowing account of Helmholtz, which I had seen in Campbell's life of Maxwell, and in *Nature*, to which he had referred me, had decided me to migrate from Cambridge to Berlin and take up the study of experimental physics in Helmholtz's famous laboratory. He looked pleased and, referring good-naturedly to my goose simile again, he said jokingly: "You are no longer a goose in a fog. Let Helmholtz decide whether you are a swan or not." Then, growing more serious, he added: "You will find in the Berlin laboratory the very things which my American and British friends and I should like to see in operation in all college and university laboratories in America and in the British Empire. In this respect the Germans have been leading the world for over forty years, and they have been splendid leaders." This, then, was the reason, I thought, why, twelve years before, Tyndall said to his New York friends: "I propose . . . to devote every cent of the money which you have so generously poured in upon me, to the education of young American philosophers in Germany."

I ventured to address to the very informal Tyndall the following informal question: "Since in your opinion I am no longer a goose in a fog, you will have no objection if I apply to the Columbia authorities to send me as their 'young American philosopher,' as their first Tyndall fellow, to Berlin, will you?" "No, my friend," said he, "I have already urged you to do so. Remember, however, that a Tyndall fellow must never permit himself to wander like a goose in a fog, but must strive to carry his head high up like a swan, his body floating upon the clear waters of stored-up human knowledge, and his vision, mounted on high, searching for new communications with the spirit of eternal truth, as your mother expressed it so well." He liked my mother's expressions, "temple consecrated to the eternal truth," and "the icons of the great saints of science."

I will add here that Tyndall's mental attitude toward science appeared to me to be the same as my mother's mental attitude toward religion. God was the great spiritual background of her religion, and the works of the prophets and of the saints were, according to her faith, the only sources from which the human mind can draw the light which will illuminate this great spiritual background. Hence, as I said before, her fondness for and her remarkable knowledge of the words of the prophets and the lives of saints. The "eternal truth" was, according to my understanding at that time, the sacred background of Tyndall's scientific faith, and the works of the great scientific discoverers, their lives, and their methods of inquiry into physical phenomena were the only sources from which the human mind can draw the light which will illuminate

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that sacred background. He nourished that faith with a religious devotion, and his appeals in the name of that faith were irresistible. His friends in America and in England, who were glad to have him as their advocate of the cause of scientific research, had the same faith that he had, and they nourished it with the same religious devotion. I know to-day, and I suspected it at that time, that this faith was kindled and kept alive in the hearts of those men both here and in the British Empire by the light of the life and of the wonderful discoveries of Michael Faraday, and by the prophetic vision which led this great scientist to his discoveries. He was their contemporary and his achievements, like a great search-light, showed them the true path of scientific progress.

My last visit to Tyndall took place toward the end of the last, that is, the Easter term, and when I returned to Cambridge I informed my friends that at the end of the term I would migrate to Berlin. It was not necessary for me to assure them how badly I felt to leave what they often heard me call "the saints and the sacred precincts of Cambridge"; they knew of my reverence for the place and they also knew my reasons for that reverence. They understood my reverent devotion to the memory of Newton, but they did not quite understand my similar devotion to the memory of Maxwell. How could they? None of his classics were necessary in order to solve the problems usually served before the candidates for the mathematical tripos honors. Neither could they understand why I rejoiced so much about La Grange, who, in their opinion, was only an imperfect interpreter of Newton. Helmholtz they appreciated more, but the exalted opinion which Maxwell had of Helmholtz had not yet penetrated among my mathematical chums at Cambridge. They were sorry to lose me, they said, but they did not envy me, because they did not see that Berlin had anything which Cambridge did not have. This never was the opinion of Maxwell and it was not at that time the opinion of Tyndall.

Tyndall was the only physicist that I had ever met who had known Faraday personally. He was Faraday's co-worker in the Royal Institution for many years, and to him and Maxwell I owe my earliest knowledge of Faraday's wonderful personality. Tyndall conducted me into that knowledge by word of mouth, and his conversation about Faraday's personality and scientific temperament thrilled me. I told him that I had bought in a Cambridge second-hand bookshop three volumes of Faraday's "Electrical Researches" for three shillings, and Tyndall remarked: "Faraday is still quite cheap at Cambridge." Then, after some meditation, he added: "Read them; their story is just as new and as stirring to-day as it was when these volumes were first printed. They will help you much to interpret Maxwell." He presented me with a copy of his story, "Faraday as a Discoverer," which closes with the words:

"Just and faithful knight of God."

In this book Tyndall drew the same picture of Faraday which Campbell had given me of Maxwell. One can imagine what it meant to the world to bring these two spiritual and intellectual giants into personal contact during the period of 1860–1865, when Maxwell was professor at King's College, London, and Faraday was at the Royal Institution, where he had been for nearly sixty years. It was significant that at the close of that period, that is, in January, 1865, Maxwell, in a letter to an intimate friend, said this:

"I have a paper afloat, with an electromagnetic theory of light, which, till I am convinced to the contrary, I hold to be great guns."

A very strong claim made by the most modest of men! The paper was presented during that year to the Royal Society and was "great guns." It marks, like Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation and his formulation of the laws of dynamics, a new epoch in science. In Maxwell I saw a Newton of the electrical science, but I confess that in those days nothing more substantial than my youthful enthusiasm justified me in that opinion. I was aware that my knowledge of Faraday's discoveries and of Maxwell's interpretation of them was quite hazy, and I made up my mind to get more light before I started out for Berlin.

The summer vacation was on and I de-

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cided to take Faraday's "Electrical Researches" to Scotland, the land of Maxwell. In the preface to his great and to me at that time enigmatic electrical treatise Maxwell modestly had stated that he was an interpreter, only, of Faraday. But I was delighted when I heard Tyndall's suggestion that Faraday would help me to interpret Maxwell. Perhaps, thought I, the invigorating air of Maxwell's native Scotland would help me to catch some of the ideas which Maxwell had caught when he was reading Faraday. I selected what I thought would be a quiet and secluded spot, the island of Arran. It belonged to the Duke of Hamilton, and I was told that his grace had imposed so many restrictions upon his tenants that the island had become an ideal spot for those who sought seclusion. I found there a neat little inn at Corrie. It was surrounded by several tiny cottages for summer visitors who took their meals at the inn. It was popular with people from Glasgow, Greenock, and Paisley. Every one of the visiting families was blessed with numerous daughters. They were very athletic and played tennis from early morning till late in the afternoon, interrupted now and then by swimming contests in the frigid waters of the Firth of Clyde. In the evening there was lively dancing—not easy-going waltzing, but the real fling and reel of the strenuous highland type. "What a sturdy race this is," I said to myself, as I watched the dancers working themselves up into a frenzy of rhythmic movements, one hand resting upon the hip, the other raised high up in the air, while their joyful limbs were pumping up and down in perfect rhythm as if they were busy pulling up from mother earth all the earthly joys stored up there for mortal man. The whole scene was particularly thrilling to me when a piper came along and furnished the music. The bagpipes reminded me of my native Idvor, and made me feel at home in bonny Scotland before I had been much over a week in Arran. The Scotch and the Serbs have many things in common, and I always believed that somewhere back in the history of Iran they must have belonged to the same tribe. I am told that at the Macedonian front the Scotch and the Serbian soldiers got along beautifully, as if they had known each other from time immemorial, and they had little use for the other races assembled there. I got along at Corrie as if I had known the Scotch all my life. But that had its disadvantages also. I came to Corrie looking for seclusion where, undisturbed, I could communicate with Faraday. But the lively lassies from Glasgow, Greenock, and Paisley, the tennis and the swimming contests, the fascinating sound of the bagpipes accompanying the stirring highland dances—all these things whispered into my ear: "Faraday can wait, but your friends here cannot." Then I remembered a passage in one of Maxwell's letters, given in Campbell's life of Maxwell, which said: "Well, work is good and reading is good, but friends are better." What a splendid excuse for joining the lassies and the lads at Corrie and revelling in the healthful pursuits of their youthful exuberance! Besides, said I to myself, have I not accomplished enough during my eighteen months drilling under Routh, Maxwell, La Grange, Rayleigh, Stokes, and Tyndall to deserve a complete change of mental and physical activity? When a person looks for an excuse to do what he or she likes to do a splendid excuse can always be found, and so I bade a temporary farewell to Faraday's "Electrical Researches," and joined the playful activities of my Corrie friends, challenging them to go to the limit. In tennis and swimming I held my own, but the highland reels floored me every time, until Madge, one of the sturdy lassies from Greenock, by persistent private instruction finally succeeded in initiating me into the mysteries of the highland rhythm. Glen Sannox, near Corrie, with its rich beds of heather, watched me often by the hour making many futile efforts to catch this rhythm and make my limbs obey it. Nobody else watched these efforts in lonely Glen Sannox excepting Madge, and she, I told her, had more fun than a Bosnian gypsy training his bear. I can still hear the slopes of Glen Sannox echoing the clear notes of her ringing laughter, whenever I made an awkward and clumsy movement in my persistent efforts to master the highland fling or reel. She could not help it, and I did not mind it,

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because I had made up my mind to do the trick or die. Finally I did it, not very well, but well enough for a fellow who was not a Scotchman, and Madge presented me with my portrait in pencil, which she drew during the intermissions between my efforts to master the art of the highland dances. That was my reward and it was a very good one; she was a most promising young artist who had won several prizes in the Greenock art school. The memory of this experience always recalled to my mind the thoughts which went through my head at that time—the thoughts, namely, that Scotch originality, individuality, and sturdiness are hard to follow, not only when a foreigner meets these wonderful qualities in the mental activity of a Scot, like the mental activity of a Maxwell, but also in physical activity like that displayed in the national dances of Scotland. One does not appreciate fully the wonderful qualities of the Scot until he tries to master the theory and the practice of the highland fling or reel. Maxwell's electrical theory, I thought, might be just as different from other electrical theories as the highland dances are different from the dances of other nations. I found out later that my guess was not very far from the truth.

Several years ago I was driving through the streets of London, visiting England again after an absence of many years. Suddenly I saw a crowd watching a Scotch dancer. The dancer was a young woman in highland costume, and she was dancing the sword dance exquisitely; her husband was playing the bagpipes, marching up and down with all the swagger of the Scotch highlander. I stopped my cab, got out, and watched. The memories of Corrie and of Oban and of the gathering of the clans there which I witnessed while at Arran came back and I was thrilled. Presently the dancer reached me in her tour soliciting voluntary contributions. I threw a sovereign into her plate and she looked surprised and asked me whether I had not made a mistake. "Yes," said I, "I did make a mistake when I went out with only one sovereign in my pocket. If I had two you should have them both." "Are you a Scotchman, sir?" she asked jokingly, and when I said "No" she smiled and said: "I did not think you were." She knew that there was a fundamental difference between a Scot and a Serb.

After I had been at Corrie for about a month a letter arrived from my mother, written by my oldest sister, telling me how happy she was that I had decided to spend my summer in Scotland for the purpose of meditating over the life and the work of one of the greatest "saints of science." I meant Faraday when I wrote to her. She also told me that Idvor was fearfully dusty on account of a long-continued drought, and that the crops were poor and the vintage prospects even poorer, and that Idvor was not a very cheerful place during that summer for anybody who wished to meditate free from complaints of grumbling neighbors. "Berlin, I am told, is much nearer to Idvor and when you are there you can always run down to Idvor, much more easily than you can now," she said, closing her letter, in which logic and motherly love vied with each other to furnish her with a consolation for my absence from Idvor during that summer.

My mother's letter made me feel guilty and it called for a reconsideration of my first resolution, adopted a month earlier, which authorized me to bid a temporary farewell to Faraday's "Electrical Researches," and I passed another resolution rescinding my first. But the question arose, how to carry it into effect. The answer was obvious: bid good-by to Corrie. My friends, however, suggested a less obvious but certainly a much more agreeable answer. "Go up and live in the Macmillan homestead, and read your Faraday there in the morning and come down to Corrie for dinner, late in the afternoon," suggested Madge, and the suggestion was adopted without a dissenting voice on the part of my young friends.

The Macmillan homestead was a very humble old cottage located half-way between Corrie and the top of Goat Fell Mountain, the highest point on the island of Arran. An old crofter and his wife lived there, leading one of the most frugal existences that I had ever seen anywhere. They were willing to furnish me with lodging and simple breakfast, consisting of tea and oatmeal porridge with some bread covered with a thin layer of American lard. I did not object; I was pre-

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pared to take up low living and high thinking for the love of Michael Faraday. Communion with Faraday from early morning until four in the afternoon, and after that any play that came along, with plenty of dancing in the evening, was a splendid combination. Practically one solid meal a day, my dinner at the Corrie inn, supplied the fuel for all this activity, and it did it satisfactorily. How could I complain? The man whose wonderful scientific discoveries I was absorbing each day started life as a bookbinder's apprentice, and the founder of the great Macmillan publishing-house was born and passed his boyhood days in the humble cottage where I was lodging. I was sure that in their youth they never had more than one solid meal a day and they prospered. My rapid absorption and digestion of the mental food which Faraday offered I attributed to my avoidance of superfluous physical food, but I must confess that I was quite hungry when dinner was served at the Corrie inn, and I enjoyed it immensely.

I never understood the full meaning of low living and high thinking as well as I did while I was a lodger at the Macmillan homestead. My thinking machinery, I thought, never worked better, and even my vision, always very good, seemed to be better than ever before. On exceptionally clear days I was sure that from the high elevation of the Macmillan cottage, on the slope of Goat Fell Mountain, I could see the beautiful Firth of Clyde as far as Greenock and Paisley, and at times even the gray and gloomy edifices of Glasgow seemed to loom up in the distance. I bragged about it, but my friends at Corrie met my bragging by informing me, jokingly, that any Scotchman can see much farther than that. One of them, a pupil of Sir William Thomson at the University of Glasgow, met my bragging by the epigrammatic question: "Can you see in Faraday as far as Maxwell, the Scotchman, saw?" I never bragged again about my vision while I was in Scotland. I was certain, however, that from the Macmillan homestead on the slopes of Goat Fell Mountain I obtained a deeper view into Faraday's discoveries than I could have obtained in any other place. I seldom mention the names of Faraday and Maxwell without recalling to memory the beautiful island of Arran and the humble Macmillan homestead on Goat Fell Mountain.

(To be continued.)

A Shrine

BY VIRGINIA JEFFREY MORGAN

No sanctuary can compare
With an orchard that I know,
When April slips into its aisles
And swinging censers blow—

When, 'neath its wondrous traceries,
The choristers that sing
Are robins, at their matins or
Their vespers, in the Spring.

A deep sky stains its windows blue,
And the nun-like breezes pass,
Embroidering bright petals on
Its altar-cloth—the grass.

No guide is needed but the heart,
For every passer there
May pause and see its loveliness
And offer up a prayer.

Each one can say his vespers well
In that old orchard close,
When the Sun sends dying blessings down
Its deep aisles, as he goes—

And through those aisles an acolyte
Comes stealing from afar—
It is the Dusk, and in the East
He lights the Evening Star!

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Plagiarism

BY VALMA CLARK
Author of "Ignition"

DRAWINGS BY OLIVER KEMP

IRISH and Indian—a redskin with blue eyes! Jules Keary's face in the firelight, as he squatted on the floor before flaming birch logs, and, to the thud of his drum, sang us an Ojibway love-song, was the high note of the otherwise dusky room; studying it, I thought again what an amazing, incalculable combination it was, and wondered whether the Irish father or the Indian mother was on top in him. It was a face more mobile and responsive than any full-blood's face, but the young guide's pose was all Indian—the picturesque slim figure, with an unnecessarily barbaric handkerchief, scarlet splotched with green and yellow, knotted above a soft khaki shirt.

Jules's song consisted of about five unintelligible words repeated over and over, but he sang them softly, and somehow he managed to weave a spell over the bored hotel guests, so they forgot that the weather was beastly and that it had been beastly for three days, that they were cooped up on an island with nothing to do but squabble over bridge, and that it still lacked an hour until dinner. Usually, when things reached the breaking point, Jules took over the floor. He was no ordinary guide, was Jules, I reflected; he was a find for any summer hotel.

Jules came to an end at last, felt for his pipe. "Haven't an idea what it means," sighed White Trousers, mooning at the Girl-in-Cherry-Organdy, who in turn mooned at Jules, "but it *sounds* good. Trouble is, there's no romance left——"

"Ha, no romance!" murmured Jules thoughtfully. "You never hear the story of the water-lily maid and her lover? White flower with an almond scent growing in a stagnant pool of green slime. He stop aside, but the fresh stream flowing, flowing, lures him out again. Water-lily bruised, dies brown. A long tale, but she live not a hundred years ago——"

"It's not romance I'm regretting," grumbled the Gruff One in corduroys. "There's no *adventure* left closer than Africa. Even here in Canada the fish are minnows and the deer are a myth. Give me the good old days before the wilds were tamed!"

"Adventure, eh?" said Jules mysteriously. (He is the only talkative Indian I have ever met.) "Even in a summer hotel I hear a sea-gull with the voice of a —a Tetebahbundung, I find a pretty maiden with the soul of a—buzzard. White Crow himself dwells not a hundred miles from here, and White Crow has kept girls captive at Lone Lake."

"But, good Lord, Jules, open up! Come on with your fairy-tales!"

He smiled inscrutably—his Indian smile.

"It *is* sweet," breathed Miss Cherry Organdy, still dreaming. "What does it mean, Jules?"

Lazily tapping the floor with his drumstick, he gave it to her in straight, flawless English:

"In the still night, the long hours through,
I guide my bark canoe,
My bark canoe, my love, to you. . . ."

"But that's English *verse*, Jules—perfectly good!" exclaimed the girl.

"I memorize—for you."

"You know you're a fraud," she accused, flushing up. "That Six Mile Lake trip—you took us the long way round through all those rushes. I was back there with the Sinclairs, and there's a perfectly simple path. Why did you do it?"

"You want a trip, I give you a trip," answered Jules serenely; and in the splutter of protest which followed that, Jules

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rose, as though a little weary of them, and sauntered over to me.

"You bored, Mr. Cummins?" he asked, dropping his social manner and speaking directly, as one man to another. "You too say there is no adventure left in the world; I see it in your face."

"You don't call *this* adventure? Camp life where the ladies rough it in silk sport skirts! Not that it matters; not that *anything* matters——"

"You better, sir?"

"Lord, yes, I'm up to anything. I can push a wicked paddle, but if this weather holds——"

"A three-day blow—wind goes down with the sun; clear to-morrow. What you give me if I give you—adventure, Mr. Cummins?"

"A trip, you mean?" I demanded, sitting up. "Jules, I'll give you—fifty bucks if you'll chance me on a canoe trip—a real one. Damn the doctors! I can stand up under my end of it, I swear."

"Fifty bucks"—he considered it. "The Tuttles have engaged me. . . ."

"Eh? Well, then. . . . Look here, Jules, mum's the word, but there's a chap coming over from Parry Sound with two cases of Johnny Walker; gets here Saturday, if the weather's right and if his cruiser doesn't pile up on the rocks. I'll give you half a case."

"*You* safe enough," he ruminated, still considering. "These others—bah! All right. I show you something no white man ever see. It is risk for me, risk for you; you promise to do just like I tell you?"

"Of course. But what——?"

"You give me paleface milk," he grinned, and this time it was the Irish grin; "even as my fathers gave you otter skins, I give you adventure."

"But Jules——"

"Sh! You be ready at dawn and keep silent. I pack and come for you; we travel light."

And since Jules left me with that, I selected at random, from the hotel library, a volume entitled "Indian Myths and Legends," and settled myself. Drowsily I dipped into it: "Beyond Ha-ha Bay lay the Sweet Grass Mountains. . . ." Funny names, I thought; it took a queer, imaginative folk to evolve myths like these. Jules now—I wondered what he was holding up his sleeve. . . . Perhaps the adventure of White Crow, or the water-lily lady. . . . But no, *she* was dead. . . .

At noon we concealed our canoe in the rushes at a deserted point of the mainland and left the strident blue and gold of Georgian Bay for the grateful green and gold of a dim wooded trail leading inland, between the barren masses of rock. It was one of those rare days—goldenrod, sunshine filtering through the silver-green leaves of young birch-trees, not definitely shadowed, but subdued to a golden-green flood of light; glimpses of white clouds in a blue sky. I put out a hand and touched a white birch-tree, just for the satiny feel of the bark. The trees grew thicker now—birch, spruce, and stunted pines—and now the sunlight merely mottled the shade. The goldenrod gave way to tall green ferns, and the path was distinct and soft to the feet—mossy, or cushioned with old leaves and pine-needles. There was healing in it after the rush of the city, and I was content to follow Jules without question, only admiring the ease with which he shouldered his pack, and the woodsman's instinct, heritage from Indian forefathers, at work in him. Jules, with a gray seagull's feather in his cap, was a graceful kind of half-savage Robin Hood.

He cautioned silence, and, after reconnoitring, brought me out, at length, to the edge of a little lake that opened at both ends into other little lakes.

"We go this way," he announced. "Back that way, three lakes down, is an Indian village. If you follow far enough, you come to little river and then to Big Bay."

"But why didn't *we* take that route? If it opens into Georgian Bay——"

"White man, he never pass beyond Indian village."

"You mean it's not safe?"

"Not—pleasant."

"But I thought this was government land?"

Jules shrugged. "We rest here." And since I could get nothing further from him, I flung myself down on my back and relaxed. "Indian summer haze already," I murmured contentedly.

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At noon we concealed our canoe in the rushes at a deserted point of the mainland.—Page 338.

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"'Tis Michabo, the Great Hare, smoking his pipe before the winter sleep," nodded Jules solemnly. So he spun me yarns of Michabo, and, having finished him, passed on to the story of "the woman of the o'erkind eyes," the siren, who "wear a scarf as red as blood, but no redder than her lips." Once he broke off to point me the little fringe of green grasses, growing at the edge of the opposite shore and perfectly reflected in the water, and to improvise a broken bit of verse about the "green bangs of a mermaid." The fellow was a combination of poet and pagan, with all the pagan's superstitions.

We continued our journey, following the rocky shore of a series of miniature lakes, and keeping, as far as possible, under cover of the trees. I was willing to humor Jules in his mystery, and, moreover, the rough going required all my concentration; but eventually the silence, which he had again imposed upon me, began to pall. These still lost lakes seemed to me the loneliest places on the earth. We skirted a little lagoon filled with gray, rotting stumps of trees and floating green weeds that looked like snakes, and a solitary blue heron rose and flapped off. And so, in the absolute hush of an August mid-afternoon, we reached the last of the chain of lakes, the loneliest and the largest—a half mile wide, perhaps, but "six, seven mile long, though crooked," Jules assured me in a whisper.

"Soil!" I exclaimed. "Regular good old farm dirt!"

"'Tis the only fertile region in all these rocks," he shrugged. "But come."

With the Indian indifference to mosquitoes, Jules insisted upon encamping in a low wooded place, midway down the lake, which offered perfect concealment. And with the laconic explanation that smoke would not be safe later, he further insisted upon despatching the business of supper immediately, and proceeded to build his fire in the ashes of a past camp-fire. "End of August; corn moon. . . . In two days full. . . . We wait," he murmured once, and his air of mournful foreboding piqued my curiosity, even while it amused me.

"Ugh, tastes of wood and iron!" I shuddered, stooping for a drink of the reddish lake water.

"The blood of sacrifices," muttered Jules.

"Sacrifices? Oh, another of your old yarns."

"Yarns?"—strangely. "Perhaps mebbe. . . ."

With the fire drowned, and with all preparations for the night made, we sat there, waiting for something—I had no idea what—and the sadness, which seemed to have fallen over Jules, communicated itself to me.

Once he spoke: "You—how you say—eth-nologist?"

"Ethnologist? Lord, no; I'm in insurance. Why?"

"Oh, ethnologists collect—Indian stories," he answered oddly, and relapsed into his brooding.

Then, at dusk, when the moon was rising at the eastern end of the lake, a song came out of the dying sunset at the western end—a low, mournful, woman's song. "Hark!" warned Jules. Slowly the song grew into a weird, sweet chant, and a moving light attached itself to the bow of a bark canoe bearing a girl—a canoe that floated down the lake from the direction we had come that afternoon. I could just distinguish the erect figure, with loose garb and flowing hair, as she passed, with the easy Indian stroke, in the gloom of the opposite shore.

"Who is she?" I breathed. The strangeness and the beauty of the unexpected song coming over the water in this solitary spot had taken possession of me; and I think it is one of those moments I will recall with pleasure to my death.

"Sh!" he whispered. "No move. Wait and watch."

The girl landed on the shore, opposite and some distance past us. In the light from her lantern, which she set near her, I made out that she was stooping over the ground, wielding some implement. The clink of metal striking rock came to us sharply. "She dig," said Jules; "for an hour she dig."

"But what does she dig?"

The answer, it seemed, was connected with another story, and Jules gave it to me in hushed voice. "A certain Water Manitou dwells in a little lake. The Water Manitou demands sacrifice. When he is pleased, the lake is a lake of plenty,

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I could just distinguish the erect figure, with loose garb and flowing hair, as she passed, with the easy Indian stroke, in the gloom of the opposite shore.—Page 340.

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rich in deer and wild fowl and all growing things. When he is angry, when no blood is mixed with his water at the end of the summer, then the following year he sinks low, low, and no rain comes and all the land is thirsty. Then there are no blueberries, no cranberries, no nothing. Then the streams dry up, and it is all portages to the Big Bay—all heavy carry. Then the very deer and wild fowl mysteriously vanish, and the people go hungry. The time of sacrifice is when the corn moon is full, and this is the sign: if, on the fateful night, the moon rise under a cloud, then it is an omen of rain, and the Water Manitou, being merciful, demands no sacrifice; but if the moon rise clear, then a young girl, already chosen, is offered up.

"*Human* sacrifice!" I ejaculated, incredulous.

"Yes, human. The Water Manitou is greedy, and accepts nothing less. Already the young girl has dug her grave and has buried in it all the implements she need on her journey to the shadowy world——"

Suddenly the significance of Jules's story broke over me. "But, good God, man, you don't mean that *this* girl—that the savage custom still holds?"

Jules bowed his head.

"It is in this very lake the Water Manitou lives. Memengwa digs her own grave. To-morrow night she finish; she puts in her beads, her paddle, her shoes—everything she will need. But she herself is not buried there. The second night from this, if the moon rise clear, Memengwa drifts to the middle of the lake in her birch canoe, heaped with dry brush. The torch burns down, the brush flares up, so. Memengwa is tied to canoe. She burn, sizzle out in the lake, and her bones go down, down to the Water Manitou. All is still—very still—again."

"Jules Keary, you can't be telling me the truth!" I charged sternly, but my lips were stiff with the horror of it. "Why, these Indians are Christians."

"Some of them," he shrugged.

"Rank barbarism. You're too damned graphic," I insisted, with a nervous laugh. "I don't—believe you."

"Hush. You wait and see with your own eyes. People moving about in the woods now."

"But what's to prevent her giving them the slip? Jules, what's that?" For I had suddenly spotted a torch moving along on the far end of the lake—then a second torch.

"They watch—they guard their sacrifice. Fools," he added contemptuously. "Memengwa no try to run; Memengwa is honored to be chosen. . . ." Brooding, Jules had apparently forgotten me.

Again there was the metallic sound of the spade against rock; a cold sweat broke out over my body. The two torches vanished back of a curve of the shore, and did not again appear. The Indian girl retraced her path, silent this time, except for the drip of her paddle, which finally died away entirely. The cry of a loon rang out over the lake, and any one who's heard it knows it's a sound that goes echoing on in your head long after it has stopped. "'Lake of Torches,' they call it," murmured Jules. But it was not Jules himself so much as the place that was convincing; for all its silence, the lake was alive with sinister unseen things.

The dew-washed morning was all innocent of lurking horrors. With the little lake lying candid and twinkling in the sunshine, quite deserted, the fears of the preceding night lacked reality, and Jules's tale of human sacrifice became an enormous fabrication. Evidently the necessity for concealment had passed for the present, for Jules spoke in a natural voice, and, upon all other subjects than the immediate one, was his voluble, eloquent self. He bore up stoically when I ragged him about his Irish gift for fiction, only adjuring me to wait.

"We fish," announced Jules, "and you see fish that *are* fish. My regular hunting-grounds," he concluded with a grin, dragging forth an old cedar canoe that was well hidden in the brush. I discovered also the shell of a birch canoe, but he shook his head. "No good—leak very bad."

So we trolled up-stream to a place Jules knew, where we landed, and spent the morning still-fishing for black bass. Jules's boast was no exaggeration; such fishing I have never had, before nor since; wherefore it was no wonder other things slipped my mind. I did notice that Jules

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hugged our own side of the lake. Only once he called my attention to the opposite shore: "Yonder deer runs—deer come down to drink."

Over the midday coffee Jules again turned silent and inscrutable. He tossed a pine-cone onto the fire; watched it smoke and ooze moisture—the strong-smelling gum; watched it flare up and then glow beautifully red; watched it die to ash-lavender and crumble. He managed to make of the burning of a pine-cone almost a rite, and his face, with its half-closed eyes, was the face of a stranger—a melancholy fatalist.

But the mood passed, and Jules insisted that we explore back into the mainland, and was firm in the face of my vote to continue the fishing. So we scrambled over rocks and found the country honeycombed with isolated small lakes. Jules had stories and names for everything: that natural chair of rock was where Glooskap had sat down to smoke; these two depressions were where his snowshoes had rested; this lake was called Seldom-come-by, and that smaller one was Little-seldom-come-by; the swamp there was the Devil's Half-Acre; this pretty blue pool was Ha-ha Lake, because the redman laughed when he first saw it. "Ha-ha Lake"—the name had a familiar ring. . . .

Sundown found us back at our camping-place, awaiting the second instalment of Jules's adventure. I had adopted the attitude of amused tolerance of a spectator who attends an improbable play, and I kept a sharp eye on Jules for clews to the riddle. But with the closing in of night and under the strain of enforced silence, my restlessness and uneasiness returned. It was quite dark when the moon at last untangled itself from the clouds and revealed the little lake wrapped in low-hanging white mists, and only a delicate drip-dripping of water told us that the girl was passing somewhere behind the white shroud.

Jules rose deliberately. "You wait. I must see Memengwa. Do not move—as you value your life." Before I could register protest he was gone, in the only whole canoe.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" And I swore peevishly. For quite fifteen minutes I obeyed Jules's injunction by sitting absolutely still. . . . Although there were no torches to-night, the woods was astir with lurking creatures. The snapping of a twig unnerved me; the very cry of a whip-poorwill became significant—I could have sworn it was a human voice, cunningly imitative. My nerves, I owned, were edgy from over-exertion and, perhaps, from too many smokes; but it was no longer humanly possible for me to sit quiet. Besides, my curiosity was sharp.

I considered ways and means, recalled the bark canoe. Dammit, they'd put nothing over on me! I'd get to the bottom of this thing if I also got to the bottom of the lake for my pains. The canoe was very light, and I succeeded in launching it almost without a sound. Moreover, it was dry, did not leak a drop; Jules had lied to me. Fortunately, I had once mastered that noiseless stroke in which the paddle is not lifted from the water. . . .

Peering through the mist, I could just distinguish them at the edge of the eerie circle of light from the girl's lantern. The two figures were one, and there came a low husk of a laugh from Jules's throat. I managed to back off, but not without a betraying gurgle of water. . . .

On shore again, on our own camping-ground, Jules confronted me. "You follow——"

"Now you listen to me, Jules——"

"Grave is finished. I tell—Memengwa—good-by. You satisfied, sir?" He stood there quietly, arms folded, but his voice conveyed deep suffering restrained; the man was absolutely convincing. The moon was blotted out by a cloud, and the damp night enfolded us. . . . I shuddered. . . .

"You—love her, yet you'll stand by and let her— It's inhuman, unthinkable! If you're half a man——"

"You no understand," said Jules with dignity. "It is an honor to be chosen. Memengwa is not unhappy. She go by the Milky Way to the Shadowland, where she eat sweet shining mushrooms and play on flute and drum and dance all day——"

"Rot!" I returned briefly. "It's too savage to believe, but if such a thing can be happening in this year 1920, some-

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thing's got to be done! It can't go on——"

"If you dare interfere—when you promise!" breathed Jules very quietly. "You no understand. Perhaps mebbe you comprehend this: it means your life and my life. My life is nothing, but there are others—an old mother. Besides," he urged, "perhaps mebbe the moon rise under a cloud, and then Memengwa no die. You tired, sir"—for I had struck a match for another cigarette, shielding the blaze, as Jules had warned me to do—"your hand, it tremble. Go to sleep, Mr. Cummins, and dream the moon rise under a cloud."

Nothing would happen, of course. So I assured myself, yet as we sat there, Jules and I, and watched a rose sunset spreading out fanlike from the western horizon, broken by long, delicate blue rays that were the sticks of the fan; saw the rose shrink and gather color, go from pale orange to burnt orange, still keeping its fanlike formation, until nothing was left but a little knot of lurid color, low in the west, and that too died gray; as we watched, it seemed to me symbolic of the girl's fate closing over her, squeezing her out. I caught something of Jules's tenseness. More, I caught the spirit of the Canadian wilderness. In this God-forsaken spot anything became possible. Vaguely, Indian tales I had read in my boyhood came back to me . . . old tragedies of the woods . . . dramas of rum and blood against a background of savage cries and war feasts and weird dances. . . . Almost I fancied one of the old Northwest trading canoes taking form from the shadows of the little lake, the voyageurs, in their blanket coats and red-worsted caps, keeping rhythm to some forgotten chantey. Almost I saw the dome-shaped wigwams of an Ojibway village on the lake shore, heard the camp noises of howling dogs and crying babies, glimpsed some old medicine-man at his work of healing a sick child by sorcery and incantations. . . . True, my physical condition was not normal; my nerves were as jumpy as they had been when the shell-shock was at its worst.

An hour, near two hours of silence and darkness. . . . Then the sound of canoes—surely a whole brigade of them, judging from the scrapings on rock and the guttural voices, as they landed on the shore, past the point where Memengwa had dug.

At last a great bonfire sprang up, and dark figures moved about it, throwing on more wood. "Cloud," uttered Jules, pointing to the east, where already there was a faint radiance from the rising moon. "All right—Memengwa safe. . . ."

But no, a fresh breeze touched my cheek. . . . The little cloud drifted. The moon came up slowly behind pine-trees, full and golden, naked of even a wisp of a cloud. It hung there, clear of the tallest pine tip, while four wild ducks flew into it.

The bonfire flared to the sky; came the ominous thud of a drum, and then a song in a bass voice—a monotonous chanting song, that started high and dragged lower and lower, and then started all over again, changing in no way except to increase in furor. "Memengwa's death song," said Jules, who sat stolid, impassive.

For myself, I was paralyzed. I became aware of a torch moving along the opposite shore. The torch grew larger, and as it cleared the shadows and struck the moon's path, I saw that it was fastened to a canoe, which drifted toward us, down the middle of the lake.

Jules spoke grimly, significantly: "When the torch burns down to brushwood. . . ."

Revulsion swept me and touched me to life. "For God's sake, Jules——!"

But Jules was upon me, holding me fast in his hard grip. From the single little flame that shot up clear, I saw the conflagration spread. Kerosene poured over dried spruce, I thought dully, as I watched the oily licking of it, heard the crackling and sputtering. . . . There came one agonized, horrible cry, as human as anything I have ever heard. No longer was there any possible room for doubt. . . .

Something like a sob escaped from Jules, who now sat huddled alone. "The will of the Water Manitou," he mumbled. A sudden nauseating weakness seized me: that acrid odor must be—burning flesh. . . . The thing hissed out in the lake; abruptly the drum left off its harsh,

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thumping accompaniment, and the song ended in a high falsetto yell. The stillness of the lake was interrupted only by the laugh of a loon somewhere overhead.

The rest I remember only in snatches, as one recalls a bad dream after awaking. "We got to clear out from here, sir! You done up! I help you." Jules was back to normal, energetic and efficient. I have a vague recollection of skulking along behind trees, of insisting peevishly that I'd left my pocket kodak, only to be hushed like a child. I have a further hazy memory of a fight at the end of the Lake of Torches, when another Indian emerged abruptly from the woods: Jules spoke rapidly to him, then muttered grimly in English, "I fix you!" and laid him out with one blow.

"I think, Mr. Cummins, I save your life."

"You killed him?" I asked apathetically.

"No kill him, but he no *talk*."

My impression of the lake, as I turned for a last look, was one of peace and quiet. The moonlight on the water looked rich and *gobby*, as though splashed on with thick oil-paint; the scene was like nothing so much as one of those trite, innocent "Moonlight at Night" paintings, which hang on drawing-room walls.

Again I chanced upon the volume, "Indian Myths and Legends," in the hotel living-room, and listlessly thumbed its pages. A phrase caught my attention; other phrases leaped at me, and now I was reading with absorption, and light was penetrating: "Ha-ha Bay"; "The Devil's Half-Acre"; "Lac du Flambeau"; "the woman of the o'erkind eyes, who wears a scarf as red as blood, but no redder than her lips." Twice I read the myth entitled "The Water Manitou and the Sacrifice of the Burning Canoe," and then I closed the book.

"Heigh, Jules!" I called.

"You know these?" I asked, when he stood before me.

Jules nodded; his face was inscrutable —all Indian.

"I want the truth, Jules. What was she digging?" I demanded sternly.

"Digging—onions, sir. It is the only growing soil close. Memengwa come at night to her garden because all day she works—peddles fresh vegetables and baskets to the cottagers."

"H'm. . . . Indian baskets, I suppose."

"Factory baskets that she buys in Toronto. They not know, the cottagers; Memengwa makes money."

"And the torch business?"

"Sh-h, against the law. Fire-hunting."

"Deer-hunting with torches! Ah. . . . The trivial matter of the—er—sacrifice, Jules?"

"That happened to be an Ojibway custom of this very region; the ethnologist stop here at hotel and I tell him. To this day we feast and make burnt offering to the Spirit of the Lake—a little dog."

"Ay, so it says," I observed grimly.

"I improve upon it, sir," he deprecated. "She wail like woman, yes?"

"She did! Jules, you lied to me; my nerves are still shot. And it hadn't even historical accuracy! If you'd bothered to stick to Ojibway— But no, you garbled it shamefully—took the cream of the Blackfeet and the Micmacs and the Iroquois, and gathered your names all the way from the Pacific coast to the Atlantic, and stirred in local color from a few of the stories of creation which happened to take your fancy——"

"A pretty idea, an effective idea, from any language—" shrugged Jules, unabashed.

"Jules, you're a plagiarist! You plagiarized the whole blooming adventure," I concluded wrathfully. "You deserve at least to be reported to the game warden and the humane society."

Jules's blue eyes danced, his face broke into a frank grin. "First a liar, then a plagiarist! Mr. Cummins, I tell you a secret: *Rainy-Day-Liar* is my honorary title; it's my business to lie on rainy days —it's what they hire me for. As for plagiarism—there were original touches. The hide was borrowed, true, but the red-and-green spots, the decorations, if you follow me, were my own. But if you fail to follow me—well if *Shakespeare* can stand the gaff. . . ."

I fixed upon Jules an eye of cold suspicion. "What do you know about Shakespeare?"

He looked over the territory to make

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sure that we were alone. "I guess you've caught me. At Dartmouth we study Shakespeare."

"Dartmouth!"

"H'm. . . . I prefer Yeats myself. Memengwa's strong for the romantics, especially Shelley. Memengwa's name is Mary Louise—Mary Louise Wabose—at Wellesley."

"Well, I'll be damned! But why? This pose, this lingo——?"

"I'm earning my way. My policy is to please, to give 'em what they want—local color, romance, savage stuff—it's all one to me. *You* wanted adventure, a thrill; I delivered adventure, a thrill. *Voilà!*"

"You're a genius," I owned reluctantly. "You should go in for dramatics, my boy."

"I belong to the Dramatic Association," he laughed modestly. "Strong-heart rôles—that sort of thing."

"Heigh, Keary!" I called after him. "What about that fellow you knocked out?"

"It's all right. I promised him a bottle of Johnny Walker; he would have taken two black eyes for two bottles. And, by the way"—the Irish smile spread over his face—"when's that chap due from Parry Sound? I'm that dry myself!"

Mainsprings of Men

BY WHITING WILLIAMS

Author of "Horny Hands and Hampered Elbows," etc.

III. WHY DO WE WORK?

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS MADE BY GERRIT A. BENEKER IN ONE OF OUR LARGE STEEL PLANTS

"CHARLEY, how'd you like to join the millwright gang?"

The foreman appeared to think he was offering a distinguished promotion to me as a member of the labor gang which spent its long twelve hours carrying or shovelling the hot and dusty brickbats out of the steel plant's fallen-in furnaces. But surely the promotion could not be much, seeing that the pay increased only from 45 cents an hour to 47.

It did not take long to demonstrate my error. For when I came along bearing my oil-can and wrench, all my former companions leaned on their shovels and wiped the sweat and dirt out of their eyes as they exclaimed:

"W'ere you catch-em job? Meelwright gang? Oil-can and wr-rench! No more ——d shovel! My Ga-wd!"

If Mrs. Williams had lived near by, she would doubtless have received the calls and congratulations of their wives—with every one of them observing closely, the next day, to see if she spoke to them!

Later, in a Welsh mining village, the wife of the head mechanic persisted in calling her husband "The Boss." The reason, of course, was that the term served to designate not only her man's job but also her possession of the social leadership of the community which went with it. At the bottom of the town's social structure stood my friend "Old Evan," the repairer, because his job was least important. Above him in the social, because in the industrial, scale came the mechanic, with his greater skill in establishing the proper level of the rails. Above him, in turn, though with practically no increase in wage, came the haulier, with his heavy responsibility for the lives of the score or two of expensive draft-horses. Above him, in turn—and so above his wife and children—stood, with his family, the real getter of coal "at the face" of the seam, the "collier"!

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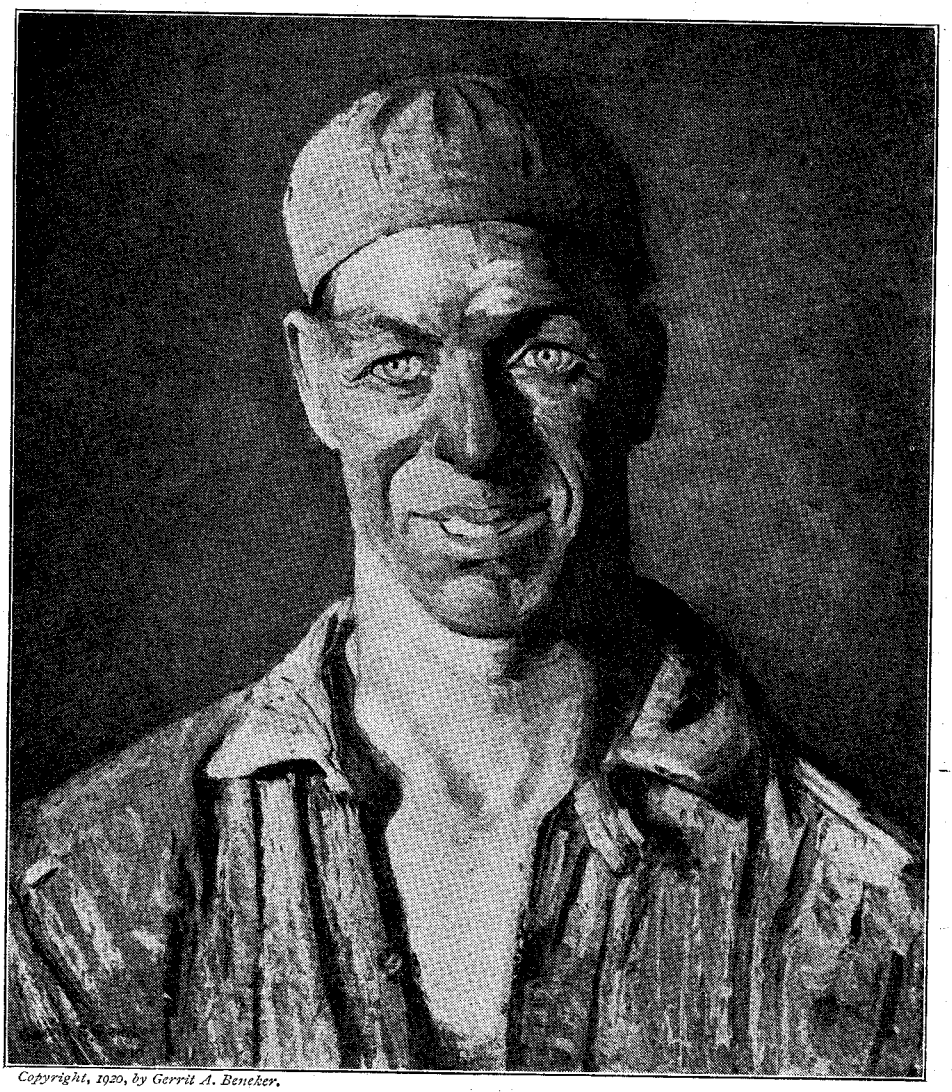

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Ed Moseley, Roller.

The "boss-roller" stands as a successful man on the "hot-floor" of the steel plant, not simply because of his big daily earnings but because he cannot work his way to this height without exceptional endowment of physical stamina, technical "know-how," and capacity for leadership.

It is completely impossible to get close to the heart of the labor problem unless we can understand and appreciate that truth which every worker not only knows but lives by; namely, that *in the working world, every man earns his right to think well of himself as a person among other persons, and establishes his own and his family's standing and social rating in the community less by the earning power than by the nature and the importance of his job.*

"You see the engineer across the cab there?" the fireman inquires, because he knows we are assuming that his own job is unimportant simply because it is dirty. "Takin' himself blamed serious, ain't he? Well, take it from me, he wouldn't get very far down the line unless he got his *power* [business of tapping chest] *from me!*"

A moment later he lets us put in the coal just to demonstrate that it is a matter of infinitely more skill than we thoughtless observers could have imagined. The probability is that a few of our best shovelfuls secure—and deserve—

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nothing better than his "Well, the steam-gauge says that if you keep puttin' it in *that* way, we'll come to a dead stop in about a mile!"

"Not on your life did they fire me!" the carpenter answered the friends who assumed that he would not otherwise have left his better-paid position at the proving-grounds. "What do you think those guys wanted me to do? To spend three weeks of my time and skill knockin' together some rough boards into a ram-shackle barn of a target—so they could go *Bang!* with a cannon fourteen miles away and blow the whole blamed thing to smithereens! They don't make no monkey outa me!"

Hour after hour, day after day, in the mine or factory or club, workers meet each other and, exactly like society leaders at a tea-party, feel each other out in the effort to reassure themselves as well as to impress others that they are "holding their own"—or perhaps "getting on"—in comparison with the other members of their group. Among them all, one measuring-stick stands out above every other—the job, always the job.

"Where was you last?—What doin'?—How much?—How many hours?—Like it better'n here?—What kinda boss?—Gee, no wonder! I'd a' quit, too!"

This is not strange. Few of us but realize that the tangible and more or less measurable accomplishments of our working-day constitute an infinitely safer and more reliable platform for supporting our status and standing in the minds both of ourselves and our community than is afforded by either the sum of our possessions or the intensity of our ideas or ideals. But most of us fail to understand how universally every one of our fellow citizens is exactly like us in thus wishing to do his daily uttermost to justify his right not so much to three meals a day as to his belief in *his worth as a man among men, by the inescapable demonstration of his worth as a work-man among work-men!*

Exactly as we saw in the matter of anger, profanity, or alcohol, the more the conditions of our job—or of the life which is inescapable from it—serve to unsettle that indispensable belief, the more do the reserves of our sensitiveness swarm out—automatically—to repair and build higher the threatened foundations of self-assurance. It was none other than the secretary of the International Hoboes Union who let loose all the powers of his soul upon me—after I had let him see that, to me, there was no discernible industrial or social difference between a hobo and a tramp. Almost with tears in his eyes he rushed to the defense:

"Good Lord, man, you don't suppose I'd be a *tramp*, do you? How would this country get along without us 'boes? If we don't get out from our winter in the Northwest's lumber-camps down into the summer wheat-fields of Oklahoma, crops go to waste and millions are lost. So we—we migratory workers, we itinerant laborers, y' understand?—*we* have to take the train—though we don't believe in payin' fare. But a tramp! Why, he's nothin' but a guy that *walks* from job to job because *he* don't care whether he ever *gets* there or not—and *nobody else* does!"

Then he warned against hurting the feelings of a tramp by confusing his job status, and therefore his social status, with that of a bum:

"Y' see, a tramp is miles above a bum! A bum's a low-downer who neither rides nor walks—*nor works!*"

According to the thesis of our master-wish for worth, the very continuance of life itself—the avoidance of the suicide's grave—indicates our belief that *somewhere* or *somehow* we are managing to save ourselves from having to admit our net inferiority in comparison with those about us. Not one of us but knows in the secret places of his heart that, in this sector and that of the western front of his contacts with others, the line has been pierced. That knowledge only makes all the greater the necessity, the uttermost necessity, of finding some other sector for staging a break-through—a soul-saving, because a soul-justifying, break-through.

I submit that nothing is more filled with meaning for these modern times than this: *Under normal conditions, practically* 100 *per cent of us in America, from top to bottom, from rich to poor, endeavor first of all to direct all the energies of our soul toward locating this indispensable "break-through" on the sector of our work—our job.*

It is impossible to explain this by reference merely to the dollar and its measurements. Those endless hours of talk about self-importances through work-impor-

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tances which finally end in giving this job a higher place than that in the hierarchy of labor, keep dollars and cents in mind, to be sure; but, as in the case of the millwright gang, they use many other measurements as well. Besides the differences represented by pennies per hour, there are endless others which follow from the comparative demands or opportunities for skill, care, courage, muscle, manliness, and so forth. Trouble comes only when for one reason or another the penny differences and the prestige differences get too far out of line with each other.

Similarly, it is impossible to explain this importance of the job sector by reference to the so-called "instinct of workmanship." The stimulating and restorative powers of manual or other work are receiving, to be sure, fresh demonstration in our progressive hospitals. Every meeting of our daily duties, too, reminds us of that satisfaction which came at the end of the world's first week when the Creator "looked upon his labor and saw that it was good." But the mere *doing* of something is not enough; without seeing with the eye of the body or of the mind the use and the value which somewhere and somehow are to follow, the mere activity may only increase our unhappy thought about ourselves as doers.

"Deeg here!—Deeg dere!—Alla time for noting!—Like damn fool!" a gang of laborers one day protested as they threw their shovels down—to take them up again only when the foreman explained that he had to find a water-pipe, and felt as helpless about it as they.

In these industrial days the foreman is only the first of that long line of managers, stockholders, consumers, and fellow citizens which finally determines the social as well as the industrial usefulness and value of the work, and so the social as well as the industrial value of the worker. Of the waking day, an eight-hour job cuts off with one blow half of the worker's total opportunity for enjoying that indispensable sense of distance from the hated zero of personal and social insignificance. If he is among the unskilled, his "business" day is likely to require nine, ten, or, among the steel-makers, as many as twelve, of those precious sixteen hours. To these, furthermore, must be added the two others required in most cities for coming and going to work. With that, all but a very few of all the priceless opportunities of his life are placed, for better or for worse, within the liberties or limitations of the job.

Arithmetic is not all. Another reason that work standings tend always to mean social standings—that the job comes so close to representing the achievement of our whole life—is that it indicates a measurement of our character at the hands not of ourselves but others—and others who are presumably not prejudiced. I have asked many millionaires as well as many laborers—always, I hope, in appropriate language—about the "high spots" of their careers. The answers of them all have been amazingly similar; hardly one but followed the general formula:

"Well, it was like this." (Business of lighting Havana or corn-cob, according to station.) "It was on a Thursday, just —— years ago last fourteenth. I'll never forget: it was —— o'clock in the morning that the boss called me in and said: '——.'" (Here insert details of first promotion.) "Then it was ——." (Give similarly exact and complete details of the second promotion.) "So that's how I came to be a ——." (Insert millionaire, superintendent, foreman, collier, boss-roller, or other position which represents exactly so many steps up from the starting-point of office-boy, labor gang, rivet-boy, etc., and exactly so many steps below the better jobs and distinctions still farther up the line.)

"Then came the Black Hawk War," so Abraham Lincoln made use of essentially the same standards, "and I was elected captain of volunteers, *a success which gave me more pleasure than anything I have ever had since.*"

It is not mere chance that work thus offers to us here in the land of the free a very definite pledge of social as well as financial satisfactions and recognitions in return for the energies of mind or body. Just as in France or the old Germany a distinguished citizen is seldom mentioned without his full title as a government functionary, so with us here the business man or the worker is daily handed about with the handle of his job as vice-president of the Bingville Manufacturing Company, the head of the shipping-room

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at the Cannery, or the blacksmith at the K & O Shops. Not one of us but knows that no success in any other line can quite offset the evil—the catastrophe—of failure in our accepted task. If necessary, all the resources of our entire front must be sacrificed in the effort to make an imposing stand there in the vital sector of the job.

"I find I must resign from the committee to visit the sick," wrote a member, "simply because I see no way to change my work. I am assistant to an undertaker!"

It is only one of an infinity of prices we pay for the liberties as well as the limitations of living in a land where the question "Who is he?" is known to mean "What does he do? What is his job?"

But if we have done so much thus to organize both inside and outside the factory our approvals on behalf of the doer of work, why is it that such huge bodies of workers at all stages in our industry to-day join in that advice of "Old Dad" in the steel plant:

"I've been here forty-two years—with my eyes open most o' the time. Ye'll get somewhures if ye'll take my advice. Allus go as slow as ye can—but always keep yer eye peeled on the boss. When he's a-lookin' or a-comin' yer way, work like h—ll!"

The answer surely is to be found in that door which, as earlier described, is opened into our minds, and hence into our attitudes and actions, by our feelings.

"Lemme tell ye *my* experience!" With such words huge groups of men to-day join hands with "Old Dad" in deciding their present or their future doings, not upon the facts as they exist in statistical tables, but upon the facts within their heads, put there only as they have been *lived and felt*. Wherever I have found men loafing, I have found them more than anxious to save their self-respect with their:

"But, h—ll, *doin'* your job *here* just *don't get you nowhures!*"

What are some of the causes of these beliefs that, in many fields of industry to-day, energy applied cannot be counted upon to get those deep-down spiritual satisfactions which we Americans, more definitely than any other people, have aimed to connect with work?

Overlong hours, undue heat or cold, needless danger of accident or poison—all these, of course, tend toward costly loafing because they whisper to the worker's feelings that, if nothing else does, his physical self-preservation requires him to hold onto every mite of energy not forced from him. If, *off* the job also, the conditions of his living counsel the same saving of physical effort, then the appeal and the approval of the foreman and of the whole community behind him begin to encounter all the hardened crust built by those reserves of self-protection—and so to go by the board. In more than a few mining towns of both America and France all the social as well as the industrial relationships and approvals appeared to me to be "messed up" simply for the lack of some miles of water-pipe! Especially in hard-working towns it is not far wrong to say that people's opinion of themselves and their neighbors, together with their willingness to work to improve it, tends to vary inversely with the square of the distance water has to be carried by muscle-power! Cleanliness is cousin to godliness because, through the door of feeling, it helps to hope and charity as well as to carefulness and courage.

What is less generally manifest but equally significant is this: that within the shop, poor tools, by failing to help to the hoped-for achievement of results, constitute a tremendous barrier to that exchange of physical or mental energy for proportionate social respect and standing which is ordinarily called work. Poor tools also lead definitely to all those distorted attitudes and all those automatic efforts at self-protection which follow upon the heels of tiredness. It is hardly proper to say that fatigue is the result of a certain amount of effort; for all practical purposes it is the result of a *disproportion*—a disappointing disproportion—between giving and getting, between effort and result. I know that many careless workers mistreat good tools because they do not realize—often because no one has told them—how much money they have cost. But I also know that literally tens of thousands of good workers get their first shock of distrust for their employer's announced ideals of production and efficiency by observing his amazing failure to appreciate tools and their value

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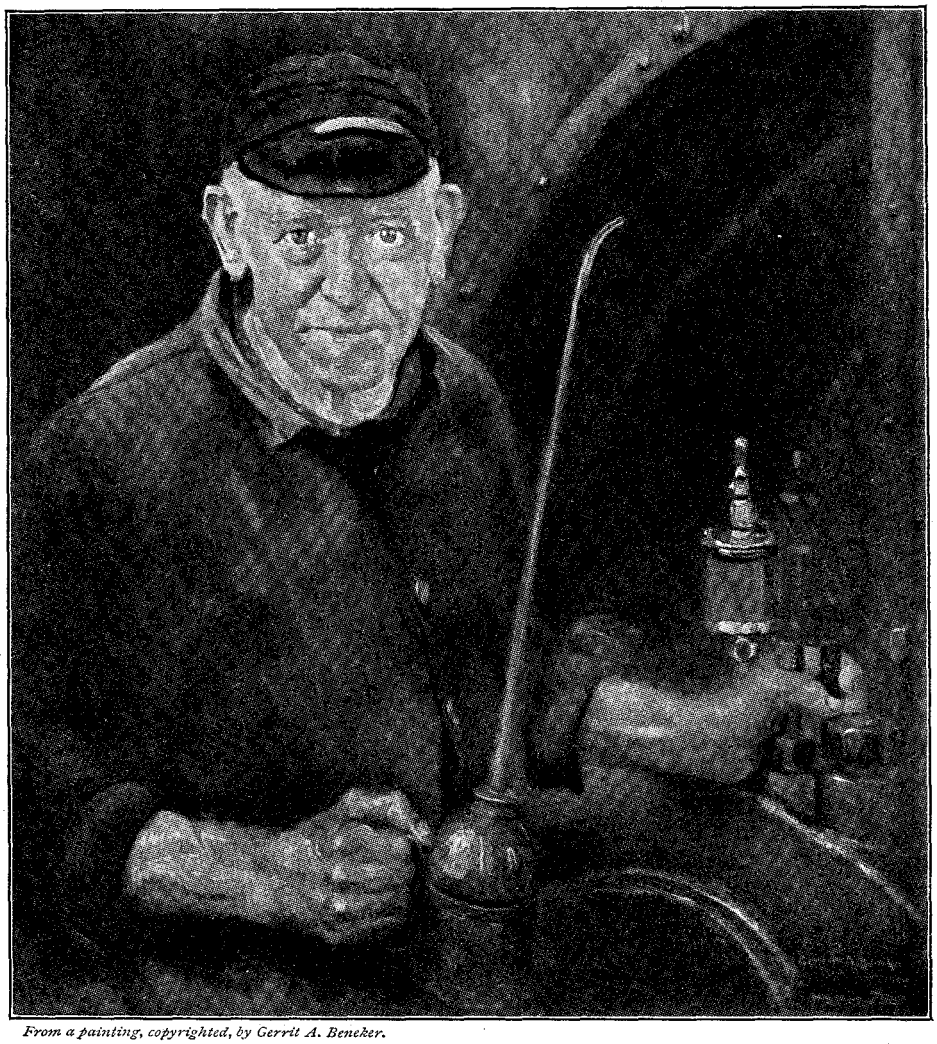
to the worker's spirit as well as to his output.

"Why, time was when 'twas a pleasure to take hold of your day's work with a wonderful pair o' tongs in your hands," a husky steel-worker was protesting. "But now" (with lowered voice, as though a friend had been buried) "—but now, before you've worked an hour, your tongs have lost their temper and are lettin' the sheets and the bars fall all over the place! —with the boys a-laughin' at you and you feelin' like a butter-fingers—and a d——d mad one, too! What's come over this outfit I just can't figure!"

"Not the money saved," testifies a nationally known engineer, "and not the lessening of manual labor, but the way labor-saving machinery increases men's capacity, and therefore their self-respect —that is the real satisfaction I have found in my inventions."



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"Bill" Rollings, Engineer.

Because such a face goes with such an oil-can the latter is one of the established patents of nobility in the factory peerage. Man and tool together stand for skill and responsibility in the safe control and successful operation of the machine on which the others' jobs depend.

But the chief obstacles to the satisfactions of diligence come not so much from the physical as from the spiritual part of the environment—though our feelings

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make it all but impossible to distinguish between the two. It has to be confessed that we have not yet been able to stage anything like the proper setting for the hoped-for break-through in the persons of those subordinate officials who compose that first line of the industrial defense—I mean the foreman, the plant policeman, and the paymaster. For entirely too many workers, experience with these serves only to demonstrate that there is only one way in which to save their face; namely, to give that face "crust"—to make themselves as "hard-boiled" as possible.

"W'y, of course, when he bawls you out like that all the time," so my laborer friends would explain their technique of self-protection, "all you can do is to pay no attention to 'im—unless you got nerve enough to tell him where to go to. And that's dangerous unless you're ready to 'blow' [leave]!"

But such handling is only part of many foremen's larger failure to give the worker a bigger share of the longed-for pleasure of doing his own job under his own steam. One reason why there are 150,000 more miners in our coal towns than can be fully occupied is that the miner's work can be given only a minimum of supervision, and so permits a maximum of satisfaction because of a maximum of personal responsibility and freedom.

"W'at you say, Buddy?" so Steve the timber man would ask in between his great grunts as he put every ounce of energy into his blows for driving the wooden supports up under the roof. "Foreman to-morrow, w'en he see dees—he say 'Steve good timber man'—mebbe yes, mebbe no? W'at you say, Buddy!"

Believe me, Steve knew. And just because he and his companions knew, I found the average coal worker, whether on tonnage or merely hourly rates, doing a much better job a mile away from his foreman than did any fellow day-laborer on the open-hearth "floor" of the steel plant with a foreman always at his elbow.

"Why do you wops stand there like a lot o' warts?" the boss used to yell at us in disgust. The reason was that his oaths never failed to follow us if of our own volition we happened to move without his orders!

To correct this evil of "hogging" the job and its spiritual rewards, it is necessary to do much more than merely to put the foreman into a class on handling men. Generally the management will do better to inquire into the conditions which are likely to cause this hurtful practice. All too often, the reason is that the foreman has to steal these satisfactions from the workers simply because somebody above him is stealing them away from him—and, by our thesis, a man will either throw up his work and seek elsewhere, or he will do his uttermost to get somehow and somewhere from somebody enough of the means of self-respect through his work to "make it a job." Often enough, in turn, the man above the foremen is stealing away their satisfactions simply because the superintendent is stealing them from him—and so on up the line.

"A company is known by the management it keeps" is a dictum too wise to apply only to the foreman, or to the paymaster who too generally hands out the pay checks as if these represented pure charity.

"If you find difficulty between a company and its men" runs the sage advice of a nationally known executive, "take a look at the board of directors. If you don't find the trouble there, take a look at the president. If you don't find it there—take another look!"

But it is not strange if management from top to bottom finds it difficult continuously to give that measure of satisfaction in terms of self-worth which, according to our theory, is required in order to secure the maximum of co-operation. As long as it is our feelings that compute our personal status and position from moment to moment, the problem will remain sufficiently complex. But besides that, the reckoning must forever suffer the complication of relativity. In order to measure our distance and direction across the line of mediocrity, we have to compare ourselves with something or somebody—be a part of some "system of co-ordinates," as Mr. Einstein would put it. So, we are in the habit first of measuring our own present alongside our own past. "To-day I'm here; ten years ago I was only there!" But that is hardly enough; it is only latitude without longitude. If we are to fight off the dreaded sense of a net inferiority, we are sure to

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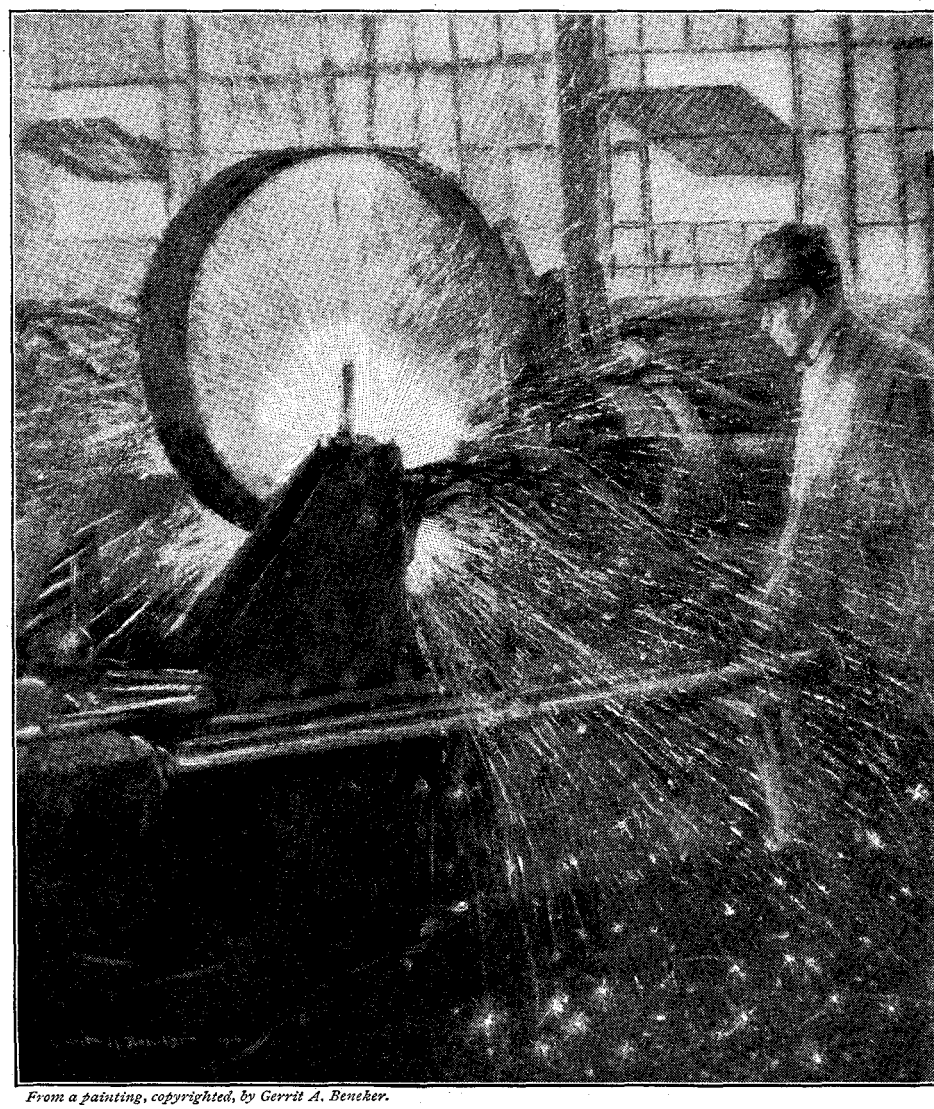
measure our general movement and position alongside that of the particular group we have chosen as our own. That group itself is, of course, moving. It is moving, furthermore, in an orbit rendered difficult of charting because it is itself determining its position in comparison with still other groups, every one of which is also in motion!

No wonder that superintendents and managers of every description have virtually thrown up their hands in dismay during these recent days! From the commencement of the Great War the movement of groups in strange directions has been too rapid to permit satisfactory correlation without immense social commotion. In thousands of communities, for instance, the urgent demand for munitions permitted unskilled laborers sudden-



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Electric Welding.

Much more than is generally understood, the worker finds pleasure in the beauty of the scene of which he is part. He feels it more proper, however, to take his larger satisfaction in his control of the vast *power* which almost always underlies the beauty.

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ly to obtain huge earnings from fool-proof machines and so to put luxurious furs upon their wives—to the chagrin of all the families of the machinists, the hitherto-acknowledged social leaders by virtue not only of their earnings but of their years of training in skill and responsibility.

"Wull, ye see, the raises ain't been fair like," so the machinist in England told me the cause of his own and his group's unhappiness. "Now, 'ere's my 'elper. All the war awards 'as raised 'im 195 per cent above pre-war, w'ile they've raised me only 125 per cent, d'ye see? Thot makes 'im draw almost the same as me. But if my job's wrong, it's me that gets all the blame, not 'im. Thot's wrong, all wrong."

The Industrial Workers of the World believe that all these job distinctions are undemocratic and wrong. For the rest of us these represent our efforts to provide the motive power of progress by building up for the doer of useful work a maximum of satisfaction and recognition. We must think seriously before we are persuaded to dispense with this motive power simply because our failure rightly and justly to use it causes unhappiness.

But all these failures and obstacles in the shape of the job's physical and spiritual conditions are slight in comparison with one thing—the absence of the job itself. The irregularity of the opportunity to work—this is the great barrier of our modern times to the worker's "turning himself loose" in his effort at the maximum rewards of diligence. Perhaps the most significant factor for trouble in all the world of industry is that the worker has so often, and the manager has so seldom, been taught by actual experience the terrors of unemployment. For nothing but experience can demonstrate how thoroughly the man who has no job, and knows not where to find one, feels himself to-day the absolute zero of personal worthlessness and insignificance.

It may be asked why this experience of joblessness is taken so much to heart, since most workers probably possess remunerative work most of the time. The huge importance of the intensity rather than the time-duration of our emotions and, so, of our experience—does not this supply the answer? A few days of the lowered eyes and sunken chest that go with the poverty-stricken search for work are enough to furnish a fervency of misery that will outlast years of comparative prosperity. To imagine that this misery can be driven away by the ministrations of the bread-line and the soup-kitchen is to forget completely the effectiveness of all those personal and social satisfactions and rewards which have been promised the useful doer. In the nature of the case, the withdrawal of these in the days of joblessness is bound to produce a condition nothing short of tragedy—tragedy that does not fail to give to all the thought of future years a permanently gray and ragged edge of fear.

It is such obstacles as these that convince huge groups of workers, with the conviction of highly emotional and therefore annoyingly powerful experience, that the modern industrial sector is too difficult—that the promises of social and spiritual recognition in proportion to work done are unreliable—that "It's pull that does it, nothin' else!—Goin' strong on the job just don't get ye nowhures!"

Whether genuinely justified or not, the conviction produces the same strategy as when Generalissimo Foch became persuaded that this sector or that successfully resisted his efforts. Leaving behind him just enough of his interest and attention to hold the line—to keep from being "fired"—the worker takes the reserves of his energy and aspiration and seeks at some other point to secure the desired maximum satisfaction for maximum effort.

Undoubtedly, many of the wife-beatings reported in the "domestic" sector are the result of such a transfer of this pressure for a break-through *somewhere*. Such an ignoble manifestation of this pressure is all the easier because of this one great fact: that all the other sectors of our modern living simply must be lived through with whatever energies of body, mind, or spirit remain *after* our day's work is done. Needless to say, a ten or twelve hour "turn" in one of the factory's lowest and least-reassuring opportunities for "a strong back and a weak mind" stands a fair chance of dulling the worker's ability to distinguish between the genuine and the spurious results of his effort somewhere to enjoy the sense of mastery.

"When I worked the twelve-hour day,"

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a short-time worker explained, "I used to go home and want to spank the baby or swear at 'Granny'—just to keep from bitin' myself!"

the job. Tens of thousands of the holders of the poorer jobs, it must be admitted sadly, enter the final sector of their personal and miscellaneous, off-the-job re-

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The Test.

One of the real advantages of promotion into the millwright-gang is that it permits the common laborer, for the first time, to associate with these wondrous "helpers" who wear their goggles proudly as the emblems of their skilled control over the mighty forces of their awesome "open-hearths."

With the help of a strong constitution and a sense of humor, some workers can apply on the sector of their civic relationships an energy of body and brain sufficient to make them leaders—probably radical leaders, if these talents have failed to bring them due responsibility or standing where they want it most—on

lationships with a sense of defeat—exhausted physically, perhaps, but ready to devote the full thrust of their spiritual hunger for recognition to some final, desperate effort. Here that longed-for sense of personal worth may—nay, *must*—be gained—here or nowhere, now or never!

"Well, no, I hain't got on so good, y'

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might say—I ain't a man o' skill yet." So runs the life-story of far too many. "But say, lemme tell ye. I mind me o' the time when—" with every single detail of the day, years ago, when he happened to demonstrate more knowledge of a certain job than did his superior. He knows only too well that the supply of such high moments soon runs out—likely enough, indeed, they brought immediate discharge! Never mind! Within a half-hour he is sure to attempt to save himself by reference to another sector with the help of similarly impressive details calculated to demonstrate beyond question his outstanding manliness, proficiency, and statesmanship in connection with profanity, alcohol, or women!

Not only the foremen and the leaders of industry but all the rest of us have thus made the job into such a highway across the slough of personal insignificance that its slightest unsatisfactoriness affects the use of every other road of our entire modern life. To attempt to detach it from the others is as ineffective as the reply of the inexperienced wife who, after due inspection of the rear right tire, reported:

"Yes, John, it's quite flat on the bottom, but the rest of it is perfectly fine!"

The philosophers have overlooked the power for good as well as for evil in the back-fire of our modern environment upon our modern living. As long as we have possessed feelings, this has been true; namely, that all of us tend to *live* our way into our thinking enormously more than we tend to *think* our way into our living. To that to-day—especially in America—must be added this: that the most compelling, inexorable, and inescapable of the forces for determining our daily living—and hence our daily thinking and feeling—is the living we do where we earn it, in our work, *on our job.*

"And all that day," so reports the leader of a group of skilled technicians engaged in perfecting the electrical arrangements whereby scores of thousands in Washington, New York, and San Francisco together heard the President's oration on the Unknown Soldier, and joined with him and with each other in the Lord's Prayer, "not a man of us but would gladly have dropped dead in his tracks rather than see the operation fail!"

By such a spirit are the wheels of the world's work turned. It is because men wish their lives ennobled by thus helping turn these wheels that they talk and dream of work.

"'Twould seem to me," sighed the English docker, "to be the fairest, finest world that any mon could want—to get outa bed in the mornin' and know a job wuz witin' for ye!"

The same spirit and wish, also, bring it about inevitably that, in the words of an expert:

"Irregular work is always bound to make an irregular work-er; and an irregular work-er is bound, in turn, to be an irregular citizen."

The chief reason why we assume that this factory age must bring us a dirty and degraded face as well as dirty hands is that we have too long accepted labor as a curse; it becomes that only when we withhold our recognition of its value. We have too long failed to understand the nobility of men's master-wish for worth through useful work, and so have continued to try to run our factories and mines by means of an outgrown motive.

"Well, that's all right," the foreman is likely to end his discussion of ways to secure his worker's fuller co-operation, "but, after all, you've got to throw the fear of God into them."

He means not the fear of God so much as the fear of foremen. And he means not the fear of foremen so much as the fear of joblessness—joblessness with those social stigmas and spiritual miseries which we have ourselves indirectly created.

"Yes, we find that we can't get work out of them," so the employer is likely to testify at his club, "unless a hundred or two of their friends are waiting outside at the gate for their jobs!"

Unfortunately, it is too true. But that only means that our industry has failed to organize any better appeal. In our education, our religion, and our salesmanship we have found by experience that reward, recognition, and satisfaction get better results than the fear of punishment either in this world or the next. Industry must learn the same, if it is ever to retrieve for itself and society the 50 or 60 per cent of men's potential energies which now go unapplied—or, worse, *mis*-applied. The tragedy of our time is this: that, largely due to our backward indus-

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trial thinking, the great majority of men's energies are spent in the effort not to gain fresh and worthy victories, but to protect themselves in the possession of such "face" as they have managed somehow to attain.

To make the change, in the work sector of our national life, from a punishment economy to a reward economy is not easy; it is a change from the appeal of fear to the appeal of faith. For one thing, it will require an enormously more efficient industrial management than we now know. But it will be easier once we can understand that there are more things in our modern industrial heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your faith-mocking, pay-envelope philosophy!

Where money does not buy social standing, men do not bother to earn more than a mere bread-and-butter minimum of it. Thus in certain coal towns where work is regular, the thriftlessness and loafing of the miners appears to justify their employers' theory that they "have no sense of decency, no self-respect!" As a matter of fact, it is all simple—and human—enough. A high tonnage or day rate has been given the coal-miner everywhere to make up for the irregularity of his job. Where he is lucky enough to have full opportunity to work, the miner's money may have to lie in the bank because it may be impossible to buy a house—perhaps there won't be any town there when the coal-seam is worked out, fifteen years later. He may also be unable even to rent a better home, because the company furnishes only three kinds, and he has lived in "Class A" for years. Perhaps the roads are too bad for an auto. Naturally, nobody wants to go around showing off his bank-book—unless, like many of our lowliest foreign-born, he is saving for the farm—and the standing of a landed gentleman—back in Poland! So there is only one thing he can do, and he does that for exactly the same reason that the mine manager in the near-by city builds his house or buys a limousine—namely, to indicate the distance he has achieved from the days of his flivverdom. He can take his dinner-bucket and walk out of the mine several hours before quitting time, enjoying the satisfaction of saying thus to all his neighbors:

"You see, I can earn my living in half the time these other guys can, because I use my head—I was taught this business of mining by my father!"

He is not the only one who thus comes to employ the language of "conspicuous leisure" for exactly the same reason that makes another laborer industriously earn the money with which to "tell the world" exactly the same story of his success as a man because of his success as a *work*man. Insurance companies report that after an agent has begun regularly to earn $2,500 in a $2,000 town he cannot be persuaded from fishing or hunting on Mondays as well as Saturdays. His colleague who earns $12,000 in a $10,000 town takes up golf!

"To our dismay," an executive reports, "we found our girls practically refusing to work at their high piece-rates for more than four days a week. We decided that this earning power represented what could be called the town's 'social saturation point,—that this sum met its maximum feminine requirements in the way of half-silk hose and plenty of *crêpe-de-chine* waists. It looks as though we shall never get more than our present four days unless somebody will set the pace by means, perhaps, of full-silk hose and *georgette* waists!"

To enjoy the feeling of our net worth as a person among other persons, with that feeling substantiated by some group whose approval happens at the moment to appear especially desirable and pertinent—without successful appeal to this universal desire, there can be only a minimum release of useful effort; and unless this successful appeal be answered by a constantly more discriminating choice of the approving group, there can be no social progress.

Nowhere do men follow the line of least resistance; everywhere, on the contrary, do they follow the line of *maximum satisfaction per unit of effort expended.*

Outside the factory and inside, the troubles of our day follow the lessening of confidence in the long-accepted appeals and promises—of confidence in each other as after all the final makers of them both. The restoration of that confidence in industry is not different from its restoration in the whole of our social and political life, because in both the fundamentals are the same.

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A Letter from Stevenson

WITH A NOTE

BY GARRETT DROPPERS

IT happened that our undergraduate days fell in the consulship of Plancus. It was a great age when William James, Josiah Royce, and George H. Palmer, each with his own method and point of view, held the fort for philosophy. In the department of English was Francis James Child, who, aside from his professional interest, was a sort of American version of Thomas Carlyle, and in art was the urbane and stimulating Charles Eliot Norton, arbiter elegantiarum, and besides all these were a host of others, most of whom are now but a memory, but who were leaders of thought in their day. Need I mention such names as Nathaniel Shaler, Phillips Brooks, and, perhaps most beloved of all, Andrew Peabody?

We undergraduates took this Augustan Age of college life quite as a matter of course; as undergraduates always have and always will. We saw the Consul Plancus almost daily. The figure of William James in the yard was as familiar as that of the least of our classmates. The whole scene was to us as commonplace as Broadway to a New Yorker or Washington Street to a Bostonian.

And yet something of the great spirit of these men must have filtered into us undergraduates. There was at the time a great deal of intellectual turmoil which owed its existence to no assignable influence but seemed to spring up almost spontaneously. There was the group devoted to the cult of Swinburne, another that knelt at the shrine of Dobson, even one to Whitman, and last but not least, one to Robert Louis Stevenson, at whose shrine I then worshipped.

Once when walking from the lecture-room in Sever Hall to our dining club in Garden Street with William James, who then lived on Appian Way, I broached my favorite topic, and stood stoutly for the philosophic importance of Stevenson, who had, I said, brought back the sense of adventure into life. James listened with his customary kindly toleration and sympathy to my plea, and as we parted said: "There is no critical estimate of Stevenson's influence that I know of. If you believe so much, why not write something about him on this point?"

I replied that I would try, and as a result there appeared in the *Harvard Monthly* for March, 1887, my estimate of the place and influence of Robert Louis Stevenson.

The appearance of this essay created the faintest possible ripple in the undergraduate world. It was only a day or two after the appearance of this article that I was taking the old horse-car from Bowdoin Square, Boston, to Harvard Square. As I took my seat in the car two passengers appeared who sat one on each side of me. One was James, the other Royce. The former had a book in his hand, evidently just purchased in Boston. I glanced at the title. It was, I think, Stevenson's "Prince Otto" in an English edition. I remarked to James that I was surprised to find him buying an expensive English edition of Stevenson when he could get the American pirated edition for a fraction of the price. "Well," he replied, "ordinarily when buying books I don't mind stealing, but I thought I wouldn't steal from Stevenson." James then inquired whether I had sent a copy of my article to Stevenson. When I answered in the negative he advised me by all means to do so. The following day I sent a copy of the *Harvard Monthly* to Stevenson at Bournemouth, England, together with a letter mentioning the episode with Royce and James, and the remark of the latter about stealing. In due course came Stevenson's reply, in which

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he refers in his most amiable manner to the subject of pirated books. As I had criticised his attitude toward science in my article, he also devotes a few words to this point. The following is Stevenson's letter. I have the original in my possession, though time is making inroads on the integrity of the paper on which the letter is written.

SKERRYVORE, BOURNEMOUTH,
April 5th, 1887.

DEAR MR. DROPPERS:

I should find it difficult to exaggerate the gratification I have received from your letter and article. The article is the work, I take it, of a young man; and I may discount something of its warmth upon that score. But I must say frankly, if you think too well of me, as I suppose you do, it is in the way of exaggerating my success, not of misunderstanding my aim and point of view. To you, at least, I seem to have conveyed my meaning; it is a pleasure to me to find myself understood, it will be a pleasure to you to hear that you have understood me.

Let me say one word about science. Had I lived in an age that was averse from science, I should have preached it in season and out of season. I came at a time when science was made much of, and had arrogated to itself a supremacy over all other branches of knowledge, and so I fell consistently foul of it. For all that, I would have no one neglect science; I read a lot of it myself and profited in a thousand ways. The great thing is to know as much science as your mind will stand without turning into the man of science (a common Professor), just as it is to know as much of the world as your heart will bear without your turning into a man of the world. In all these things there is an easy rule, which I believe infallible. As long as any study continues to add, pursue it; as soon as it begins to subtract, have done with it. We want to round out our globe of experience and sympathy on all sides; not to contract into a cube.

I preach away very glibly, because I am fond of preaching; but I am keenly aware that you are already, in all probability, better read and will soon, I dare say, be a better preacher than I. When that is so, you will not forget the pleasure I was able to give you, and the help you found, if you found any, in my books. It pleases me to hope that you did; and indeed there is a sense in which I am pleased with myself—for I have never been a writer for cowards,—nor a friend of cowards, male or female, in the flesh. You see you have made me a little vain; yours is the fault. I was a *very* young man myself; and I wish to address young men; so that a young man's—and a clever young man's approval, took my vanity in the softest point.

I was pleased to hear what you told me of the professors; national sins bind us with iron; I cannot help keeping an opium-house as large as China (though indeed I am a sleeping partner) and someday I shall pay for it. It is difficult for Americans to avoid buying pirated books; but someday they will pay for that too. In the meantime it is I who pay for it; and what concerns me not a little, my very honest American publishers, the Messrs. Scribner. But I am quite aware of the Chinese beam in my eye, and lament the mote in my brother's decorously.

Let me hear of you again, or if you come to Europe, let me see you.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

P.S. It is all in my own hand. I had to change my hand on a threatening of scrivener's palsy, and the signature (for reasons not unconnected with the bank) remains a solitary specimen of the original.

R. L. S.

Garrett Droppers, Esq.

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Country Funeral

BY WILBERT SNOW

THE mother, lying on a couch, brought down
By loving hands from chill, damp chamber rooms,
Breathes out her last faint breath; the men
Who watch try gently to convey, in speech
Whose tones supply the touch of sympathy
The Saxon phrases lack, the grim, stark truth
Of death, forever old, forever new.

Bewildered comes the aged father up
To verify the heavy news he hoped
Would never reach his ears; he calls her name
So piteously the neighbors turn away
And leave him for a minute all alone.
The children venture in: one, wailing loudly,
No longer tries to hold her pent-up anguish;
Another calms himself, but cords that swell
Along his neck betray his grief no less.

A neighbor cautions, "Eben, don't you think
We ought to call an undertaker down?"

"Yes, David, will you see that Johnson comes?"

And David scans the weekly till he finds
The county undertaker's shapely card:
"In case of death call up the funeral home."
And Johnson's number stamped in bold, black type.

An hour later Johnson, robed in furs,
Steps softly in and grasps old Eben's hand
With firmer grasp than country people know;
Removes a black fur cap which hides a mat
Of flattened hair across a sloping brow,
And says: "Too bad . . . you had a lovely wife;
I'm sorry to be summoned down on this
Sad errand here to-night. I mourn with you,
And feel as if a dear one of my own
Had just gone out and left me sorrowful. . . .
Of course, you'll not want anything that's cheap
For such a wife; the only thing for her
Is what we call a couch-casket; we'll want
My motor hearse, and everything just right;
And I'll take special pains to come myself
To see that everything goes smooth and straight."

"But jest about how much will all this cost?"

"We'll not talk money matters here to-night;
I know your grief, and know that you will want
The very best of everything for her."

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And Eben, groping feebly in the dark,
Takes Johnson's word and says, "All right, you make
The price as reasonable as you can make it.
I own my home, jest paid the last in June,
And that's as far as my poor ownings go.
I ain't had nary job of stiddy work
For most three years, my rheumatiz is bad.
But I will pay you anything you say
If you will only take into account
My circumstances and my feeble health,
And be as easy on me as you can."

The cottage funeral two days later draws
The villagers for many miles around.
For two sad days a vigil has been kept
Beside the coffin—old-time country custom;
For two days neighbors have brought cakes and pies
And other gifts of food,—sincerest tokens,
Worth more than speeches, which they cannot make.

The village minister takes up his place
Beside the casket, and reads, deeply moved,
"Let not your hearts be troubled, ye believe,"
And feels his faith acceptable to all
Who loved the wife, now pillowed beautifully
In marble-featured, calm-bestowing death.
The nearest relatives, swathed deep in black,
Are seated in a row of chairs fetched in
From near-by houses, and the undertaker,
In black Prince Albert and glum cleric air,
Whispers the proper order of their seating.

The sermon tells, in simple sentences
Touched with a note of rhetoric here and there,
The woman's sweet, maternal sacrifice
Throughout a rigorous, uncomplaining life,
And magnifies the melancholy hour
With deep emotion and huge thoughts of death;
And when he closes with a prayer for those,
The nearest and the dearest of the circle,
The helpless wails of sorrowing hearts break out
In sobs that drown the Bible words of hope.

The undertaker slowly waves his hand
And softly bids the neighbors pass around
To view their loving sister's last remains.
The carriages move off behind the hearse
In careful order of priority;
While in the rear the neighbors of the village
Trudge pensively and once again revisit
The plot where their own kin return to dust.

A few weeks later comes a courteous letter
With entries totalling four hundred dollars.
The bent old father whitens as he reads
This mortgage on his future life and home;

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A heaviness draws down his face, the light
Departs, and silence weightier than speech
Enwraps him like a prison where one goes
To serve a lonely term of bitter years;
And in a scrawling hand he makes reply,
Signing the paper which he finds within,—
Surrendering his last, lame, broken days
To ruthless perpetuity of debt.

The Broken Pitcher

A STORY OF CAP'N MOSS

BY BURRIS JENKINS
Author of "The Magic Pipe," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. W. KEMBLE

LIJE ought to have known better than to do what he did. He ought to have known Cap'n Moss would not tolerate such proceedings and would surely find out, by one divination or another, the identity of the offender. He ought to have known that the pitcher which goes too often to the well is sure to get its nose knocked off, which is precisely what happened to Elijah; the well in this case being Cap'n Moss's corn-crib.

Lije, moreover, ought to have been grateful to the man who had rescued him from penury and placed him in comparative affluence, sufficiently grateful to prevent Lije's peculations; yet so perverse is human nature that oftentimes those we owe most are the very ones from whom we exact most.

Nearly two years had flown now since Cap'n Moss found Lije out of a home, out of a job, and forty-six dollars in debt to the man upon whose farm he had lived for five years while he had begun to fabricate his little family of a wife and three pickaninnies. Moss offered to "buy" Lije from his former "owner"; that is, to discharge the indebtedness to his former employer, and take Lije upon his own plantation.

Moss Rose met this wobegone family in the big road, trudging toward Seminole, one drizzly winter day, Lije carrying the baby while the two gaunt little boys pulled uncomplainingly, barefoot, through the tough mud. Indeed, it was the appealing melancholy in the eyes of those two pickaninnies that captured the sympathies and active assistance of Moss Rose. Their bony little legs only accentuated the pathos in their beautiful brown orbs; and Moss found himself thinking of two hound-puppies he had at home, and the eternal sadness in their eyes. He stopped his horse, therefore, turned sideways in his saddle, looked Lije up and down, and, always with an eye to business as well as philanthropy, inquired:

"Where yo'-all goin', Lije?"

"Town, Cap'n Moss."

"What foh, Lije?"

"Look foh work, suh."

"What's the mattah over on the Cundiff place? No corn?" asked Moss Rose.

"No, suh, no co'n, no cotton, no bacon, no nuffin'. I'se done busted, owe Mr. Cundiff fohty-six dollahs, and he won't furnish me no mo'," hopelessly replied Elijah, knowing the ravens would not feed him on account of his name.

"Want to come to me? I'll furnish you," suggested Cap'n Moss, after due deliberation.

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The planters in the Black Belt are accustomed to "advance" or "furnish" their negroes with provisions and all other necessities against the day when the cotton is picked and in bales.

"Reckon so, suh. Got a house and a passel o' groun'?" Lije showed no particular enthusiasm, but either feigned or felt indifference. Most likely the indifference was feigned, as every negro for miles around yearned to work for Cap'n Moss. Nevertheless, none of them ever was known to show enthusiasm when dickering for a job.

"Reckon I can tuck yo' in somewhah," answered Cap'n Moss, "till I can build yo' a house. I'm pretty full-handed but I'll manage."

"My broth'-in-law lives in town," interrupted Lije, "and I was goin' to visit him a while till I found a place."

"Where's yo' stuff?" inquired Cap'n Moss.

"This is all de stuff I'se got," lugubriously growled Lije, indicating the wife and the ebony children and a small bundle that the wife carried.

"How long sence yo'-all et anything?" asked Cap'n Moss, with an attempt at indifference which, on the whole, was easily put on because of his natural drawl.

"Yistiddy noon," admitted Lije. Somehow Cap'n Moss had the secret of extracting the truth from these people, however humiliating, and however proud they might be. Pride, however, seldom stood in the way of their making their wants known.

That day marked the turning in the fortunes of Lije Cundiff.—Page 364.

"Put those two kids up here on my hoss behind me, and come 'long out to de farm, git yo' breakfus, and then we'll settle you down some, then——"

"But we 'bleeged to go to town," demurred Lije, loath to interrupt the holiday to which, in spite of the tragedy, the little family of Ishmaelites were all eagerly looking forward.

"Never mind that, now. Soon as you git settled, yo' can all go to town. Circus day's comin' next summer, and I'll carry yo' all in to the circus," replied Cap'n Moss with perfect understanding of their state of mind and with no impatience but complete sympathy. Mention of the cir-

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cus turned the trick, even though that paradise were long deferred. Soon the two pathetic pickaninnies, in their simple frayed garments of once blue but much-patched cotton overalls, wet to the skin, but sadly, silently, trustfully happy, were clinging to Cap'n Moss, to each other, and to the horse as it jogged toward the farm. They were delighted with the sucking, smacking noise of the hoofs pulling out of the black mud, one after the other; but there broke as yet no grins, and there came no revelation of incomparable pearl teeth.

That day marked the turning in the fortunes of Lije Cundiff, who promptly changed his name, without act of legislature, to Lije Rose.

Cap'n Moss paid the forty-six dollars of indebtedness, rationed Lije for nearly a year with bacon and meal, assigned him an acreage of ground to till, loaned him a mule, harness, and a plough; and, when the crop was duly divided in the fall, showed Lije a balance of fifty dollars of his own. Moreover, Moss Rose was not the man to forget his promise about the circus; neither were the two black boys, now fat and laughing, the ones to let him forget.

On that circus day, too, the annual sale of mules took place, the auctioneer knowing that the occasion would bring many possible purchasers into town. Among these prospects was Lije, whose fifty dollars had already engendered a faint and hesitating ambition in his soul. A large part of the forenoon, therefore, Lije spent gazing at the coveted teams, estimating them, pricing them at private sale. His eye kept returning to a spanking pair of blacks which he had been told he could have for two hundred and fifty; but he knew that they, or indeed any other team, soared out of his reach without the aid of Cap'n Moss Rose. So he went in search of Moss and brought him up to see the beautiful blacks.

"Yo' bound to have a pair of mules, are yo', Lije?" inquired Cap'n Moss approvingly.

"I suttinly is!" emphatically declared the negro, instantly discerning the encouragement and good-will in his employer's voice and manner. "I still got near about all dat fifty—'ceptin' five dollahs dat you gimme, y' 'member?"

"Forty-five won't buy 'em, y' know, Lije," mildly suggested Moss Rose.

"I know it; dat's why I done come to fin' yo'," responded Lije. "'Sides, I wanted to know what you thunk about dem black mules."

"Mighty fine pair, Lije, mighty fine pair. How 'bout harness, Lije?"

"My forty-five dollahs buy de harness," promptly rejoined Lije.

"I see, I see," mused Moss good-humoredly. "Want me to stake y' to the mules?"

"Ef y' be so kin', suh," grinned the negro.

"Well, I tell you, Lije," drawled Cap'n Moss, with infinite leisure. "You come back here at 'bout noon, and I'll scout aroun' till then and see what I can see. Mules is mules; and it doesn't have to be those blacks, does it? Just as good mules in the sea as ever were caught out?"

"Yassuh, yassuh," agreed Lije hopefully. "Aw right, suh, I'se shore be hyah."

Promptly at noon Lije appeared, and a half-hour later came Cap'n Moss Rose with a negro "boy" leading a team of grays. Every colored man in the Black Belt is a "boy" no matter how old he may be, until with gray wool and rheumatism he becomes "uncle" by common consent; and every negro woman is a "gal" until she's an "auntie." The gray team rattled in almost new harness, as big and strong as the blacks.

"How y' like those mules and that harness, Lije?"

"Pow'ful fine—but—how much I got to pay for dem harness, Cap'n Moss?" asked Lije anxiously, more vitally concerned in the price of the harness than of the mules.

"Would you be satisfied with team and harness all fo' a hundred and seventy-five?" replied Moss by asking another question.

"Laws a massy!" ejaculated the negro with the eagerness of a big child, "I reckon I would but——"

"Like 'em at that price just as well as the blacks?"

"Yassuh, yassuh, bet yo' boots!"

"All right, then; we'll just buy 'em. Boy, mark 'em sold to Lije Rose, and after the show he'll come and git 'em and take 'em home."

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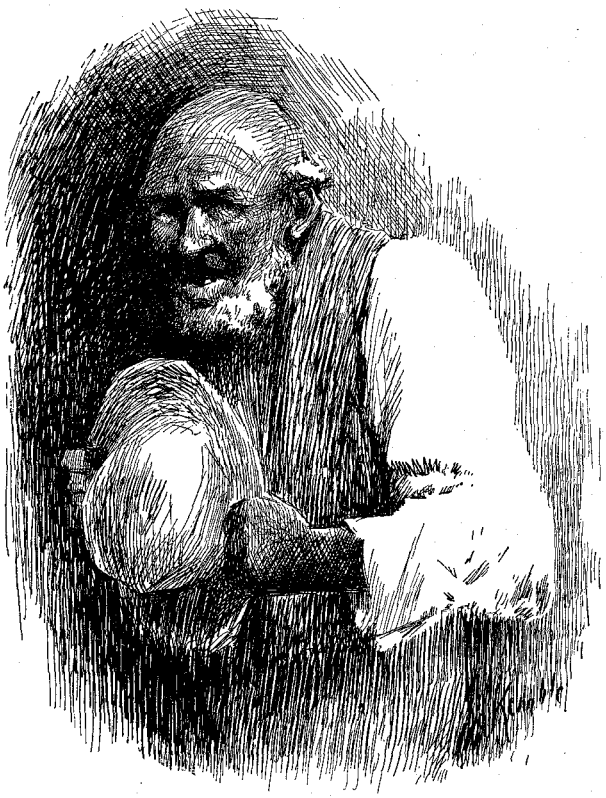
So it was a care-free Lije who, with his little family, sat under the big top in the "Jim Crow" section of the circus seats that afternoon; but in justice to Lije it must be remarked that he would have been quite as care-free if he had been in debt to Moss Rose one thousand dollars instead of one hundred and thirty, as well told; but even these "might have beens" are doubtful, for ingratitude is deep-seated in us all, even though it be more strong than traitors' arms.

There is, however, no use to speculate; and the facts, the cold facts, will out. Cap'n Moss had missed corn from his crib or imagined he had. He could not be



He becomes "uncle" by common consent.—Page 364.

as the year's rations ahead of him. Furthermore, he did not know that Cap'n Moss might have charged him up, as some other bosses would have done, with two hundred and fifty or even three hundred for the team and harness instead of "toting fair" and giving him the team at the bargain price which Moss's own ingenuity, industry, and trading ability had secured. Perhaps if Lije had known all this, he might have been more grateful, the pitcher might not have gone to the well at all, its nose might not have got broken, and this tale might not have got sure, until one evening he drew a mental picture of just how the ears were disposed at the door of the crib, and next morning came down to find the picture considerably askew. He stood gazing at the blurred situation, scratching his head with the hand that held his old slouch hat, which once had been pearly white, while with the other hand he held open the door of the crib. As much as ten minutes he stood there pondering which one of his "boys" could be the culprit; then he devised an infallible method by which to ascertain.

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Had the theft been negligible, Moss, like all the other planters, would have closed his eyes, on the theory that what you don't know doesn't hurt you. All farmers in the Black Belt are aware that petty thievery is going on all the time. The system of serfdom lends itself to loose ideas of *meum et tuum*, but the white men think themselves helpless to evolve any better system and just wink at the peculations. When, however, the losses grow inevitably perceptible, as in this case, steps have to be taken.

The theory that what you don't know doesn't hurt you.

Mounting his horse, Moss rode down into the timber and there selected a hickory sapling, straight and tough, which he cut, stripped, and brought up to the barn lot. He spent a good part of that forenoon peeling, shaping, notching that hickory club to his perfect taste, and also constructing a "figure-four" trap, controlled by a twine string. About dusk, when all the boys had gone to their cabins, the day's work done, Moss bent his hickory club in the doorway of the crib at the height of a crouching man, fastened it in its sprung position, and controlled it with the "figure four." Then he went to bed and to sleep.

Next morning, at break of day, he strolled to the corn-crib to find no ear disturbed, but to find his trap sprung and blood enough on the ground round about to have drained a hog for hanging up in the smoke-house. The trail of blood led off toward the negroes' cabins; and Moss might easily have followed it to the guilty one's house; but he knew he need not take the trouble. When the boys lined up for instructions, before the day's work, to his astonishment and deep sorrow, all were there but Lije.

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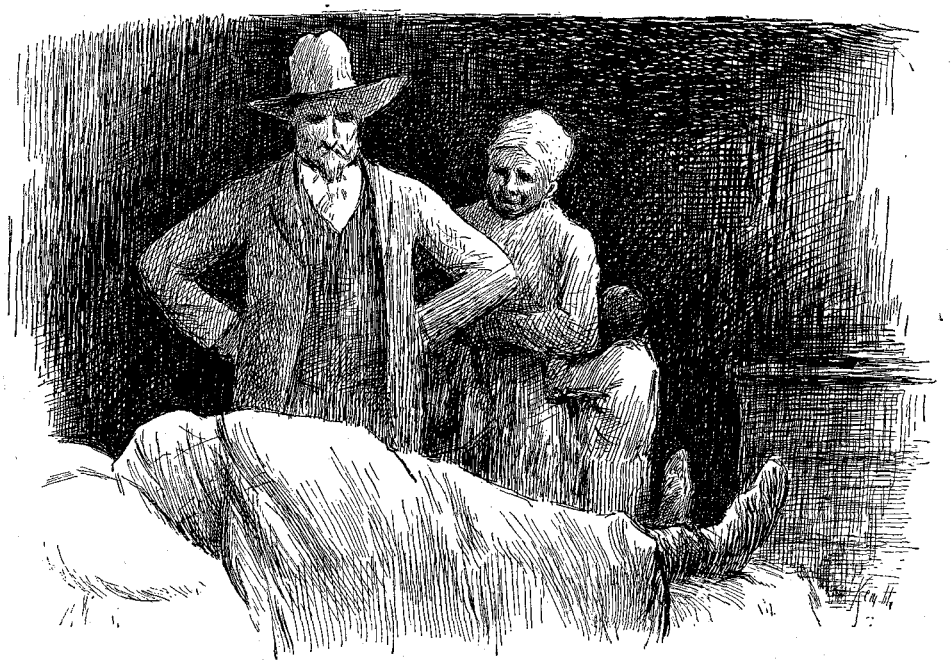

There lay Lije in the bed.

"Where's Lije?" he inquired in tones that struggled to sound unconcerned.

"He's sick, suh," chorused half a dozen deep musical voices. Not a smile appeared on any face.

"I'll go down and see him," drawled Cap'n Moss, leisurely mounting his horse, and adding a few final directions as to the day's work to this one and to that; then he rode off toward the cabin of Elijah.

"Lije sick?" he inquired of Mrs. Lije as he dismounted and tied his horse to a pecan-tree near the door.

"Yassuh," responded the shiny black and portly mother of the pickaninnies filling the doorway.

"I'm comin' in to see him."

"He's too sick to see nobody," remonstrated Mrs. Elijah.

"I'm comin' in to see him anyway," replied Cap'n Moss, in that cool, level tone that all the negroes respected and feared. "Git out o' my way, Dinah. I'm comin' in."

Dinah knew there was no use to make reply. When Cap'n Moss said he was going anywhere, they held the opinion that "all hell couldn't stop him." So she moved back into the house, and Moss stamped in. There lay Lije in the bed, the covers pulled entirely over him, all but his boots, which stuck out. Without ceremony, Cap'n Moss turned the quilt back from the head swathed, all except the eyes, with bandages more than half crimson.

"Why, Lije, what's the matter?" exclaimed Cap'n Moss.

"You know what's matter, cap'n," groaned Lije.

"No, I don't, Lije. Looks like you been fightin' a bobcat!"

"Go long, cap'n," wailed Lije. "You knows puffickly well what's matter about me!"

"No, I don't, Lije!"

"Yo' know yo' done hit me in de face wid a club!"

"I didn't do any such thing; yo' hit yo'self, Lije. Yo' put yo' han' into my corn-crib, didn't you, Lije?"

"Yassuh," groaned Lije.

"An' yo' pulled that string, didn't yo'?"

"Yassuh!"

"And that upset a figure four and let

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loose a hickory club. That's all. Yo' hit yo'self. Yo's punished yo'self. Yo' go stealin' corn. Don't you-all have enough to eat?"

"Yassuh."

"Mules have enough to eat?"

"Yassuh."

"Den why yo' steal my corn, Lije? Yo' makin' moonshine? Ain't I been good enough to you-all, Lije?"

This rebuke cut Elijah to the heart, and tears rolled from his eyes, soaking his bandages, while sobs shook him and his boots and his bed. He could make no answer for a time; then, between gasps, he cried:

"I ain't never goin' to do hit—no mo'—cap'n—I swear I ain't—I goin' to be a good niggah—long's I live—I is—jes' fo'-give me dis once, Cap'n Moss—I low I be a good niggah—fo' evah!"

The pickaninnies were crying; Dinah was crying; Cap'n Moss was all but crying, too. The head of this little house was wofully humiliated; the victim of a system, after all, as many another man has been. His heart was sorer than his face, which is saying much, and was deeply and devoutly penitent. Most of us never truly repent until we are knocked down and out.

To-day Lije Rose is a grandfather, a man of property, an elder in the Mary Evergreen Hardshell Baptist church. Likewise, he is an undying and devoted friend and follower of Moss Rose, a friend who has fought battles for his employer whenever they needed to be fought, which has been rarely; has stuck by him through thick and thin, which means fat years and lean; has sung his praises in season and out; and brought numberless unfortunate friends to the door of Cap'n Moss to have their problems solved.

Cap'n Moss Rose sums up his methods in the treatment of the blacks by saying: "Fact is, I try to use the Golden Rule on 'em—do as I'd be done by, if I was in their place—that's all." If you should ask him whether it is in line with the Golden Rule to knock a negro down and hit him in the face with a hickory club, he would reply:

"Depends on what he's a-doin'! If he's committin' a crime, hit's more merciful to knock him down than to send him to the pen for a year or two. If he's makin' moonshine, anything that stops him is the Golden Rule. God, I reckon, uses the Golden Rule on us, because He taught it to us; and He knocks us down; best thing that can happen to us sometimes. Some niggahs are no good till you knock 'em down once, sometimes twice; and some of us white folks are just about the same, I reckon."

It may be a strange philosophy, this rather vigorous application of the Golden Rule on the part of Moss Rose, this taking into his own hands of the prerogatives of judge, jurors, and executioner, not to say Providence. But it is not ours to decide if his philosophy is right or wrong; it is ours simply to narrate the incidents, set down the facts. If we cannot help commenting a little on the philosophy, the utmost that we venture is to remark, in the language of the pragmatists, that it seems to "function serviceably for humanity."

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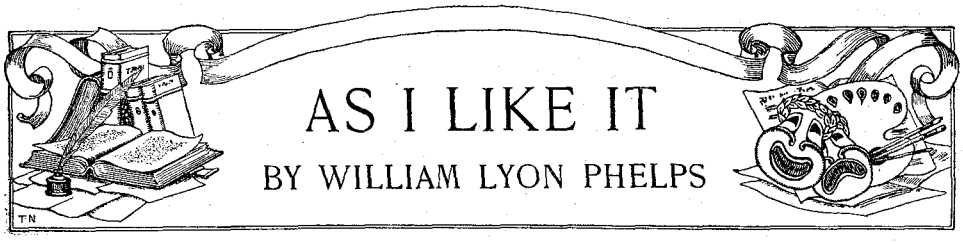

AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

JAMES FORD RHODES, our most eminent living historian of the United States, has in his latest volume dealt with the administrations of McKinley and Roosevelt. His opinions are his own, and expressed in no uncertain terms; but they stand on documentary evidence, well shod with footnotes. The value and general interest of this book are considerably augmented by the fact that Mr. Rhodes was personally acquainted with nearly every public man during the years 1896–1909; many of the sources of information are in his own memory. The work is as remarkable as Clarendon's "History of the Great Rebellion," for the number and vividness of the portraits; Roosevelt, Taft, Hanna, McKinley, Hay, are clearly and sharply presented. It is almost impossible to lay the book down until one has finished it. Roosevelt is the hero, and evidently made a tremendous impression on the historian, who believes as fully in his essential goodness as in his greatness. And there can be no doubt of either after one has studied his inner life and his public career. Yet Mr. Rhodes gives the facts about the Panama Revolution with scrupulous accuracy and in a manner that shows his non-concurrence with Roosevelt's policy in that incident.

His fairness of mind is shown particularly in his portrait of Mark Hanna, who plays a leading rôle in these pages. When the very worst that Hanna's enemies can say against him is said and given due attention, the fact remains that his death was a severe loss to the country and to the world. For he was one of the few individuals who knew how to deal with both labor and capital, who was trusted in and admired by conservatives and radicals, and who was therefore better qualified to deal with acute situations than any one now living. Indeed he left no successor.

The irresistible charm of McKinley is impressively portrayed. He was a far abler man than most Americans believed him to be when he was nominated in 1896, and in these chapters he receives praise. It was his peculiar misfortune that a war should have broken out during his administration, for he was a man of peace. He did *nearly* all that was possible to prevent this war, even against great opposition, but it is clear that Mr. Rhodes thinks he could have prevented it and that the war was unnecessary. The behavior of our soldiers and sailors in battle, and the unselfishness of the United States in keeping her word to Cuba, are, however, highly commended by our historian.

Mr. Taft's immense skill in diplomacy and his devotion to duty receive a highly merited tribute; I am now awaiting the next volume, to see what Mr. Rhodes will say about Taft and about Roosevelt from 1909 to 1919. He has abundant knowledge of facts, a restrained but nevertheless ardent admiration for everything honorable and noble, and a judicial mind. I believe his opinions on public men and events to be more weighty than those of any other living American, even though I am frankly surprised at his statement that if Roosevelt had been in the presidential chair, the Great War could have been and would have been prevented. This remark does not convince me.

Every one takes a just pride in the courage of American soldiers and sailors as displayed in the seven wars in which the United States has been engaged since 1776; but courage is a quality our men share with practically all other races and nations. What I delight in is any evidence of courtesy and chivalry shown by American troops during and after battle. Not long ago, I met a sergeant who told me that he had been in the army of occupation in Germany; and that when the time came for our troops to withdraw, the German women and children showered presents and tokens upon them, and wept unrestrainedly in saying farewell. The

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brave and honest sergeant told me he was prouder of that fact than of helping to win the war; and I felt that such a man could be trusted to uphold the honor of America anywhere and at any time.

I see that a California judge has decided that the Authorized Version of the Bible must not be used in any public school in that State, on the ground that it is sectarian. Far be it from me to criticise the courts, but I may be pardoned for regretting that the finest work ever written in the English language—which means the best book in the world—should be forbidden to school children, while so many books that are poisonous in content and vulgar in style circulate freely. When we have Cardinal Gibbons's emphatic testimony that the Bible remains the one means of culture, and that Daniel Webster was a model for other American statesmen in his profound familiarity with it, we may—without of course criticising—believe that some judges are better judges of almost anything than literature. Whatever other English books are studied in the public schools, we can be certain that they will be inferior to the Bible; it is interesting that the inferior ones should be forced on American children, and the best prohibited. Synchronously with the California decision, the State of Oregon voted that all children without exception must attend the public schools, thus striking a blow at schools where the instruction is founded on the Christian religion. Perhaps the next move will be to prohibit religious instruction in the home, and any one caught saying grace at meals will be sent to prison for twenty years.

I am constantly asked: "What are the best books for children?" The best books for children are those that were not primarily intended for children. The Bible, Shakespeare, "Pilgrim's Progress," "Gulliver's Travels," "Robinson Crusoe," and the old-fashioned editions of the "Arabian Nights." And in the vast welter of modern books that are carefully prepared for the infant mind, I think those are the best which can be enjoyed most by the mature mind—as "Alice in Wonderland," the Doctor Dolittle stories, and the "Memoirs of a London Doll."

The most agreeable place to read any book is on the train. One is comparatively safe from interruption, one cannot be annoyed by the telephone, one almost always has a good light both by day and by night. Two suggestions will be found practical: in general, sit on the right side of the train; then you will usually have no track outside your window. On the left side freight-trains, running in the same direction, keep intervening between you and the light, and it usually seems as if every freight-train was at least four miles long; when your railway car has finally passed it, and you hear the maddened snort of the freight locomotive, maddened because you have escaped, your own train then stops at a station just long enough to permit the entire freight-train to pass, when once more you begin the tedious process of overhauling it. Therefore, sit on the right side of the train. Secondly, ride backward, if you can. It is easier on the eyes. In this attitude, the trees, posts, and landscape fade gently and gracefully away, whereas sitting forward, they rush furiously and directly into your defenseless face.

One of the finest things about G. K. Chesterton is that he has never lost what Browning called the "faculty of wonder." It will not be remembered that, in "Pippa Passes," the student Schramm declared that although the object that first roused our enthusiasm may do so no longer, the enthusiasm does not die: "The faculty of wonder may be old and tired enough with respect to its first object, and yet young and fresh sufficiently, so far as concerns its novel one." Mr. Chesterton will never outgrow his zest for life, which is one reason why he is such a wise man. In his most recent volume of poetry, "Saint Barbara," occurs the following stanza:

> "When all my days are ending
> And I have no song to sing,
> I think I shall not be too old
> To stare at everything;
> As I stared once at a nursery door
> Or a tall tree and a swing."

Every man, woman, and child should visit the Hippodrome in New York at least once every year. To borrow from Barnum, this is undoubtedly "the greatest show on earth." Things are done on that vast stage by men, women, and ani-

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mals which are so astounding that one becomes accustomed to the impossible. And there is such a gorgeous display of colors and organized glory, that if the Queen of Sheba could see it, she would forget Solomon. I regard Charles Dillingham as a public benefactor of the first magnitude—he communicates to this prodigious undertaking his own enormous energy and enthusiasm. I remember him when we were both schoolboys in Hartford. In football he was a ubiquitous nuisance to his opponents, and in "shinny on the ice" at "Sharp's" he was as elusive as a flea. I recollect, when we were skating there one happy day, his saying with immense gusto: "I'd rather play games than eat." I have never seen him since, but I am sure he has not outgrown the early zest, and somehow through all the vast and complicated variety of the Hippodrome spectacle, I feel his spirit. There is revealed an organizing mind worthy of Napoleon, with the heart of a boy.

Mr. George Simpson Eddy, of New York, has made a valuable discovery, and embodied the results of it in a beautifully printed little volume, called "A Project of Universal and Perpetual Peace, written by Pierre-Andre Gargaz a former Galley-Slave, and printed by Benjamin Franklin at Passy in the year 1782." It seems that Gargaz, a schoolmaster, was unjustly accused of murder, and sentenced by a French court in 1761 to twenty years in the galleys at hard labor. He served the full term, and instead of becoming debased, broken, or embittered by this horrible experience, he spent his time thinking of ways in which the conditions of human life on the earth might be improved. He wrote out a detailed project for assuring the peace of the world, and having no money, and being in disgrace as a felon, he applied to Franklin, as the most enlightened of all living men (which Franklin certainly was), to print it for him. To the eternal honor of the great American, he acceded to this request. Mr. Eddy has found the publication and now gives it to readers in both French and English, with accompanying notes and explanations, and in a volume that is a model of the printer's art. Gargaz's scheme has many excellent practical features, and he answers a large number of definite objections. One of these is "War is of use to make money circulate." To this Gargaz makes detailed suggestions showing how much better it may be made to circulate for constructive work in time of peace. Perhaps the one most interesting to read nowadays is the following: "There is the isthmus of Panama in America, and that of Suez between Asia and Africa; these two isthmuses prevent the junction of four Seas and are the reason that, to go around the World by water, requires about three years and exposes one to stormy and very often icy Seas, and uninhabited Coasts. Each of these two isthmuses must be cut from one Sea to the other by a canal about sixty feet wide, thirty feet deep and about forty leagues long; by means of these two canals one will make the tour of the terrestrial Globe, by water, in about ten months, and upon Seas that are always good for Navigation, and very convenient for the establishment upon all the Coasts thereof of new and very beneficial trade between many Nations."

Pretty good for a galley-slave; pretty good for anybody. It is an interesting reflection that an eighteenth-century jailbird should be so far in advance of the world's civilization of the year of our Lord 1923.

A. E. Housman's "Last Poems" have appeared, and while they are not quite equal to the best of the lyrics in "A Shropshire Lad," they unquestionably constitute the best volume of original English verse of the year 1922. The philosophy underlying them is precisely the same as that of the former book, which appeared in 1896—bleak pessimism and unashamed paganism. It is curious to see an Englishman, professor at Cambridge, so completely aloof from everything British and everything Christian. He is not rebellious or radical—he is simply untouched by prevailing currents of thought. They do not affect him even negatively. He gives the impression of a mind quite independent and quite self-contained, expressing itself in its own individual way. The poems are exceedingly beautiful and original, completely thought out and severely intellectual, so

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that we might justly say of them what Carlyle wrote of Emerson's verses: "You do not fall on me like radiant summer rainbows, like floods of sunlight, but with thin piercing radiances which affect me like the light of the *stars*."

Charles Rumford Walker's book, "Steel," is interesting because of its frank truthfulness and absence of partisan feeling. Mr. Walker was graduated from Yale in 1916; during his college course he was primarily interested in literature and philosophy. He wrote poems, stories, literary essays, and had an active mind, which shone to advantage in serious conversation. He enlisted in the war, became a captain, and then entered the steel industry as an unskilled laborer, to see for himself exactly what it was like. This book is the result. It is rather surprising that his physique—for he was not athletic—was able to endure the fearful strain placed upon it. I think his will power and intellectual curiosity carried him through. I regard this volume as a valuable contribution to economics and sociology. The author's style is vivid and colloquial, so that the narrative is continuously interesting, and there is no trace of hysteria nor even of exaggeration; he lets the facts speak for themselves. They do.

Mr. Walker is one more illustration of how a liberal education fits a man's mind for almost any calling or emergency; he took no studies in college that directly prepared him either for a captain's commission or for labor in steel; but he was able to turn his mind to these subjects with more efficiency than if he had been vocationally trained. It is particularly pleasant to see how easily and agreeably he got along with other men—both in the camp and in the fiery furnace.

All those who are interested in the Russian drama and in the Russian theatre should read Oliver M. Sayler's new book on the subject, called "The Russian Theatre." It is copiously illustrated in colors, and the illustrations add greatly to the practical value of the work. He gives a complete description of the Moscow Art Theatre, and an account of the plays in which the company have made their reputation; the last two chapters, "The Russian Theatre in America," and "The Spirit of the Russian Theatre," will be especially interesting to American readers. It is an authoritative and stimulating book. I am rather sorry that he has gone back to former methods of spelling Russian names in English, when we now have the Congressional Library scheme of uniform transliteration. There is actually no more sense in spelling *Chekhov* and *Chaikovski* with an initial *T*, than there is in talking about King *Tcharles the First*, on his way to *tchurch*. That "T" got in there because the sound of "ch" in these words does not exist in either French or German, and there were many translations from the Russian in these languages before English ones became well known. But because the French and German languages are unfortunate enough to be without these sounds is no reason why the English, richer in this respect, should follow their poorer neighbors. The Germans are obliged to spell Chekhov as Tschekoff. The musical critic of the New York *World* has the courage to write *Chaikovski*, and he will eventually be followed by others. I am glad that Mr. Sayler writes *Shaliapin* instead of the French *Chaliapine*. How strange it is that this great singer's first invasion of our country was so disastrous! Now he comes in triumph, like the world conqueror he is.

December 10, 1922, was the one hundredth birthday of César Franck. It was not so universally observed as it should have been; but at Yale University, a little club of undergraduates, known as The Pundits, arranged for a public commemoration worthy of the occasion. Before an audience which filled every available space in the hall there were played by expert performers the Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue, and the great Sonata for piano and violin. One reason why César Franck's immense fame was posthumous is, perhaps, because his finest works were written during the last ten years of his life. He was one of the few men who managed to combine prolonged and daily devotion to the routine of teaching with original composition. He was a hard worker. He rose every day, winter and summer, shortly after five, and spent the time before seven in composition; he then taught ten hours daily, going all over

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Paris to find his pupils; and in spite of his continuous toil, he devoted one hour to meditation, often on religion, for he was an ardent believer. The fact that many of his contemporaries, like Gounod, received universal applause, never made him sour and never made him change his methods or ideals. What little attention his own work attracted was mainly derogatory or scornful. The performance of his marvelous symphony aroused bitter opposition, and at its conclusion Gounod was surrounded by a group of his idolaters, to whom he expressed his contempt for the work. When Franck died in 1890, only two or three of his faithful pupils followed him to his obscure grave in Mont-Rouge; but a few years later, the body was exhumed and carried in triumph to the Montparnasse Cemetery, where an elaborate monument was erected over it, and a statue was placed before the church where he had been organist for forty years. Apart from the invaluable Grove's Dictionary of Music, which every music-lover should own, the best and most complete account of César Franck is the official biography by the distinguished composer, Vincent D'Indy, which has been translated into English. It will be remembered that last year D'Indy visited the United States, and conducted with various orchestras some of his own compositions. In reading any detailed account of the life and career of Franck, one hardly knows which to admire most, the genius of the musician, or the simplicity, sincerity, and charm of the man. Fortunately his works have now received the kind of fame that has the signs of immortality.

The distinguished novelist and dramatist, St. John Ervine, has recently published an entertaining and vivacious book, called "Some Impressions of My Elders." These papers were originally printed in the *North American Review*, and the volume is dedicated gratefully to the accomplished Elisabeth Cutting, although Mr. Ervine misspells her name. The "elders" selected for treatment are A. E. (the greatest personality in Ireland and the most universally respected), Arnold Bennett, G. K. Chesterton, John Galsworthy, George Moore, Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, W. B. Yeats. Any one interested in contemporary thought, literature, and art will find this book delightfully entertaining, as it is written in a frankly confessional style. Ervine is an Irishman on both sides for three hundred years, and hence feels free to give his countrymen a few home thrusts, which have a righteous anger as their impelling force. Apparently he does not believe that the best way to make a moral advance is to shout in solitude "Every day in every way I am growing better and better," but rather to realize as definitely as possible one's ignorance, selfishness, hypocrisy, and meanness, so that this mortifying knowledge may sting one into a determination to improve, for we need improvement more than complacency.

I wonder what Jonathan Edwards, Cotton Mather, Oliver Cromwell, John Milton, and other hearts of oak, would have thought of the back-patting Gospel? These men were free from the taint of self-pity. They did not have to jack themselves up with signs on the wall imploring them to work or commanding them to smile, nor did they bellow their courage in the bathroom. They rather said: "God be merciful to me a sinner." I believe that an acute consciousness of sin is more needed just now than an enormous accession of conceit. The old theologians, with all their dogmatism, got down to the bed-rock of human nature; they believed in the reality of sin, and they did their utmost to convict their audiences; some hearers walked out of church realizing their shortcomings, and determined by the grace of God that something must be done to improve the situation. And even now I believe that religious faith will elevate the average man more effectively than he can do it by talking encouragingly to himself. The latter method has all the disadvantage of trying to lift oneself by tugging at one's boot straps.

I have no intention and no desire to attack specifically Doctor Coué and his work, for I am incompetent to do so, never having read his book, and feeling certain that I should not be able to understand it if I tried. I have no doubt that he has wrought many cures by hypnotic suggestion or by the pervasive force of his personality, or by some means; and

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those who have been cured are naturally believers in him. He has cured certain persons and strengthened others; the same may be said of Christian Science. Furthermore, every one seems to testify to the doctor's nobility of character and benevolent disposition; so that he must be counted emphatically among good men. It is the popular understanding or misunderstanding or debased caricature of Couéism which has the widest currency and of which I am sceptical; as commonly stated, the system appears either to be the wrong remedy for the disease, or the wrong diagnosis. The majority of persons do not need more conceit. They seem to be dissatisfied with everybody and everything except themselves.

I went into a restaurant once and saw a sign on the wall which said: "Smile, damn you, smile!" but it did not make me feel particularly hilarious.

My friend Ervine might not agree with me as to the efficacy of religious faith, but I was led into these remarks by my agreement with him that progress lies through the sense of unworthiness rather than through self-satisfaction. Religion is needed because of man's deficiencies; if we are all right in our present condition, then of course we need no one to save us. It would seem to me that in the famous parable of the Pharisee and the publican, we might observe the results respectively of the religion of self-encouragement and that of self-abasement.

And what applies to individuals applies with even more emphasis to nations. If each nation would cease just for five minutes regarding itself as the greatest, wisest, and noblest collection of men on earth, some general advance might be made. It would be a good thing at the next meeting of international representatives, instead of seeing how much each delegate could snatch for his country, if they would all get on their knees and ask God to forgive them for existing.

I suppose one reason why self-flattery is so popular is because nearly everybody seems to be afraid of life. The fear of life is the commonest disease of the twentieth century; and no wonder. If a man has no belief in God, no hope for a future life, and no confidence in the significance of the universe, I can hardly blame him for living in a state of chronic fear. It is perhaps natural that he should try to balance his self-pity with self-assurance.

I am, of course, aware how very old-fashioned my meditations and my remedies must seem, for I have nothing better to offer than the Christian religion, which, by those who know nothing about it, is described as a collection of worn-out dogmas. Still, many of those who would displace it have something even older and more primitive to suggest—human instinct. That history seems to prove the inadequacy of human instinct as a guide to individual and collective living does not trouble these ardent reformers, for they do not read history.

Mr. Ervine is most severe on the mass of his fellow countrymen, both Ulsterites and Sinn Feiners; but to his "Elders" he pays the debt of gratitude. I do not think he is just to Mr. Galsworthy, who is not dogmatic enough and not pugnacious enough to please his critic; but while his estimate of Mr. Galsworthy's intellectual qualities is too low, I am in hearty accord with everything that Mr. Ervine says against that futile play, "The Fugitive." The heroes of his book are Mr. Wells and Mr. Shaw; and the following paragraph about the former gives one a taste of the wit and penetration displayed by his admirer. "If a writer wished to create a character who would most aptly personify the past thirty years of English or of world history, he would have to create a character very like Mr. Wells; a questioning, variable, demanding person, with some impatience and testiness of temper, with, at times, a fantastic and wayward manner, but always superimposed on these superficialities, an eager and unthwartable desire for a true belief. Mr. Chesterton said of him once that 'you lie awake at night and hear him grow,' and fundamentally that is true, in spite of the temptation one has at times to believe that one lies awake at night and merely hears him changing his mind."

Now there can be no doubt that Mr. Wells has a larger number of opinions than Mr. Galsworthy; that he is also more eager to fight for them; that he also has benevolent intentions. But if human beings had to choose a world dictator with

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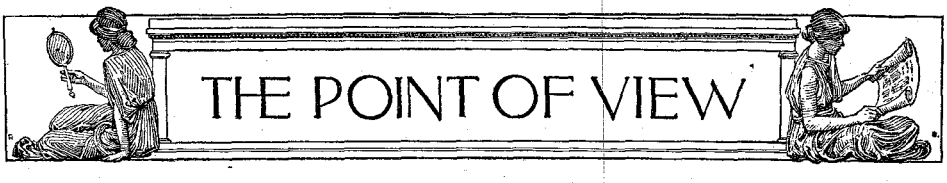
absolute power, and the choice lay between Wells and Galsworthy, what then? I fear that if it were settled by universal suffrage, Wells would be elected; for I cannot imagine a worse campaigner than Galsworthy. But which is the wiser man? I believe that Wells is a man of genius, bewilderingly versatile, sometimes so versatile that it seems as if the only quality he lacked were wisdom.

One of the most important of recent publications is "The Correspondence of James Fenimore-Cooper," edited by his grandson, James Fenimore Cooper, and dedicated to Professor Beers, who helped in its preparation. The personality of the famous novelist is clearly displayed in these letters. The most interesting are those written during his seven years' residence in Europe. Here is a characteristic remark concerning a frequent source of irritation: "If there is a term that gives me more disgust than any other, it is to be called, as some on the continent *advertise me*, the 'American Walter Scott.' It is offensive to a gentleman to be nicknamed at all, and there is a pretension in the title, which offends me more than all the abusive reviews that ever were written."

The choice of Augustus Thomas as executive chairman of the Producing Managers' Association was justified in many ways and more especially in two: his long experience in every department of the American theatre and his complete freedom from fads. He is an idealist and a man of the world. He does not serve God and Mammon. He serves God, and makes Mammon serve *him*. Besides leading an attack on the ticket speculators in New York, he has organized The American National Theatre, a nation-wide movement with the ultimate object of giving every locality in the United States an opportunity to hear both Shakespeare and the best contemporary plays. He will have to fight everywhere the timid, the inert, and the sceptical; the moment any good movement is started, it is greeted with a chorus of "It can't be done." And already the sneerers are releasing their venom. Fortunately Mr. Thomas loves a fight, and is formidable.

The one thing most intolerably wrong with the American theatre is that it is confined to New York. The new movement is mainly an attempt to give the American theatre to the American people.



"BLESSED are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth;" I clutch strickenly to the hope aroused by this beatitude; for if the meek, as a class, shall possess the earth, surely those forced to meekness may grasp a modest acreage in the great day of reckoning.

"Blessed Are the Meek"

It all began very early, this discovery that our family, en masse and individually, was chosen from all time to bear "the oppressor's wrong, the insolence of office," the seat behind the pillar, and the string end of the ham.

As children we had no "aunt in the country" who invited us for Thanksgiving, or for the summer vacation. Even our grandparents had been called beyond early, as though they were part in the plot against us and would defraud us of the unwise but delightful care that our little companions enjoyed. Then, too, our little friends were prodigies in their parents' eyes, and their trite sayings and conventional deeds made the subject of exploitation at every private and public gathering. Our parents regarded us as possible, if not probable, offenders of public decorum; and tolerated rather than admired us. We were dressed plainly, kept strictly in the background, and in the very edge of the evening sent to bed, with meagre ceremony; while our playmates romped noisily in a delicious, if "common," abandon.

At school relentless fate pursued us quietly, steadily; we did the "occasional" poems, wrote the addresses to bishops returned from abroad, the valedictories for

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some grade-school commencement. Others recited our compositions, flushed with false pride. But when the medals were distributed we never seemed to qualify; the reward went to some other girl whose parents were giving her a diamond ring and a trip abroad as a little tribute to the eternal truth of the saying, "for whosoever hath, to him shall be given." At college *our* classmates married *their* classmates' brothers, swiftly and successfully, and went off, mid fond farewells, to live in places bearing romantic names, whence came post-cards scrawled with compressed but gushy statements about being "supremely happy;" and we read these with glum resentment. Our friends had no brothers, or at best small, noisy ones, and so romance fluttered round us, but left us high and dry. The harshest critic could not have singled us out as the homeliest or least attractive in our classes. We had no really distinguishing physical handicap, and just enough brains to pretend we had even less when the occasion demanded it. No—we were singled out, not so much by those about us, as by that inexorable destiny that had early decided: "Thou shalt go all thy days just missing the mark!"

We loved the country; were cursed with that ache for the "tenantless fields of space;" but circumstances have lodged us, for the last quarter of a century, in an ugly part of an ugly city. We yearn over flowers and trees, are silent to prayerfulness over a "view," dream of piny woods; but must forsooth spend our days and our summer evenings on our small porch, just twenty feet from the car-track. During a few spasmodic lulls in traffic we can hear our visitors' conversation, and it usually has to do with descriptions of their country homes. Sometimes they invite us, at the fag end of the season, when the water is low in the tank, our favorite vegetable is nothing but "a few torn shreds" in the devastated garden, and the motor-car is out of gear—or of gasolene. If, perchance, we are invited for a timely visit and we are about to decry all our former pessimism and "fatalistic" trends of thought, some relative in the offing, dying for years, elects to flicker our "brief candle" ungenerously, and we and our hopes and our bags are returned ingloriously to the city.

Our experiences in real estate tend in no wise to offset our general "out of luck-ness." The house, a comfortable homey place enough, seems as incongruous and inconvenient as possible, viewed from the eyes of the buying public. The neighborhood has deteriorated into a rooming-house district, but our house is just exactly too small for such use, and certainly much too large for our own small family. At least forty-four house-hunters have gone en tour through our house, and their comments have been such as to plant despair in hearts more habitually buoyant than ours.

The dining-room—a lofty-ceilinged place—wherein we have lived and eaten and been brave for many a year, becomes a source of bitter discussion. "Too dark!" they agree bluntly, while we gaze crestfallen at each other. Perhaps we never hoped for a bright dining-room—why should we? They carp darkly at the long halls and the gas furnace; and only the last shreds of decency bid them repress their contempt at our lack of a garage or a rear entrance. True, they have no house—therefore they have a car, perhaps two; but we, having a house—albeit, as they indicate, an undesirable house—and several other houses, also undesirable—have no car, hence no garage, hence their contumely.

With the ever-shifting needs of a city, the houses just next door and just across the street have become advanced in value. Our house has taken on new handicaps yearly, until it would seem that at last a patient city administration will condemn it and give us one-fourth of the assessed value, in consideration of our long residence and our general lack of gumption, the latter not plainly stated in the terms of the deed.

There is no definite reason for its depreciation, except that it is *our* house, therefore on the wrong side of the street, with no marketable value. The other houses we own, also on the wrong side of everything worth considering, are always tenanted by people whose wives or husbands go blind or crazy and thus they are permanent incumbents, at a ridiculously low rental. Instead of checks they proffer pitiful tales that would make a strong man sob aloud, and so we must perforce, in very humanity, let them stay on "until they get on their feet"—but in my observation they choose permanently to stay on their hands, or wherever it is that they are when they are not "on their feet."

In the matter of servants and charpeople

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we are consistently perfect bunglers. These humble folks are the pre-elect, chosen from all eternity to be our stumbling-blocks. They are in the throes of a great struggle when they come to us, and usually only stay with us until we really *need* them, and they no longer need us. They arrange to go into voluntary bankruptcy the day *we should* arrange to go into involuntary bankruptcy, but we must keep sharply alert to help them pay their rent or their hospital bills or any little monetary inadvertencies. They totter up to our door, with epilepsy or cataracts, and we haven't the courage nor the good sense to forestall them, but engage them, at all hazards, to clean our paints or whitewash our cellar. We cower in an upper room, what time we listen for their fatal fall. When they claim their remuneration, just a little more than the skilled artisan's wage, we scrape up the fallen plaster and clear their smeary leavings with buoyant relief that they did not die in our employ or sue us for damages incurred while splitting their stupid skulls on our rafters.

When sometimes we elect to go forth on a pleasant adventure—from our servantless house on the wrong side of the street—we cannot persuade any one we know to share our enthusiasm in our particular destination. If we are going to the shore, our friends are en route to the mountains, though they pass us as we return bound for the very place where we moped dully and expensively alone. We arrived just before, or just after, the interesting people, being singularly inapt in our choice of seasons and places. We are not notoriously unpleasant nor uncompanionable—persons have been known weakly to admit a fondness for us, a delight in our perception, and a serenity in our philosophic acceptance of life as we know it.

No, we are easily and definitely classed among those who only stand and wait, and then find that they have been waiting at the wrong place; and we are triumphant, if protesting, standard-bearers of the timeless truth, "He as hath, gets."

Illness

SCIENCE has destroyed the romantic aspect of illness—the picturesque has vanished with its mystery. Camille could no longer hold the attention of an audience educated by medical pamphlets. Her menace has passed from the realm of the emotions, and she is to be dealt with hygienically. She is only allowed to exist dramatically in "La Traviata," where she is veiled by an alien language, with the reassuring figure of the prima donna softening the poignancy of the consumptive climax.

A few years ago fragility was a feminine asset. It added the charm of apprehension to a lover's passion. A self-sufficient, well-rounded woman left him cold; she was only interesting objectively. But a delicate personality awakened his vibrations and put him in the pleasant posture of the rescuer. He could condescend magnificently to clinging weakness, but he could only walk as an equal with her sturdier sister.

Tolstoi implies in one of his books that perfect health is an unsocial quality;—and there was an evening I spent next to a continental celebrity when I sent him a message of understanding across the shadows.

My friend boasted that his chief American experience was mince pie as a recurrent dessert, and that he courted a crisis by floating it in cheese sauce. He was eating lobster at the time, eating it unreservedly—almost as if he were assisting it to its natural element. The fate of the lobster soon reduced Jonah to a lesser miracle. Jonah had a comparatively quiet fate; he travelled as a passenger, not as fuel, and there were no assimilating demands made upon him. He only enhanced momentarily the curves of his resting-place. There was something pathetic in the helplessness of the menu, reduced to a gastronomic partnership, and committed to an overworked immortality. He was listless to my approaches—perhaps he did not want the menace of the cerebral withdrawal of the blood! I could hear him shutting up his house at my questions. I wondered if there were a mutiny, and a lobster were to leave a door open—if it might perhaps establish a contact.

Across the table sat his little wife, looking very much like a shock-absorber. He wore her proudly as his second stomach—a kind of social assimilator, sifting his audience to an undisturbing remnant. "My little wife takes care of me," he said, conferring his approval like a high decoration.

"Oh," I thought, "you need pain and then again pain, and then more pain—if I could only bolshevize the Newburg!" . . . Yes, he needed pain—but it was I that got

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it. As I lie in bed with a pad and paper, perhaps the underlying bitterness in my remembrance is that I might as well have eaten that lobster! If one could only foresee the moment where one shrinks to the surface and the circumference of a world of pain, one might give to it the justification of an intemperate prelude.

But—whatever fuel goes to the feeding of these hot moments, they are the furnace of secret alchemies, and one comes from them marked with the human countersign. The large gesture is gone forever, and we know the short circuit of human relationships.

There is nothing so peaceful as the white silence of convalescence. Life takes one back slowly, and every touch is good. Familiar things are transformed to reassurances, and each sight or smell makes a new structure with existence.

I cannot turn in my bed, but I can see in the mirror Carrière's picture of the Crucifixion, reflected, in a great gesture of widening exaltation. His lines have none of the weakness of sacrifice—he hangs, a symbol of force, nailed intact upon the cross—and below is the appeal of all tears.

Beside my bed is a honey-sweet bunch of arbutus, distilled only yesterday from the ground. Perhaps heaven is just so near human misery—if one only knew the spring secret!

There is so much unseen traffic in the sick-room! In the evening, when the vitality is low, hosts of words unspoken—chances missed—ride over one remorseless and trampling; it is then I like my nurse. She comes in and lights up my windows like warning fingers to the dusk outside. There is security in her ascendancy over me; she is so starched and tangible when one is floating! Necessity has trained her to an economy of motion; she knows the value of the shortest line, and she has an expert touch without the hesitancies of sympathy.

There is no argument for the natural ascendancy of man that equals the presence of a doctor in a sick-room. Compared with it the divine right of kings was a feeble claim. The nurse becomes before him a vehicle for his orders and I am nothing but destination. One watches for him like a sail on a sea-line, and there is only safety when it is on the horizon.

Sometimes he leaves orders for quiet visits for the family or kind friends, and they come and sit peacefully beside me in unofficial stillness.

There is no "showing off" without words. Words are like toys in a nursery, interchanged in order to avoid deadly combat, and silence sometimes opens surfaces below which lies all the release of life.

There is too much avoidance of pain in the religion of to-day! Christian Scientists have banished it phonetically in large sections of the earth. It is a pity, when they hand one the technique of ecstasy with every copy of Mrs. Eddy, that they should deny the saint his equipment of martyrdom. Place Simeon Stylites on an upholstered pedestal, and he loses his quality.

We owe our pioneer history to religion, with its teaching of the value of pain, and religion hardened the early settlers into leaders of men. Pain is the texture of the diamond-vaulted heaven of the ages, and it is the creator of a final refuge in the individual. No one knows these sanctuaries; they may be made of vision or of will. They are not the façades of life!

Looking up the road, one's fairy godmother wishes health and happiness, but looking back she seems quite a stingy old thing—although perhaps she didn't add tears and pain because she was wise, and knew that one would get them anyway.

Verbs

THIS is an obituary. At last I am facing facts. Verbs have been steadily growing more and more obsolescent for months, and I refused to recognize their condition. All the while I realized that times were changing rapidly, and that literature was running well ahead in the race, but I kept trusting that the verb would not fall by the wayside. Even now I cannot help hoping that there is life in the old part of speech yet. Perhaps when another cycle or two has revolved, they will resurrect the verb. Meanwhile, I come to speak at Cæsar's funeral.

The catastrophe has far-reaching effects. More than literary style is involved: there are the traditions of our childhood. Most of us learned respect for the verb's character long before we had any idea of what a verb was. In the famous interview at which Humpty Dumpty discusses with Alice his time-and-a-half-for-overtime theory of the payment of words, he bestows a genuine, if irascible, tribute on the mighty verb. "They've a temper, some of them—" he

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warns her, "particularly verbs: they're the proudest—adjectives you can do anything with, but not verbs,—however *I* can manage the whole lot of them! Impenetrability! That's what *I* say." But a lazy generation arose which shirked the issue. We have forgotten the password.

The downfall began with fiction. Bullied by reviews, we have all read the kind of novel which starts, "Darkness. A sickly pallor from the one street lamp. A girl." And ends, "All? Yes, all. All love. All life. No more an innocent, ignorant, gasping, grasping, expectant, analgesic maiden (or virgin, if the author is distinctly up to date). A Woman." Such novels are doubtless the best efforts of industrious, consecrated souls, but they are hardly amusing, and I cannot help suspecting their truth. Fortunately, one need not read each one to discuss them with as much intelligence as they demand.

But it did not stop there. Memoirs and criticism quickly reflected the spirit of their age. College professors polluted their style in proof that they were modern. Great magazines have succumbed. The "sentence" which consists of a noun preceded by an adjective or two and flanked by a prepositional phrase is in good and regular standing.

The death of the verb, like that of any other potentate, has brought about far-reaching results. Adjectives and adverbs have rushed into prominence. If we cannot get bread, at least they offer us plenty of cake. Participles disport themselves in high places, and infinitives, unsplit, are in excellent repute. All these are very decorative, but they need a master to keep them under control. Without the verb, they run amuck in senseless ecstasies all over the page.

Punctuation has changed with the rest of them. A woman told me the other day that she never used periods in her correspondence any more. Instead she puts a dash. She assures me that the pages look prettier that way. Dashes and exclamation-points are almost the only punctuation the printer needs. They have not yet revised the typewriter keyboard, but I can see that coming, when they are ready to introduce the vest-pocket or vanity-case model. I shall not be sorry. If the verb is dead, let the period perish too. They have worked together too long for one to survive without the other. Only let the period go altogether. I object to its remaining in groups of three or four, used to expressed emotion otherwise a little too violent to pass the censor.

The worst of it from my point of view is that I cannot understand why people enjoy reading verbless books. I am not a young gazelle, nor yet a chamois. I cannot leap from substantive to substantive. Only when I go across on a substantial bridge do I enjoy the view. Some psychologists declare that without words we could not think very far; I would amend the rule and say that without verbs we do not think exactly. I suspect that that is what these writers intend. They are absorbed in reproducing atmosphere and emotion. Thought is too crude and calculating for their delicate perceptions. I am by nature a very gentle reader, but even in emotional bits I like to feel that the author is driving at something, whether he get there or not. Down the ages, from Pindar to the columnists, poets have wielded mighty verbs, and thereby sacrificed no whit of their rapture. I dare say that the modern style makes easy writing. No one nowadays would fail an examination for the want of a word. Perhaps it even enables a writer to treble his output and thereby vanquish the high cost of living, but selfishly I cry them mercy upon their audience (or should it be spectators?), and would remind them that easy writing makes hard reading.

I do not mean, however, to imply that our generation has a monopoly of slipshod writing. Every age has had careless authors who wrote in staccato, and were incapable of sustained thought. For the most part they are now interesting only to antiquarians. We meet them occasionally in forgotten books, or in the letters of a sentimental bluestocking. They are rather amusing; their favorite modifiers sound quaint and unfamiliar; but they are somehow never quoted in collections of the best English prose.

I can sympathize with people who insist that they write for the present with no thought of posterity, even while I do not quite believe them. It is only human to hope that the world will not willingly let us die. It is absolutely inhuman to sign one's own death-warrant. For the verb, it would seem from past experience, has his pretty vengeance. Those who send him into oblivion, he drags neatly in behind him.

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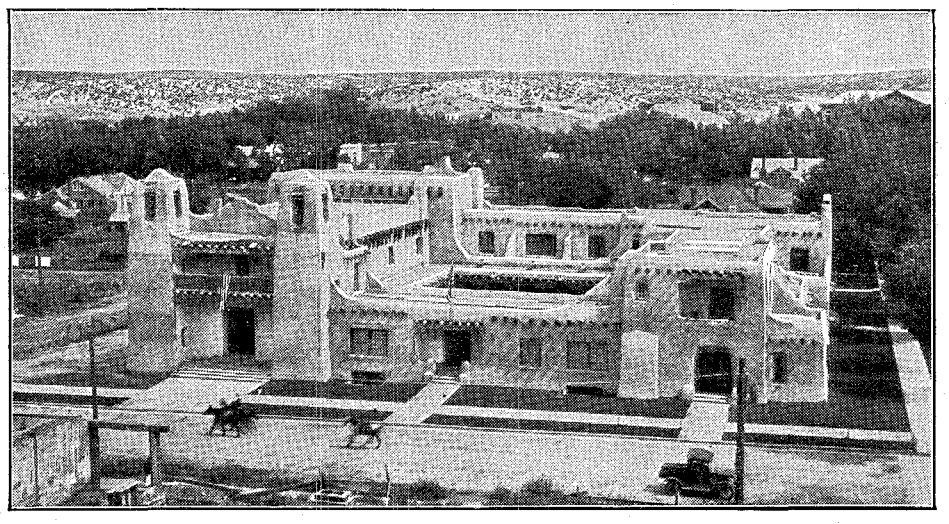

New Mexico's Unique Art Museum, with its Desert Background.

Erected to encourage the painting of American art in the great Southwest. The museum keeps open house for artists, furnishes them with studios when necessary, and exhibits their work.

Discovering a Real American Art

SANTA FE'S UNIQUE GALLERY OF NATIVE ART

BY R. P. CRAWFORD

WHEN one of the newest and one of the most western of our Western States deliberately sets about to make artists comfortable, it is a fact worth noting. Haven't we painted enough scenery over in Europe and filled our American art-galleries with it? Haven't we almost forgotten that there is romance and picturesqueness in America, if only some one will go out and find it?

The State that has made this great discovery is New Mexico. To capture the prestige that always comes to a State or even a community that is the subject of canvas and story, New Mexico is leaving nothing undone to make the visiting artist welcome. Recently there has been erected in its capital city, Santa Fe, one of the most artistic as well as one of the most unusual art-galleries to be found in America. Here are exhibited only paintings dealing with the great Southwest. It is American art dealing with American subjects. Studios are provided for numerous artists so that they may work in quiet. The reception and lounging rooms of the art museum are at their disposal for giving receptions and entertainments. Over forty artists, many of them of more than national reputation, spend their summers here, bringing fame to the Southwest and satisfaction to themselves.

It was a delightful August day when I visited Santa Fe—blue sky, crisp mountain air, and mountain sunshine. The night before I had gone to bed after midnight, too late to secure even a hasty glimpse of the city. But stepping out of the hotel in the morning I was in a different world. Here Indians still clattered up and down the stony streets on horses and burros. Churches and buildings still stood as reminders of the days of Spanish conquest.

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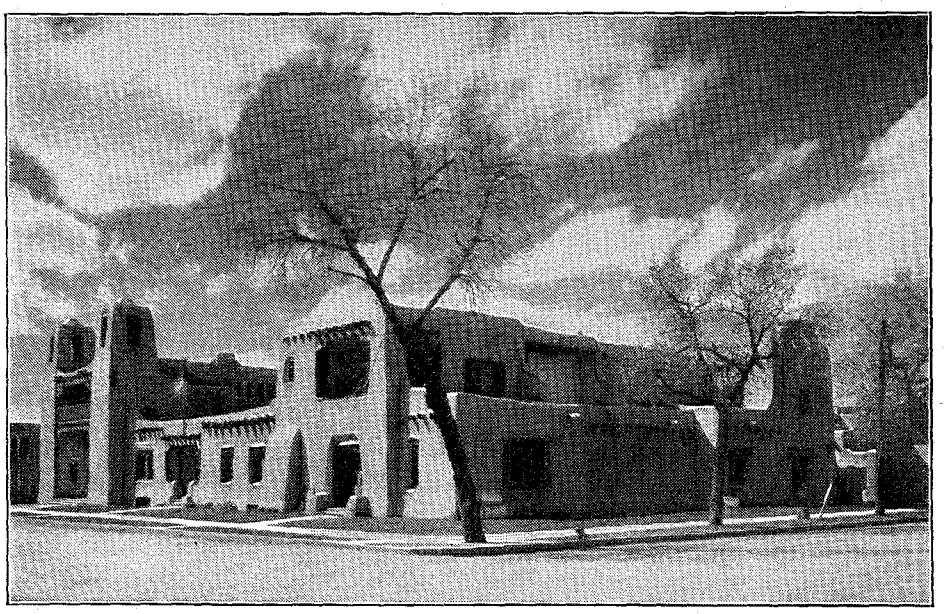
Here one was in the atmosphere of three hundred years ago.

How did this Western State happen to take official count of its artistic resources? Twenty-five years ago a few artists perceived that here was a great unworked field of romance and art. One by one they told their friends, and they too came to Santa Fe to spend their summers. Soon little adobe houses, the homes of artists, began to spring up on the heights surrounding the city. Artists found a market and a ready appreciation for their work. There were plenty of subjects. Indians were to be found who still lived and dressed much as they had done for generations. Pueblos, or Indian villages, dotted the plains and mountain valleys for many miles around. There were the skies of Italy, and the vivid colors of the Indian dress reminded one of places in Europe where primitive costumes were still to be seen. As Victor Higgins says:

"In the West are forests as luxurious as the forests of Fontainebleau or Lebanon; desert lands as alluring as the Sahara; and mountains most mysterious. Cañons and mesas that reveal the construction of the earth, with walls as fantastic as façades of Dravidian Temples. An architecture, also fast disappearing, as homogeneous as the structures of Palestine and the northern coast of Africa; and people as old as the peoples of history; with customs and costumes as ancient as their traditions. And all this is not the shifting of playhouse scenes but the erosion and growth of thousands of years, furrowed for centuries by Western rains, dried by Western winds, and baked by Western suns. Nearly all that the world has, the West has in nature, fused with its own eternal self."

But always, in everything, there is one man who accomplishes the big thing, who finally crystallizes the project, and makes it come true in a tangible form. In New Mexico that man was Frank Springer. Frank Springer was an Iowan, who caught the magic spell of the West and came to New Mexico. A few years ago he had a vision of what a great art museum as a centre of all this art development would do for the State, and also for the United States, in preserving to posterity the romance of the Southwest. Mr. Springer raised $30,000—largely, I am told, it was out of his own pocket provided the State of New Mexico would give another $30,000. Then the original amount was more than doubled and the State increased its appropriation in proportion. Although delayed in erection several times by the exigencies of the World War, the building now stands complete, one of the



In this building is woven together the architectural spirit of the Pueblo Indians and the Franciscan Monks.

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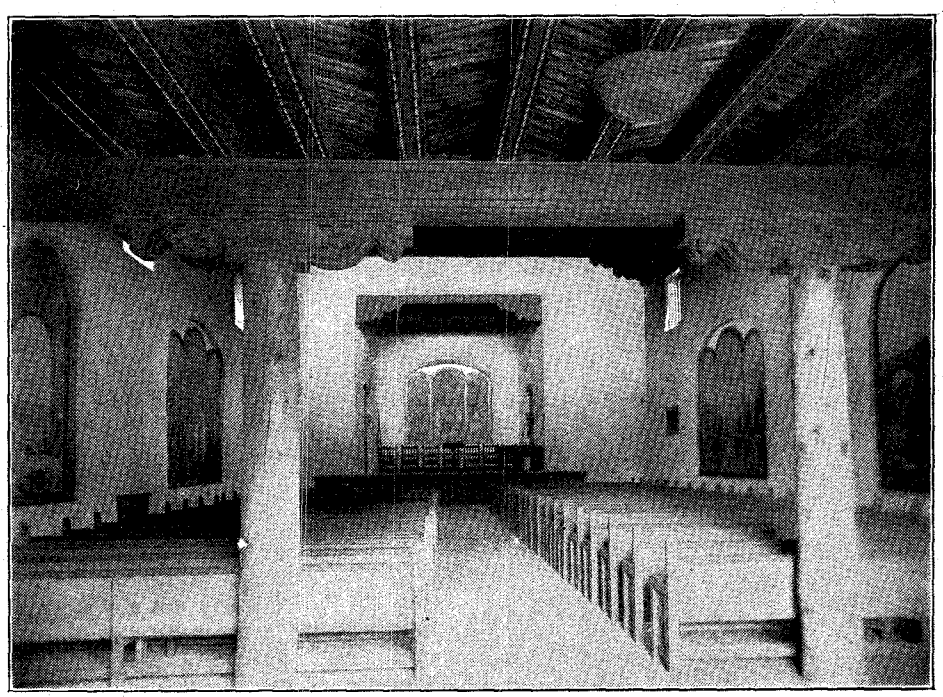
most unusual buildings of the kind to be found anywhere. And, of course, one must not forget to mention in this connection Edgar L. Hewett, the director of the museum, under whose supervision the project has been carried out.

There is something strikingly different about the structure. Some have said that it is one of the first important buildings to be erected in a strictly American style of architecture. Certainly it would not have done to have erected an art museum, supposedly to encourage American art, in any other than an American style of architecture. In this building is woven together the architectural spirit of the Pueblo Indians and the Franciscan monks, who working together produced the earliest American civilization.

Six of the famous Franciscan mission churches of three hundred years ago are reproduced in the façade of the building. There is nothing hard and stiff about the architectural lines of the structure. Rather one line seems to flow into the other. From every angle at which one looks from the outside there is a different artistic conception.

But step inside this building. At the left of the main entrance is the St. Francis auditorium, a strictly community auditorium. This auditorium which seats a thousand people is modelled on that of the New Mexican missions. Its floor is of native sandstone slabs. Its ceiling is of split aspen sticks laid bark side down in a herring-bone pattern. Its great doors are the massive doors of the early missions. Its benches are replicas of the sturdy benches of three hundred years ago.



The St. Francis Auditorium.

But one of the really distinctive features of this auditorium is the set of mural paintings which adorn its walls. Six paintings illustrate the life and influence of St. Francis. St. Francis, it may be recalled, founded the order of the Franciscans, who, eighty years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, planted the cross in New Mexico. Santa Fe also looks back on tradition and recalls that St. Francis was the patron saint of the city, it being known as "The Royal City of the Holy Faith of St. Francis of Assisi."

The mural paintings were conceived and executed by Donald Beauregard, a young

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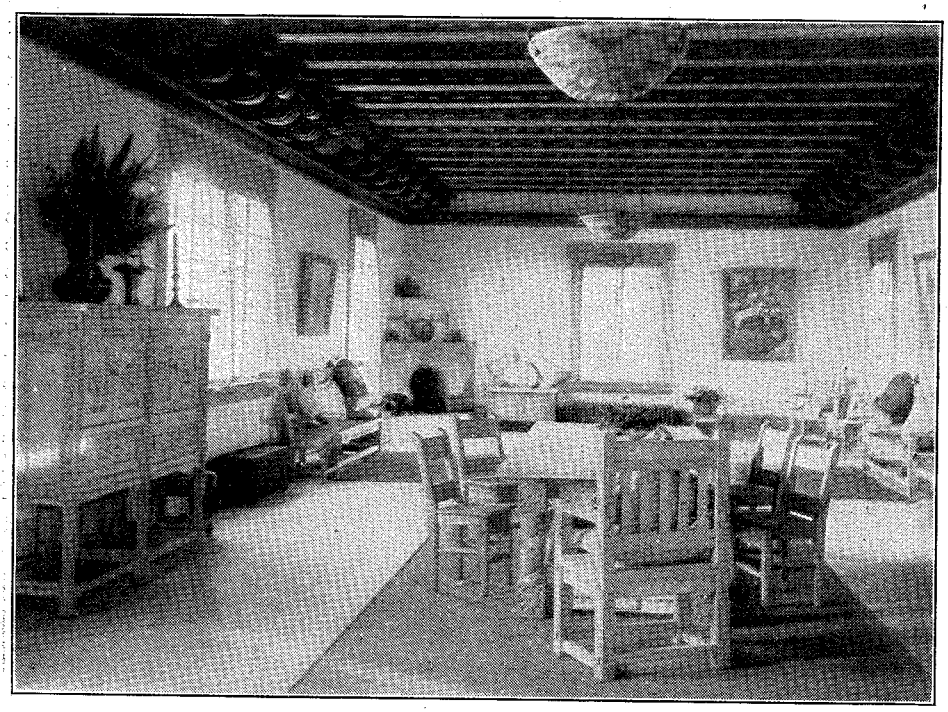
artist of great promise, who spent considerable time studying in Assisi and other places where St. Francis had spent his years. Mr. Beauregard died before his work was completed, but the group of paintings was later completed by Carlos Vierra and Kenneth Chapman of the museum staff. The first painting represents the conversion of St. Francis; the second the renunciation of Santa Clara; the third the vision of Columbus; the fourth a Franciscan preaching to the Mayas and Aztecs; the fifth building the missions of New Mexico, and the sixth the apotheosis of St. Francis. Many of the paintings of Mr. Beauregard are to be found hung in other places in the museum.



The Reception-Room

The furnishings of this room are replicas of pieces of old furniture discovered in out-of-the-way places in New Mexico.

Across the front of the building are the library and reading-room. On the second floor at the rear of the building is the reception-room. This room is unique among rooms to be found in any building. The furniture was designed by Mr. Chapman of the museum staff after old Spanish models which had been discovered in remote parts of New Mexico. Here social gatherings are held and distinguished visitors to New Mexico are welcomed. Artists may also use this room for small receptions of their own.

The art-galleries take up the rest of the building. It is considered something of a distinction for any artist to have his work hung in the galleries of the museum. The first requirement, of course, is that art work exhibited here must deal with the Southwest. The second requirement is that a painting must be worthy of exhibition. Many of the paintings exhibited are the permanent property of the museum, others are loaned by the artists themselves. Many artists of national reputation have presented pieces of their work to the museum in appreciation of what it has done for them. Most of the paintings of the Southwest which later find a place in Eastern collections have first been exhibited at Santa Fe.

Here one may see the entire spirit of the Southwest as reflected in painting, and these pictures awaken an appreciation of the Southwest, like nothing that has gone before. Many of the artists have lived in out-of-the-way places in the State. Here

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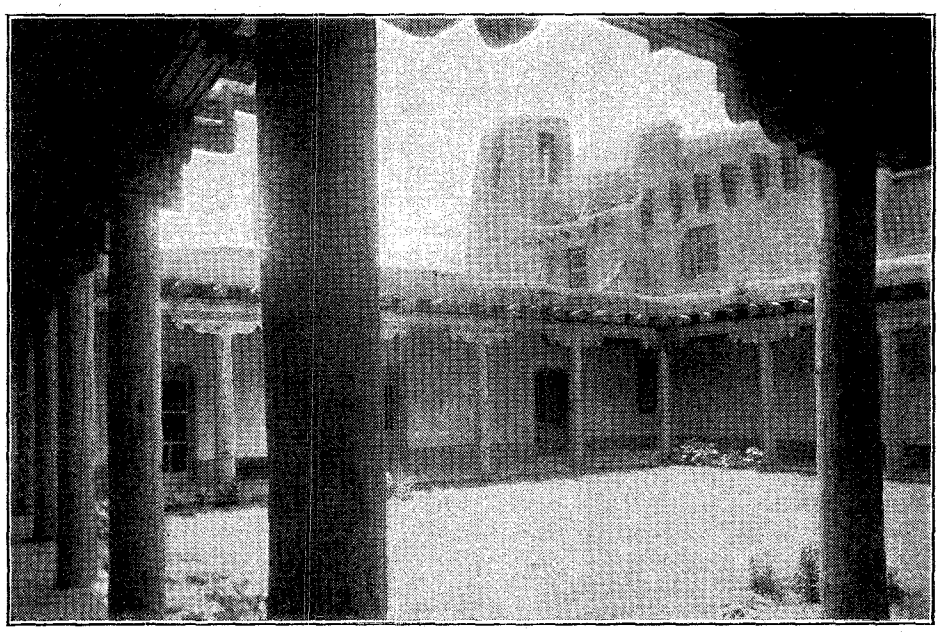
may be seen Indians in their ritualistic dances, landscapes with all the breadth and sweep of the desert, enchanted mesas, the pioneering scouts representing the vanguard of civilization, the Franciscans converting the Indians—the spirit of the West reflected in every picture. It perhaps would be impossible, certainly not wise for fear of overlooking some worthy artist, to name all those who have made this museum their headquarters. Not all of those who paint and receive encouragement here are as yet well-known artists. There are artists who would not think of selling any picture short of $1,000 or $1,500, and there are also youngsters who are pleased with much smaller checks. With the thousands of tourists who visit this city yearly, these young artists are able to receive recognition and now and then the coveted check.

Throughout the building nothing has been left undone to carry out the general artistic plan. In the centre of the structure is the patio, open above to the blue sky. Sheltered benches surround the plot of green, making a comfortable place for visitors to lounge. Once a week community dinners are held at which some noted speaker is guest. Two-score community meetings were held in the building the first six months after its dedication. The women's museum board, composed of some fifteen women, looks after the entertainment of visitors. The State of New Mexico supports the museum by means of a State appropriation.

But, as Mrs. Mary R. Van Stone, the librarian, explained to me, perhaps the big feature is the influence of this work on the State. It is probably the first time that a State has taken so important a step in developing its art resources. Even the city of Santa Fe has set out of its own accord to be distinctive, and now one finds many public and private buildings being erected in this same style of architecture. Nor does one forget the advertising value of the museum's work. It is certainly a distinction for any city to be the centre of an art and literary community, but for the most part heretofore such cities have been confined to the East. In years to come many paintings, all New Mexican products, will hang in the great art-galleries of our country, which had their birth because one State took count of its artistic resources.



The Patio.

The style of the old missions has been faithfully followed all through the building.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 13.

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From a drawing by Frances Rogers.

"YOU ARE HIS PARENTS? YES? GIVE ME EACH A HAND, PLEASE."

—"A Son at the Front," page 401.

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